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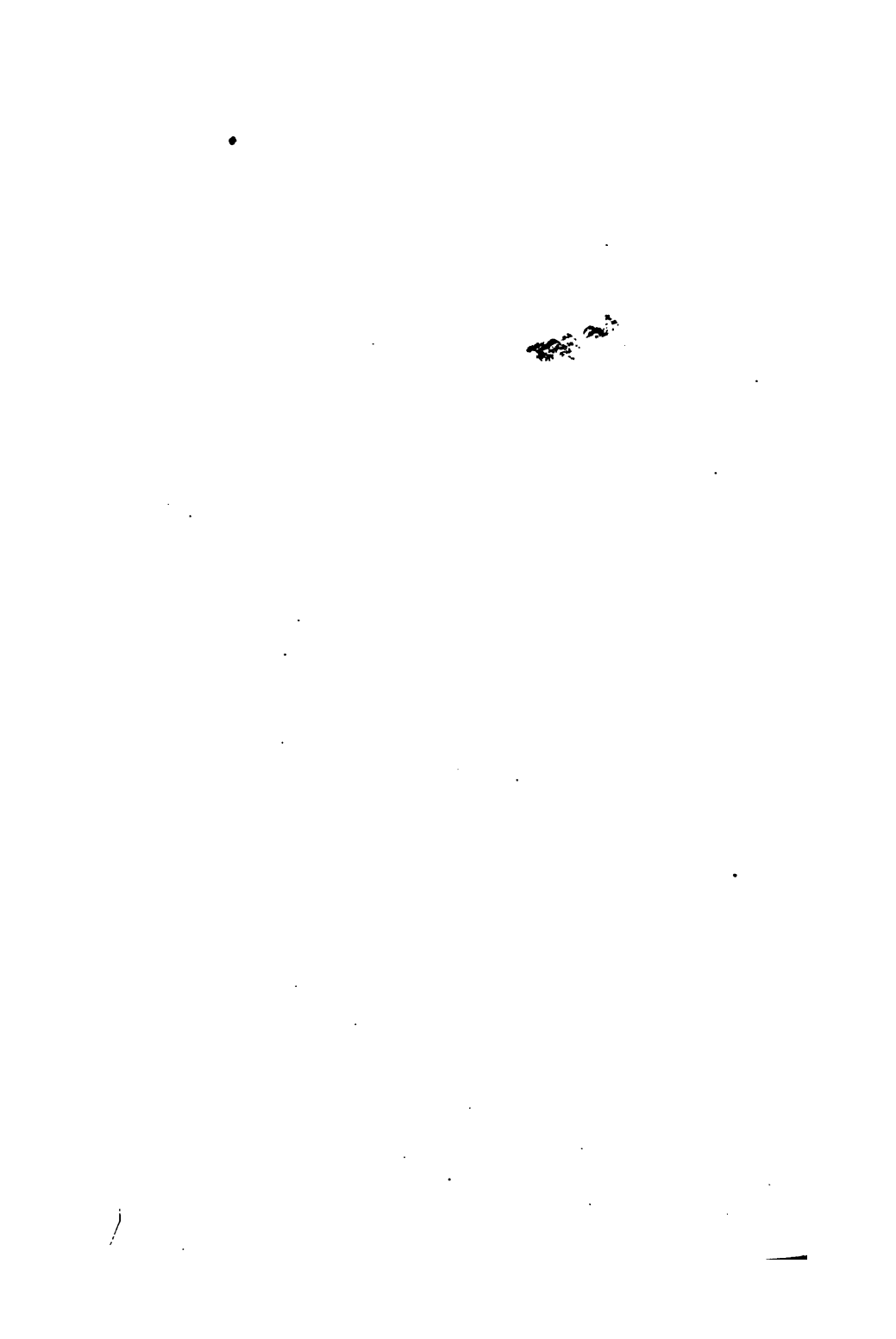
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HIMSELF AGAIN

A NOVEL

BY

J. O. GOLDSMITH

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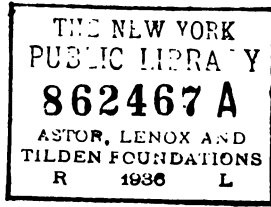
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HIMSELF AGAIN.

CHAPTER I.

A BLACK-EYED GIRL.

THE Hudson Highlands were wrapped in a white summer haze, and the river that lay at their base glowed like molten silver. Anthony's Nose was pale and undefined. Crow Nest had lost its dark and sullen grandeur. Far away in the west the Shawangunk Mountains appeared like a long strip of pearl ribbon against a faint gray sky. Everything that day was hot and smothered.

The road that wound round the breast of one of the highest hills was deep with yellow dust. The stone walls were visibly hot. The blackberry-bushes that crowded the walls were heavy with the dust, and their burdened leaves hung as if they were dead. Near a little stone bridge, where there had been a spring-time brook, the stream-course was baked gray, and over its unsightly cracks hung bouquets of yellow butterflies. Mullein-stalks were the color of the road, and the birds that balanced on their dull leaves were quiet in the oppressive heat. In the shade of a great, overspreading chestnut tree stood a number of lazy red cows that frequently stopped in their work of chewing the cud, and seemed to rest while they looked dreamily out into the sunshine; and almost under their noses a little chip-

squirrel, no thicker than one's finger, ran along the stone wall, out of the shade into the hot light, and then timidly glided back again. Occasionally a thistle-down floated in the still air.

On the side of this road stood an old brick-and-stone farmhouse, with low outlying gables, and with a long wing, whose porch was covered with a mass of red honeysuckles. Heavy old oak and hickory trees threw their shadows around the house, and a thick hedge of lilac and snowdrop bushes pushed far into the side of the road, where mazes of dark green myrtle grew.

Through the open doorway of the wing, where bumblebees were hovering around the honeysuckle blooms, one might, that day, have seen Mrs. Amos Davis, a pretty and tired-looking lady of perhaps thirty years, who was preparing her table for the afternoon's ironing. She was standing her dishes on edge in the high, old-fashioned blue cupboard, when, raising her eyes, she exclaimed, "Mary, as sure as I live!"

A team of horses was standing at the gate, and a high covered wagon held a man who was about to alight and two ladies, whose faces, veiled from the dust and the sun, could not be seen. They sat rather primly, as country ladies sometimes do, waiting to be welcomed before betraying the slightest disposition to descend.

Mrs. Davis was not slow in going to the gate, wiping her clean hands on her green apron, as if she were making a sign of apology and humility to persons in their Sunday clothes; and, trying to show the least wonder concerning the identity of the callers, she said, "Why, John! Is that you?" Her hesitation was a little innocent, hypocritical trick which some of the heartiest of ladies employ.

By this time Amos Davis, her husband, had arrived

from the barn across the road, and the two ladies, after appealing to John Melford to know whether or not they were to alight, were assisted from the wagon, and were soon smothering Mrs. Davis with kisses.

"Amos, I suppose you are a little easy in your work just now," said John Melford, as the two men led the horses to the barn; "and Margie wanted to see Sarah before she goes back to the school; so we thought we'd drive over to tea. How's your hay?"

"Fairish. Timothy's a little thin. Just run her under the shed, John, and after a bit I'll throw down some sheaves for the blacks. They're warm now."

The two men thereupon sat down on the sill of the barn-door, John Melford taking care to spread some hay as a protection for his Sunday clothes.

Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Melford were distant relatives and old schoolmates. Margie Allen, the younger lady who had alighted from the wagon, was Mrs. Melford's sister.

She was a tall, slender girl, about nineteen years old. Her oval face was as pale as marble, save where her cheek was colored by a light flush. Her eyes and smooth hair were black. Her motions were stately and graceful.

Mrs. Davis had a brother, a young student of theology, whom Margie Allen had seldom seen, but of whom she carried pleasant memories. Their friends had from their childhood spoken of them as two persons who were predestined to love and marry each other. It seemed to those friends that it would be defying the natural order of affairs to dream of either of these two marrying any one else. Margie Allen and Henry Wilmore had always thought in the same way; for, although there had been few or no opportunities for love-making,

or, indeed, for their becoming well acquainted, they had always been dreaming about each other and planning a future in which they should not be apart. So that they had, in a sentimental way, become filled with the idea that they were almost husband and wife. They believed that their love-making days were over before they had really begun, and that when they did meet familiarly, in the presence of near relatives, a ceremony would be performed which would enable them to be very practical in each other's society, without further ado.

Mrs. Davis had taken the two ladies to the best bedroom. Mrs. Melford was not long in laying aside her wrap and bonnet ; and she suggested that as Margie had not recently been used to the sunshine, it would, perhaps, be well for her to lie down for an hour. Mrs. Davis, who was a very kind-hearted lady, encouraged Margie to rest after her long and dusty ride. So she gave the pillow a hearty shake and a familiar thump in the middle, as if she were trying to make a hole in it for Margie's head. Margie was tired, and she threw herself on the bed.

Ardent young ladies should not hastily condemn Margie for coolly seeking sleep when she knew that Henry Wilmore, her lover, whom she had not seen in eight months, was probably within call on the farm. She did not wish to show undue anxiety to meet him, and she was very modest in leaving the two other ladies alone. A much warmer girl than Margie might have acted more impatiently and impulsively, and have contrived, perhaps almost ridiculously, to put herself in the way of meeting her lover ; but Margie acted somewhat according to rule, and her ideas of love-making were rather cool and commonplace.

The two older ladies, having driven thousands of imaginary flies from the room by violently flapping a towel and a gingham apron, gently darkened the blinds, softly closed the door (although Margie's black eyes were wide open), and went quietly on tiptoe down the stairs.

One can hardly describe the graces of a sedate, beautiful, and high-minded country girl of more than ordinary refinement, who has recently become a city girl. She has not yet lost all that innocent awkwardness which makes her charming in the eyes of discerning men ; but she has, nevertheless, a certain positive ease of manner which seems calculated to assure you that she is no longer the mere country lass of a year ago. You remember that last year she carried a pail in one hand and a milking-stool in the other when she went into the dairy-yard ; but now she looks timidly at a horrid cow. She seems to have forgotten on which side to sit while milking. After a day or two, when she has exchanged her silk dress for her old calico gown, which has become somewhat short for her, she slightly relents, and resumes some of her old habits ; but she never returns to all of them. There is as much incongruity between her acquired tastes and her old duties as there is between her new fine-thread stockings and her faded old dress.

The school which Margie had been attending was near New York, where she had had some experience of a new life ; so that, while she was too honest a girl to despise her last year's quilted hood and calfskin shoes, she did not wish ever to wear them again.

In the twilight of the room Margie's black eyes for a moment watched a forlorn wasp that was climbing the curtain, and then closed in slumber. Her black hair, which was plainly combed over a straight, broad forehead, and her oval face, with its delicate whiteness

relieved by the healthful flush of her cheek, gave one an idea both of beauty and of resolution. It was a sweet, clearly-defined face, the nose, however, being hardly large enough for a black-haired beauty. In repose the face needed the glow of the cheek to lend a hint of that spirit which it showed plainly enough when her eyes were open. Her upper lip was short, and it gently curved outward ; but her under lip was full and red, and it might have been considered large if it had not been as delicate as the petal of a rose. When she smiled in her sleep one might have thought that she was a nun with the under lip of a Venus. There was in her form a lack of fulness, which made her appear taller than she really was.

She was, in fact, a pure-hearted, sensible girl, who was easily obedient to the dictates of plain reason, and who was so calmly methodical in manner that her heart was never influenced by unruly sentiment.

At school Margie had learned her lessons well, but had surprised nobody by any unusual brightness. Her dictionary and the cyclopædia were always open on her table, while commentaries on the Gospels were seldom beyond her reach ; but to her there was no magnetism in the poets, and she never longed for works of fiction which were not discreetly named in the Sunday-school library. Her ideas of the possibilities of human life had not been increased by wide observation beyond her small circle of relatives and acquaintances, and her lack of curiosity and her simple education were a barrier against the encroachments of heroes and heroines who lead varied and romantic lives in the pages of novels. She was restrained to a very narrow, though peaceful, conception of woman's love and man's devotion. No temptation ever came to persuade her beyond the little, calm,

commonplace province in which she had been gently bred. She was happy near the monotonous hummings of bees, the rumblings of the mill-wheel, and the voices of schoolmates. Why should she know, from Scott or Dickens, from Hugo or Thackeray, of hearts half broken and heroically striving to find other heroic, half-broken hearts with which to be mended? Did Carlyle have so great experience of many-sided life beyond his Chelsea garden that we shall believe him when he says that not the wretchedest circulating-library novel which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages, but will help to regulate the actual practical weddings and households of those foolish girls?

The maidens at school loved Margie because she was very, very good. But her piety was not ostentatious. The younger girls called her "Aunt Margie," because of the sweet and careful gravity of her manner. The teachers called her "Miss Margie" in an affectionate but respectful tone. When she went to bed at night she was not ashamed to kneel in the presence of her roommate and silently say her prayers. This act caused her no effort. What she knew to be right was easy for her to do. Margie's religion was a code of laws correctly numbered and learned by heart. In obeying them she never dreamed that there was anything else in the world to do. She was too amiable to be conceited, but in her heart there was a little bigotry. She was a good enough Samaritan when she remembered the parable. Her pride was so pure that she would not have permitted herself to know that it was possible for her to be unjust. That is, she was, first of all, just to herself, not selfishly, but because she had a little of the egotism of peacefully stubborn people. After that, the justice which she delicately dispensed was never prodigal and not necessarily

generous. The cool, wise side of her nature predominated over the warm side. There were moments when it seemed that the latent heat of her heart must conquer her. Then she was like an icicle tipped with fire. The ice did not melt. It quenched the fire. She was pleased when she performed a good action ; and as she was always good she was always happy. But nothing ever went to her heart without passing through the gate of her judgment. Her religious faith was a calm, sweet, charming assurance. She had never known either the approach of doubt or the anguish of despair. One day she found a translation of Heine opened at the place where he tells how Theresa, when spoken to about religion, had spasms of grief and went into solitude, where she wept and prayed with great fulness of heart. This caused Margie to pity Theresa, but not to understand a soul which could be so painfully moved ; for Margie could neither sink nor soar. She was never impetuous in her aspirations, but she did a great deal of good in a quiet way, and she was none the less charming because she had no genius. If her life had been keener and higher, she might have done some wrong which would have made her less lovable. There is nothing more inspiring than spring water for people who have never been influenced by champagne. If Margie heard that the brother of a classmate had fallen from grace or was in the agony of doubt, she would send him a little book, "Come Home," which, although not startlingly original in its ideas, usually exercised a soothing and sometimes a convincing influence on the doubter's mind. The commonplace in religion is anæsthetic. After it puts you to sleep the pang may depart. People make mistakes when they wait to be "converted" in a storm at sea. That is an honest religion which is believed after a hearty

dinner. Triteness is as valuable to religion as water is to wine. The very dilution saves wear and tear. Margie Allen, with her simple little book, spoke to an audience whom Frederick William Robertson could never have reached. She was not always grave; her light laughter was an incantation. The children used to say that it was a wonder that one who was so good could always sweetly smile.

CHAPTER II.

A SERE AND YELLOW LEAF.

WHILE Margie was sleeping, a very tall, slouching man, with square, bony shoulders and a shambling gait, was walking up the dusty road with a bush-hook on his arm. He was over six feet high, and almost a giant in appearance. His hands and feet were very large. His face was square, spare, and deeply and darkly wrinkled, and yet it wore a look of easy good-nature. He was very homely, but his large, wide mouth was constantly parted with a merry smile. Even when he was talking to himself he was smiling. He was clad wholly in yellow. His hair and his short, thick beard were as tawny as half-browned corn-silk. His eyes were of a tortoise-shell yellow, and his very complexion was as sallow as that of a Hindoo. He evidently belonged to the farm, for as he walked up the road he frequently stopped to cut down a brier or to replace a fallen stone upon the wall.

This man had at one time come along the road selling

maps, and had reached the Davis farm with the last of his stock, which he had sold there. He had received the privilege of sleeping in the barn over night, and as Amos Davis was busy at haying and harvest and needed help, he had the next morning consented good-naturedly to go into the fields. And he had remained. All that was known of him was that his name was Seeren; that he was shrewd and fairly well-educated; that he was a jack-of-all-trades, having, like many another native-born American, been at various times engaged in many different occupations; that he affected to have a philosophical liking for everything that was of a yellow color;* and that he was an inveterate punster, always explaining in an apologetic way that he had acquired the habit of punning while he was living in England as a writer of jokes for the comic papers. But as he was almost always smiling, people did not know whether he was joking or not.

He passed the two men who were seated on the sill of the barn-door, and lifted his hat to them in a polite and patronizing way.

"I say, Seeren," said Amos Davis, "can you tighten a tire?"

"Indeed I can," said Seeren, in a grandfatherly tone. And the yellow old giant smiled.

"Seeren," said Mr. Davis, "this gentleman says that you have a very queer name."

"Well, gentlemen, I'll not quarrel with you for bothering with my name. It is the name of a punster and a poet. I am, as you see, yellow, dusty shoes and all. I am a seer, and my name is Seeren. *Ergo*, I am

* This fanciful idea concerning yellow was written several years before the appearance of Mr. Oscar Wilde, the æsthetes, and their yellow fever.

Seeren yellow. Or, as the poet says, I'm in the sere and yellow leaf. I am also a philosopher. What is philosophy? It is hard to explain. To one man it is the cream on the milk. To another it is only skimmed milk. To one it is what the drunk is to the whiskey. To another it is what the whiskey is to the drunk. Like the old philosophers, I walk, talking to myself. I am both teacher and pupil. I am theoretical and practical. Plato was theoretical, and could not cut kindling-wood. Like the philosophers of old who chose something—air, fire, water—to begin with, I have chosen a color—yellow. I live up to my philosophy even in my clothes. Gentlemen, the sacred color of Brahma is yellow. Gold is yellow. The moon is yellow. Mature nature, in autumn fields and woods, is yellow. The rays of the sun at dawn and the sprigs of the willow in early spring are yellow. What does time make of the hard granite of the hills? It makes it yellow. Thus endeth the first lesson. Good-afternoon."

Seeren, with head erect, and with smiling, homely face, walked away. But Mr. Davis called him back.

"Seeren," said he, "can you cure tobacco?"

"Yes; I was once a tobacco doctor in Virginia."

"You seem to have been at everything, Seeren," said John Melford.

"Certainly," Seeren replied; "that is the privilege of every American."

"Well," said Mr. Davis, "please go and find Henry; the ladies want him at the house. If he isn't lying somewhere behind a stone fence, you will probably find him up a tree."

There was something so earnest and innocent in the childlike old giant that Mr. Davis, who was a sensible man, always treated him with great tenderness and re-

spect ; and he kindly smiled when Seeren said, " Good-afternoon, gentlemen ; it is a hot, *yellow* day."

Seeren walked up the road, where great gaunt cedars lined the hot stone walls, climbed a pair of bars, ascended a meadow knoll, scaring hundreds of grasshoppers out of the russet hay-stubble, skirted a small field half covered with blackberry-bushes, and turned into a little grove of oak trees on the side of a hill at whose foot a spring bubbled cold and blue, and ran away over gray stones and into the black shadows of crowding ferns.

Here he stopped, and with a voice that rang like an anvil, he called, " Henry !" No answer came back ; but Seeren saw the young man lying at full length on the fresh grass under one of the oak trees. One of his arms was stretched out, and an open book was in his hand, his thumb resting at the beginning of the paragraph in which Thomas à Kempis says, " Oh, how strict and self-renouncing a life led those holy fathers in the wilderness !" His dark violet eyes were open and were dreamily watching a faint, feathery cloud that was drifting slowly across the pale summer sky. The violet eyes were almost black, and were deep, moist, and large. The young man's face was pale, as befitted one who lived a life of dreams, and his thick hair was dark auburn. Where a bit of sunshine broke through the oak leaves and fell upon his hair, there was a glow like polished mahogany.

Henry Wilmore, who was not more than nineteen years old, was rather above the medium height, his shoulders were square and broad, and although he was far from being very fleshy, and appeared to be of a nervous temperament, he was evidently very muscular.

As Seeren stood near him and spoke again, he languidly rose.

"The Melfords are at the house," said Seeren, "and your sister would like to see you."

Henry picked up his book and slowly walked by Seeren's side.

"What are you reading?" Seeren asked.

"I was reading Thomas à Kempis just before you came; but a little while ago I was reading Kant, a great philosopher."

"What did he think?"

"Well," replied Henry, "he said that the mere understanding could never know the inner, essential meaning of things."

"Did he understand that himself?"

"Yes, of course," Henry replied.

"That is," said Seeren, "if you understand a thing you don't know anything about it."

Henry laughed, and Seeren's homely, wrinkled face broke into a bashful smile.

They walked along for a while in silence, when Henry said, pleasantly and dreamily, his great dark eyes wandering toward the far-distant strip of mountains, "Seeren, what are *you* thinking of?"

"Of the fact that my philosophy based upon yellow is far more simple and sensible. The world's first nebulous element was yellow. I have thought of it when I was aboard ship and saw land, when I was making shoes and saw the broad yellow strips of leather, when I was in Vermont running a cider-press and the yellow liquid poured into the barrels, when I was keeping a grocery store and saw that the purest sugar, the richest meal, and the costliest oil were yellow—"

"What, Seeren, have you so many more trades to tell me of?"

"Am I not an American?" Seeren haughtily de-

manded, and then his wrinkled face brightened. "The sun is dark yellow, if you look at it through a half-smoked glass; and at night the moon is like a gilt wafer on God's quitclaim deed of the sky. Does not the Bible tell us that heaven's streets are paved with gold? If you could only see the tropical countries, where the fruits are a monotonous yellow! And from there to the Northern lights, which spread like a fan against the cold, black sky, yellow reigns."

Here they reached a rail fence. Henry, who had been smiling at Seeren's philosophy, placed one hand on the top of a post and easily leaped over.

"There are few of your theoretical philosophers could do that," said Seeren. "I've often noticed that you are no skim-milker."

When Henry reached the house he was rather timid and awkward in approaching Margie; and the two did not act as if their sisters knew without doubting that they were engaged to be husband and wife. They were not ill-matched. The rose-red of her cheeks, her placid black eyes, and her black hair contrasted well with his pale face, his wide violet eyes, and his auburn mane. They felt, after a moment, that they were not to be strangers. Yet, before these people they made no love. Her manner kept him back, as if she were the stronger, or at least the more conservative character. She was not born to gush, and she did not make any impulsive demonstration toward him. His warmth needed coaxing, and he restrained it because she did not make hearty love before these people. If she had given him the least warm token of invitation he would have been impetuous in his expression of affection. His heart was hot within him, and he was chafing under the restraint that his judgment and her manner imposed upon him.

He wished that he could put his arm around her waist and say to these two ladies, "This is the pretty girl who is to be my wife." He thought that if they were lovers, never to be parted in their affections, the whole world ought to be happy to know the fact. He felt as if he were a smothered volcano.

Margie did not so much as dream that there should be any demonstration of love. Had she been asked whether Henry and she were lovers, she would calmly and unblushingly have answered yes; but it did not occur to her mind that she ought to show people that her affection was desperate. She never desperately did anything. Henry wanted some extraordinary outward sign of their intense devotion to each other; a sort of ante-nuptial ceremony, in which both should act as deeply and as heartily as they felt. This desire of his, and Margie's calm manner, which by a mind like his might easily have been ascribed to thoughtlessness and coldness, were destined to make a great difference in their lives. She made him apparently as calm as she herself was, but his manner compelled him to do and say many awkward things, so that she often said to herself that she did not quite understand him.

Occasion soon came to lead them away from the other people; they wandered down the pathway toward the old orchard, and they reached the stump of what had once been a great pear tree, planted when their grandfathers were children.

"This," said Henry, with that shyness and sententiousness which makes sentimental men seem mysterious, "is the broken monument of some man's great joy."

He wanted to say something, and he said that.

Margie was slightly frightened for a moment, and then she felt that although she did not understand his

meaning, there must be something very wise and deep in it. She smiled in order to give him assurance and pleasure ; but he who all his lifetime had been dreaming, and who needed encouragement, felt no hearty response in her smile.

All that she required for her happiness was that he should act with extreme propriety toward the world, and win the approbation of very respectable people. She was sure that he would do so, and she knew that the good people of the world would approve her choice ; but it would have pleased her more to know by her own appreciation and the assurances of her relatives and friends that he was a thoroughly commonplace and therefore popularly acceptable youth whose voice could be understood, than to know that he should be a genius whose utterances were misty phrases through which she and her friends could never see. For this pretty young lady not only had great personal dignity, which was likely to be shocked by startling modes of expression that her judgment did not easily approve, because she could not unhesitatingly indorse what she could not understand, but she also believed in the opinions of people whose stock of learning consisted of well-used, orthodox, and acceptable phrases that were undoubtedly good because they had passed without criticism from the mouths of pious and prayerful men for generations. If a man said grace before his dinner, she refused to listen to any story that he had won that dinner by questionable means ; and if he said grace also after dinner, she could not be induced to linger long in the company of wicked gossips who might say that he harshly scolded his wife for the bad cookery. And especially did she value the opinions of her own relatives, in whom, as inheritors and trustees of a great

amount of respectability, she had implicit faith. Even the unconverted men and women who had married her brothers and sisters existed in her eyes as promising though not yet canonized saints.

So, when Henry spoke to her in his shy, mysterious, and therefore somewhat misleading way, she did not feel that pleasure which comes from a clear appreciation of well-learned, popular expressions. It was, however, fortunate for her, as well as for him, that she knew him as a student for the ministry who read his Bible carefully and prayed regularly, and who could, therefore, not have meant anything that was not intended for the glory of God. She smiled encouragement; but he could not see anything behind her sweet, forced smile any more than she could see behind his misty and, we must say, not very plain sentence. If he preferred mossy stones, she preferred very clean ones.

She sat down with proper and easy grace upon the old pear-tree stump, and he lounged at her feet. Since he had been a child (and he was little more now) he had longed for some one in the flesh whom he could almost worship, and he had been led to think ever since he had heard the praises of Margie's goodness and had seen the calm suavity of her manner, that she must certainly be the one who was to reveal herself to him as his guiding angel. True, she had not yet touched that hot, turbulent heart of his, which was to warm his whole nature and all that was around him. But he devoutly and eagerly believed that she was to throw her rays of light upon him, as the sun casts his light upon the moon, and that he was, through her, to be revealed with whatever beauty of spirit he had in possession for all mankind. He loved her for his belief in her great moral strength.

She loved him because his calling was higher than that of most men, and because he had the learning that would make his goodness both useful and attractive.

The great burden of Henry's childhood and youth had been the knowledge that his speech had never been thoroughly understood ; and though he never confessed his sorrow to any one, the more he felt that he did not wholly convey to others his meaning in his words, the more anxious and confused he became. But here at last was one congenial spirit who was to know all that he meant and to feel the whole force of every throb of his heart.

Henry looked up into Margie's face and said, " Tell me what you last read."

" Dick on the Philosophy of a Future State."

" And what struck you most in it ?"

" That in heaven"—and Margie looked down sweetly—" our faculties shall be so greatly improved that we shall know everything so much better than we know anything here—mathematics, for instance. That will be splendid !"

Henry, perhaps too positively and critically, said, " Do you think that we shall count our happiness by geometrical progression, or play our harps according to the most approved laws of counterpoint ?"

Margie was shocked, as she might well be. But Henry proceeded. " There are single notes of the piano and organ that bring tears to my eyes. The hum of a bee at noonday is saddening. Bonaparte, I have read, loved to listen to the lingering tones of church bells. Did you ever feel these things ?"

" I may have *felt* them," said Margie, " but how do I *know* ?"

" I think you are right," said Henry, " and that is

where Mr. Dick's mathematics will fail, and our chastened spirits will succeed in knowing the glory of God. I always feel like crying when I repeat these two simple lines,

‘Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago.’

It is said of Henry Clay that he could bring tears to men's eyes by saying the words, ‘The days that are past and gone.’ ”

“But,” Margie explained, “you did not quote all of the poetry. To understand it you must have the whole story.”

Henry felt that she was very practical. “And this,” he said, “‘By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down ; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.’ Could anything tell the story more sadly than that ?”

“That,” she replied, “is very good. It is from the Bible.”

Henry had read his Bible with the eyes of a sentimentalist, and Margie had read hers with loving dutifulness and patience ; so that one might almost say that to the two classes of people to which they belonged there are two Bibles. To such a sentimentalist as Henry was, the blood-gold flash of a shark in the phosphorescence of the sea would have been very beautiful, while to Margie it would have indicated the presence of a horrible and monstrous fish.

By and by he said, “Margie, I have heard that you are very, very good. I have been thinking and dreaming of you for years, and I want you to let me love you and to teach me how. You will, please ?”

She looked at him with the air of one who measured her answers, and said, “I suppose I shall.”

They had risen, and were standing under a tree. She was feeling the maidenly responsibility of first love as something grave; and he was feeling all the surging sentiment of an ardent youth who was praying for sympathy. As drowning people see in a moment all the surroundings of their lifetime, so he felt all the poetry he had ever read, all the beauty he had ever seen, and all the music he had ever heard, swelling within him; and though he stood there rigid and pulseless and staring, it was only the calmness of her manner which restrained him from falling at her feet or convulsively clasping her in his arms. He only took her hand in his, and they walked under the trees. He was wishing that she would say some girlish, even some coquettish, thing to him, so that he might reply by kissing her. But she felt somewhat afraid of him. For years they had been waiting for this moment; but they were awkward and reserved. At last Henry softly and bashfully asked her whether he might not seal their compact with a kiss. She replied "Yes," and turned her cheek. His lips scarcely touched it; but from that instant he was her slave.

When they reached the fence and stood leaning against the bars while they looked down upon the pale river, Margie saw a little amber-colored apple on the end of a spray far up and out on a tree. "I wish I had that pretty thing," she said.

"I will hit the twig with a stone, and perhaps," he said, "I can catch the apple when it falls."

"No! no! You could not catch it, and the apple would be bruised."

Saying nothing, he turned his eyes toward the river, leaning his elbows on the fence. "Margie, you will write to me when you go back to school?"

"Yes, Henry, if my rhetoric is good enough. If not,

you will think better of me if I do not write. I do not want you to think of me as a writer."

"Why, no, Margie—don't think of such things. I want you to bridge over the distance between you and me. Will you write just as you feel?"

"Yes, Henry, just as I think."

He wanted to get down on his knees and kiss her shoe.

"Henry, I will write regularly every week."

"And I, my Margie, will write to you just when I feel like it. If I have just sent away a jolly love-letter, and I feel the next minute that I want to tell you once more that I love you, I will immediately send you another letter."

She laughed softly and sweetly, and said, "Unpractical boy, you should remember to say it all in the first letter."

He liked her for saying that, because he thought that she was becoming merry; and he too laughed, and said, "Margie, my own *dear* Margie, just let me kiss you once more, won't you—only a little one?"

"I'm afraid somebody is coming."

"What do I care? Come, please—my sweet, precious—"

"Ssh! There, kiss my *hand*—quick!—and let's go."

Away up the road from behind a clump of wild-cherry trees laden with their purple-black fruit, sounded the iron voice of Seeren, "Your sister says that supper is ready." And as the old giant came slowly into view, with his yellow-gray eyes grown very solemn, he added, "That is, I was given to understand that I was to call you gently like, so that you need not think you had to come—I mean—oh, you know—I suppose they mean

that a few minutes would not make as much difference to the shortcake as they might to you."

Margie said, "Let us go immediately."

After supper Margie and the Melfords prepared for driving home, first taking from their wagon a basket of peaches which they had brought as a present, and receiving in return a basket of purple plums. The young lovers were not very familiar before the other people. Mrs. Davis found an opportunity for asking Margie in a whisper what Henry had been saying.

"Oh, I suppose we shall be married when he becomes a minister."

Henry was watching her, and he thought once or twice that her ripe red lip trembled; but her thin upper lip fell upon it with a cool admonition.

While the ladies were putting on their wraps Henry slipped down into the orchard, and hastily catching the limb of a walnut tree swung himself up among its leaves, where he paused for only a second, and then went hand over hand out upon the longest branch. The branch bent under his weight as he hung from it, but he swung himself to and fro, thirty feet above the ground, and then suddenly jumped, grazing the outer sprays of an apple tree, and landing safely on his feet. The apple that Margie had wanted was in his hand; he had caught it "on the fly." It was not bruised.

When Henry reached the pathway again, Seeren stood there and said, "I've got understanding, and, Kant or no Kant, I can see the inner, essential meaning of that apple and that jump; and it's a yellow apple, too."

The people were standing at the gate, and while John Melford and Amos Davis were discussing the merits of two rival horses that were to trot at the county fair, the ladies were kissing one another good-by. After a mo-

ment's conversation with Mrs. Davis, Margie turned to Henry and gave him her hand.

"You will write to me when I let you know that I have gone back to the school in September. I am to be an assistant teacher next term."

"I will write before you go back, and you will find a letter awaiting you at the school. I will again attend the theological seminary next winter. This summer I am reading a great deal. To-day has given me new courage, which I will carry with me through the last term; and in the spring I will go as a preacher on trial to the church at Manchester, the present pastor having taken a professorship, and leaving his pulpit vacant for me. The city and the church are so large that I shall need all your good wishes and your prayers. Dr. Irving, who has preached there for twenty years, is one of the ablest men in the church, and I fear that I shall never be so useful as he has been."

"But, Henry, you must be very smart and make good sermons."

John Melford now cried out, "All aboard!" and Henry said to Margie, "You wanted this." And he bashfully handed her the apple.

CHAPTER III.

DURING the rest of the summer Henry passed most of his time in reading, and he divided his hours between the dry pages of theology and the bright pages of the poets.

His nervous temperament demanded sedatives, and he chose those books that soothed and charmed him in the soft, warm summer weather. It was one of his habits to take a volume of Coleridge, and, climbing to the top of some tall tree, to sit for hours swaying in the wind, while he either read or dreamily looked into the distance at the range of blue mountains. There were many demands upon his strength and skill when he rowed upon the river or started over the mountains for a twenty-mile tramp.

His knowledge of practical social life was limited, for the books that he read were either theoretical or sentimental. To him all the world was yet good. This pious and dreamy young man, to whom life was both a poem and a puzzle, had not yet encountered the shocks of the outer world. At sunset of a Sunday evening he would sit upon a mossy bank and listen to the light, lingering tones of the village church-bell, six miles away ; and as he drank in the soothing sound and the purple twilight gathered around him, he would think, "I am with God."

Once or twice Henry had walked to the houses where Margie was visiting, but he was too shy to claim much of her time, which in her gentle good-nature she divided impartially among all. There was something in her manner and in her conversation which told him that she, in her acquaintance with the world in a sphere not even so narrow as his, was stronger and more practical than he, and that he was an unsophisticated scholar. It was this strength of hers upon which he wished to lean until he might become better acquainted with people and public life. The one or two awkward attempts that he made to ask her help were so abruptly frank and at the same time so mysterious that she seemed puzzled and

distressed, and his heart sank painfully when he thought that even she would never understand how honest and sadly intense was his meaning. While he felt, almost babyishly, that she might take him and make him what she wished him to be, purifying and refining, teaching and elevating him, she wondered at his impatience and occasional vehemence. When her uncles took him into the fields to look at heavy Norman horses or at great ears of new kinds of corn, he was ill at ease, winning no liking from the old gentlemen because he took no interest in their farms, and because he was jealous of the ladies in the house who were enjoying the company of Margie. Once when he was standing near a wagon-house and was having shown to him a fine pair of springs under a phaeton, he heard laughter floating out from the windows, and above all was the cheerful voice of the girl who had never cheerfully laughed for him. Then the thought came to his mind that he was making love in a very serious and melancholy way, and that he had said nothing to inspire her to laugh. "But how shall I melt her?" he thought, while a loquacious uncle was showing him the fifth toe on a dumpy Dorking hen.

The ladies in the house—the cousins and aunts—said that Henry was a very interesting young man, and that his big blue eyes were indicative of no ordinary person. He was cheerful enough with them, because Margie was near, and once or twice he compelled her to smile discreetly, while others laughed, at his merry sallies. She felt that he was winning his way with them, and if they liked him he would be raised very greatly in her estimation; for Margie's love had not yet grown so great that it overshadowed every other consideration. I am afraid that she did not yet love him enough, and that she criticised him somewhat. She felt that she did not enter

fully into all his ideas, while he wished to have no thought that she could not share. It seems to me that if Henry, at a time when he and Margie were somewhat alone, had bravely broken away from his shyness and had insisted upon her letting him make love to her in a bold, warm way, she might have melted and have been conquered—or at least have known by the shock he gave her that she could never fully respond to one who loved in so violent a way, and that the engagement ought at once to be broken. As I have seen Margie, I firmly believe that she was at heart a much warmer person than she or the conservative society in which she had been bred had ever the sense for knowing. There are few women who do not like to be loved in a somewhat stalwart way, and those few live very near the North Pole.

The opportunities came and went, and they always parted with—

“Henry, I suppose when I reach the end of the lane with you I must let you kiss me good-by, if you really must; but probably auntie will be looking.”

At the end of the lane he would almost touch her cheek with his lips, and hasten away in the twilight, wondering, as he kicked the dust of the turnpike, whether it would really have killed auntie to see two lovers who were to be married kissing each other when they parted.

Tears were often in Henry's eyes when he reached home, dreamily asking himself whether any sadness was in Margie's heart when she thought that he was five or six miles away. It seemed to him as if she were in China.

Once, after he had met her at the house of a cousin and had parted with her at the corner of the road, he determined to retrace his steps and tell her, if it took

hours to tell, all that he felt and longed for ; but as he was turning she looked back, nodded, sweetly smiled, and half kissing her hand to him hastened to the house, whence merry laughter soon came to him as he, all disappointed and discouraged, walked dejectedly up the road. Dreamy dusk fell, and he stopped and sat against a maple tree by the lonely wayside and mused. He must have been there a long while, for he was roused from a painful revery by the cawing of crows, and when he raised his eyes he saw a flush of vermillion in the dull gray of the sky, and he knew that dawn was breaking. As he turned toward home he saw a man sitting on the stone wall and smoking a brierwood pipe ; and as the features became distinct he saw that it was old Seeren.

“ And pray,” said Henry, amazed, “ when did you come here ? ”

“ Last night. I came along to meet you, and here I have been.”

Henry knew very well how much the kind old man was attached to him, and as he never had any need for concealing his actions, he had no cause for complaint. Seeren, however, noticed a little confusion in Henry’s speech, and wishing to avoid giving pain, hastened to say, “ Do you know, I have read in a paper that the most intense light of the sun is in the yellow rays ? So much toward proving the truth of my philosophy. Have you noticed that most young birds are provided with yellow down ? ”

“ Some ; but they usually become black or brown.”

Seeren was puzzled for a moment, and then, with a smile overspreading his rugged face, he said, “ They become yellow again when they are ready for the pot. Ah, sir, the hair of the prettiest girl is y— Excuse me, is black.” Here Seeren’s bronzed face wore a brick-

like blush ; but he resumed, triumphantly, " What is the color of the golden stair ? "

All that day, on the shore of the river and under a great pine tree, Henry sat reading Pascal ; and when at night he went to his room, he fell into a troubled sleep which lasted many hours.

Margie, on her pillow, had many misgivings, and the stability of her love was weakening. She thought, " When he was silent he was mysterious ; when he was talking he was abrupt. " But her thoughts did not long keep her awake.

On the morning after she had parted from Henry she wrote a letter :

" DEAR HENRY : Instead of remaining at Cousin Dora's, as I said I would when I told you that you might come over here on Thursday, I am going to Galeville to see my old classmate, Jennie Townley, whose brother is at home on his vacation. I am anxious to see him because, although he is not converted, he talks very nicely on religious and literary subjects ; and Jennie says that he has ideas. He is not altogether a bookish man, for he is a salesman in a store in New York, where his firm does a large business in paper collars and cuffs. Jennie writes that he was talking the other night at the table, and said that he would like to have been Robinson Crusoe, because then he could have enjoyed the society of the best man on the island ! He says that in New York a man who does not read three or four newspapers every day is a foolish person. Jennie says that he is a nice-looking man, with a round, full forehead, a pair of merry spectacles, and a blonde mustache. I wonder how you would look in spectacles ! Sad, I guess. I shall take along my little copy of ' Come Home ; ' it

may convert him. The volume of Shelley, in dark green and old gold, which you left on my table with my name in it, is very pretty. I shall take it along for Mr. Townley to read ; Jennie says he is a beautiful reader, although he may not like Shelley. Do not come on Thursday.

“ Yours, very truly,

“ MARGIE ALLEN.”

Seeren had noticed the difference between Margie's manner and Henry's. He sorrowfully felt that the young man was not receiving the love that his heart required. As he carried the note from the cross-roads tavern, where the post-office was kept, to the Davis farm, his wrinkled face wore a sad and troubled expression. But soon he summoned hope, and as his huge form stalked along the road he began to whistle, at first in low, soft tones of melancholy, and then his great chest expanded and he blew a blast long and loud that sent its echoes flying through the strip of valley. There were birds all around him—blue birds saucily sweeping from tree to tree, yellow birds balancing and swinging on the brown-ing bloom of thistles, robins with proud, rounded breasts pertly standing in the stubble, and with cocked heads listening to the sounds of “ The Old Folks at Home,” with which Seeren loudly but sweetly rent the fresh September air.

Henry was approaching from the house, and the old man, while handing him the note, assumed an air of good-humor, and said, “ White envelopes have succeeded the old genuine yellow ones ; but there is one consolation in my philosophy : if they are kept long enough they grow yellow.”

It may easily be imagined that such a note did not

satisfy any longing that Henry might have. Why should she wish to see some unknown young man who was a hero in his sister's eyes, and who indulged in cheap and questionable wit, instead of giving him the Thursday that she had promised? Why did she go so far away with the volume of Shelley when she might have read it with her lover? Why was she so greatly afraid to have people see her talking freely with him, when they knew that she was driving a dozen miles to listen to the talking and reading of a jackanapes whom she had never seen? These questions passed through his mind until that night he fell asleep trying to answer them honestly, generously, and with any satisfaction to his heart. But the first thing he thought of in the morning when he awoke was whether the young man whom Margie had by this time met was converted. His solace was that after the conversion he would ask her to impart to himself, as if she were a missionary, some of the religious impressions which made her life so happy and her face so sweet.

Another letter came that day.

“DEAR HENRY : I shall remain here for more than a week. It is too nice here for anything. Jennie is very entertaining. Mr. Townley is very funny. I wish I could tell you all the cute things he says. He and I were walking near the house to-day, and he said that I was like a hinge because I was something to a door (adore)! Jennie has been laughing ever since I told her, and she said he was very original. He has picked out several books for me to read, so I suppose I shall not get through with the Shelley very soon. He says Shelley is nonsense. I did not know that before. He says that there is not much in the book because it is so

Shelley (shelly). But they are calling me. Pray for me at ten o'clock every night, and I will pray for you. Let us both pray for Mr. Townley. His conversion is the only thing I think of now. I gave him the little book 'Come Home.'

"Yours sincerely,

"MARGIE ALLEN."

To this letter Henry, after becoming calm and chastening himself by long and earnest prayer, replied :

"MY OWN MARGIE—Girl who will one day be my wife : I am trying to be happy because you are happy ; but you are so far away. I think of nothing but that I want to love you so that you cannot help loving me. When you receive this note I shall be back in the seminary. I have already really graduated, but I am to study very hard this winter, so that I may be better able to take the pulpit in Manchester in the spring, and this year you will not see me again. I prayed for you as you asked. I pray for you all the time. But it is I who need praying for, and by no one so much as by you.

"Again I ask you to love me as much as you can—only a little if you can do no more. But do not wholly despise me. I shall come out all right if I have your encouragement and your love.

"Very faithfully and lovingly, my darling Margie, I am, I hope, your

"HENRY."

The next letter of Margie's was from the school where she was studying and teaching :

"DEAR HENRY : Here I am back at the school, and as happy as the day is long I am hard at work on my

geometry, and Professor Longwell says that I am the best mathematician in the class. One of the young gentlemen tutors in the Strong College comes over occasionally, and several of us are reading a course of Washington Irving. He is very pleasant, but no more—I mean Irving, not the tutor. The latter advises me to study Spanish, and I think I shall do so. You will, I hope, continue to pray for me, for I am becoming too light-hearted. I am afraid I am becoming real giddy. Well, I must stop writing; we are going to read in Irving's 'Life of Columbus' to-night. If it were not for that I should write more.

“Yours, in haste,

“MARGIE ALLEN.”

This letter did not make Henry very happy. Weeks had passed since he had seen Margie, and she seemed so busy with other people that she had found no time and no spirit for saying anything to him. It was in December that he wrote to her, after a severe and painful struggle :

“MARGIE, MY DARLING : The snow is falling—slowly, gently, and softly ; and my heart is as calm, but not as cold, as the snow. I have been walking down from the mountain in the night, and all I could feel besides my burning heart was the snow brushing and melting against my cheek. Where red lights shone out from farmhouse windows into the darkness, I could see the white lace-work of the snow trailing earthward, like angels' garments. And it gave me such a mood that I thought I was walking with God. And you, my darling, are you sitting somewhere alone, perhaps sad and tearful because you are without me, who might be at your feet looking

up into your dear face? That would make my heart glow while outside the snow is slowly and tremulously falling. Am I a fool to talk so sentimentally to my mournful Margie? You like me to talk so, don't you, dear?

"Let me tell you of two certain pages in your Irving's 'Sketch Book' that I wish you would read some night before you go to sleep to dream of me. But perhaps you are not yet reading that volume, and I shall be breaking in upon your course. We will talk about it next summer.

"Last night I walked down to town in the twilight, and as I was going up Southwark Street I heard the tones of a piano in a brown house whose blinds were closed. But I stopped and listened by the area fence, and my heart was filled with that elation that I feel when I wake, my Margie, from a dream of you. I am thinking how in the future, when cruel cares come and the light of my faith may sink dim, I shall have your voice to raise me into a feeling of pure trust like yours—sweet. Margie, do not tell me that I am going too far and making a fool of myself. Pshaw! I would even be glad to make a fool of myself for you, if I could do nothing better for you. You will encourage me to be strong of heart, to be worthy to kneel at your feet, my darling, and I will let you teach me what to say in my prayers. I am weaker than you think, because—oh, I don't know why—but I want something, and you can say it. Write it in very little letters in your next letter—write it very soon—three short words, one verb between two pronouns, so that I can kiss them all at once. And now good-night, Margie, for my heart aches to be with you, and I am going out again to mail this letter

and to walk with your name on the envelope next to my heart through the unseen snow.

“Your worshipping and longing

“HENRY.”

After a week he sent her another letter, more practical, and received from her an earnest and loving, but not exactly a satisfactory, reply :

“DEAR HENRY : It is now nearly two weeks since I wrote my last letter to you. I think that you are right : you will find the big world very different from your dreams. You are studying too hard, and you are becoming melancholy. You should never go out in the wet nights as you do, without your rubber shoes. You might get a heavy cold just after you were called to the pulpit, and not only might your voice be ruined for good that it could do, but you might be taken down sick, so that you would not be able to make your mark in Manchester. You have heard of consumptive young ministers. They are very pale and interesting ; but while I should be willing to devote all my time, after we are married, to nursing you, you would worry your nervous life out in coughing and in taking cod-liver oil. Mr. Tom Townley, who has been over here, says that you must be one of those young men who do not know when you get wet through so long as you are imitating the poets. ‘I love you’—there it is. You wanted me to say it, and I do. You will not be happy unless I say it often, so I am going to write it at the bottom of every letter.

“Give your sister the inclosed note.

“Mr. Townley is going to drive me in a sleigh to spend my holidays at Jennie’s. I am much obliged to

you for your hint to spend the week at your sister's. She has sent me an invitation. But if I should go, knowing that you were to be there, what *would* people say?

"I love you.

"MARGIE ALLEN."

The young sentimentalist, who had blindly plunged into love, and who had been beguiled by the praises of Margie by her friends into investing her with the guardianship of his happiness, was bewildered by her failure to fulfil his desires and expectations. But he was not hopeless.

Toward morning of the next day, Mrs. Davis, while awake, saw beyond the darkness of her window a bright light which stole from Henry's room. Hastening into the hallway she found that his door was open, and as she quietly stepped into the room she saw that her brother was awake. His big eyes stared at her; they were dry and wild and bright.

"Good heavens! Henry, my boy, what is the matter?"

He slowly drawled:

"Nothing, sister mine. I am—I don't know what—waking, I guess. I have taken nearly two grains of morphia—and—I—think—I—am—going—to—to—to—sleep— Margie, my—"

The poor, pale lad sank into a heavy, deep sleep, while his anxious sister watched over him. Sometimes he talked in his sleep and told all his story. But most of the time he fretfully dreamed. The opium had mastered him.

It seemed to him that he stood at the base of a great factory chimney which rose against the gray sky of early

morning. He painfully raised his eyes, but it was long before he could see the top in the dim vault above. The pale stars were gliding toward the mouth of the chimney, and suddenly, like swallows, falling in. Very soon the stars were all gone. Glancing again at the top, he saw the stars shooting out of the chimney, like fireballs from a Roman candle, and marshalling themselves against the leaden sky. Then he saw that at the top an immense iron wheel-like platform encircled the chimney, and on it stood Margie watching the stars. Suddenly the wheel slid down the outside of the chimney and dashed into a thousand fragments at his feet. The wheel and the chimney disappeared.

From the spot suddenly grew out a great twirling, silvery vine, and from one side sprang a branch with a huge bunch of black grapes, on which a golden bird stood and sang. From the other side, and somewhat above, grew another branch with a huge orange, and on the orange stood a black bird whistling a sweet and mournful tune. And so the oranges with their black birds, and the black grapes with their yellow birds grew alternately up on the silvery vine until they reached heaven, and all the air was thrilling with song.

Away above, a faint white spot, like a feather, could be seen. It grew into the form of a beautiful angel, who seized the topmost tiny spray. The vine bent and curved, and the angel, holding to the little silvery spray, came flying down. He braced himself against the earth, and caught her safely in his arms. It was Margie. He bent his head to kiss her, and she was gone.

When he again looked toward the sky, he saw a vast veil of thin, gauzy, blue cloud overspreading all. Suddenly the full, round face of the moon burst through the cloud and as suddenly disappeared, leaving a golden,

filmy wreath, which curled earthward and broke into gold-dust, and fell upon the earth in millions of tremulous, luminous flakes. Again and again the moon broke through, dashing off its red-gold wreaths from the blue veil, and sending them rolling toward him; and the whole air seemed filled with a golden shower. He stood wondering and admiring until he saw Margie standing beside him. He reached out his hand to touch her, but she was gone.

Henry lay dreaming thus under the influence of the opium until late the next day, when he woke with a sick-headache. He remained away from the seminary for a week, and then resumed his studies.

Then it was that Mrs. Davis sat down and wrote a reply to the letter that Margie had sent to her :

“DEAR MARGIE : You say that you do not more than half understand Henry. I do not believe that you do. I suppose that you perfectly well understand your insipid, brassy, blonde friend, Tom Townley. From what you have told me, I don’t, and I’m sure that I do not desire to. You complain because Henry is taking boxing lessons of the athlete at Glendale. Well, what of it? The exercise is graceful and healthful. He does not need to go round killing people with his fists because he is expert with his arms. Seeren, who is a fine boxer, now says that he and Henry used to spar in the grove all last summer, and he is proud of his pupil’s skill. He reluctantly tells me that he, being so huge a man, knocked Henry down with the soft gloves seven times in succession one afternoon, and that the boy had grit enough to come up smiling every time, until at last he sent Seeren into a heap of leaves. Henry will do no harm. Have a little more faith in him. A boxing-

glove is very soft, almost as soft as the head of your witty Tom Townley ; so don't be a goose.

“ Yours, affectionately,

“ SARAH DAVIS.”

And Henry continued to take sparring lessons from the athlete at Glendale.

CHAPTER IV.

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

EARLY in the spring the Rev. Henry Wilmore, who was so young that the wonder is that no one thought of calling him “ the boy preacher,” received word that the Rev. Dr. Irving, of St. Mark's Church in Manchester, would make a tour of Europe before entering upon the duties of Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in the Glendale Theological Seminary. The letter which conveyed this information invited Henry to become a candidate for the vacant pulpit by preaching a sermon. The faculty had recommended him to Dr. Irving as a quiet, studious, and brilliant youth, who wrote a beautiful style, and whose gravity of manner atoned for his lack of years. Dr. Irving had recently found his position to be by no means a pleasant one, and though he was sincere in his desire that the church should be inspired by a young man, there were not wanting in his congregation certain malicious persons who suggested that he wished to present a contrast in which his own conservatism and profundity should be happily remembered.

Manchester at that time was in a state of transition. Old manufactures were giving place to new ones. Men hitherto unknown in that quiet little city were bringing much capital for the erection of new mills. The two-storied factory run by a water-wheel appeared dwarf-like beside the great homely brick structures which rose far above the gigantic old elms, and were operated by steam. And the conservative owners of the cotton factories who had for many years lived in picturesque, antiquated houses, gravely wondered when their windows and gardens were darkened by the tall, stiff "mansions," with ugly Mansard roofs, which were erected for the accommodation of the incoming silk capitalists. Everything in the city was affected by the invasion. Store-keepers found that fresh tastes made impatient demands, which were not always pleasant, for the ladies who were new criticised the "old settlers" who could purchase from the time-honored stock of goods, and haughtily suggested that, as railway travel was easy, they would probably be compelled to trade in New York. The merchants made many costly blunders in endeavoring to supply both the slow old customers and the bumptious new ones; and their minds were so greatly excited that they somewhat lost interest in the familiar, long-loved churches.

A half-dozen silk-mills were making great changes and great commotion among the highest and the lowest. The new factory-girl who, in a clean bright dress, could handle delicate silk threads, presented a remarkable contrast to the frowzy "buffer," who in a dirty room filled with clumsy machinery worked while her hair was white with cotton. So that on Sunday evenings the galleries of churches which had hitherto been peaceful and attentive, were now filled with envy and pride, hatred and contempt.

Nor were the masculine mill-hands without their quarrels. All the new men were called "Yorkers" by their opponents, and they retaliated by calling the old workmen "country pumpkins," by which they probably meant bumpkins. There were frequent jostlings on the street-corners on a Saturday night, and the prize-fights by moonlight were many and fierce.

The pastors of the churches heard of these unfamiliar occurrences with consternation. Few of these good men were able at once to combat with Satan in his new guise; while the sleepy old ununiformed constables and drowsy, lounging justices of the peace discovered that the enlarged and conflicting population did not regard them with reverence and awe.

The changes affected even the surrounding agricultural people. From their market wagons, which lined the sidewalks of the main street, they saw that the doors and windows of dry-goods stores no longer made gaudy and rude displays of calicoes, flannels, bundles of cotton, and heaps of buckskin gloves, but that dainty braids, glossy silks, and fine unintelligible lingerie had taken their places. Their astonishment was increased when strange customers appeared at their wagon-sides and asked for fruits and vegetables by names which had never before been heard in that honest and homely street. "Capons" and "cauliflowers" were startling to their ears, and they wondered whether the world was coming to an end when they were asked for something different from the strong and floury old marrowfat peas. Not that the new-comers were more awe-inspiring than the old-fashioned wealthy people of the city. Many of the latter had gardens, and perhaps out-of-town farms of their own, on which their gardeners raised the

“high-toned,” “new-fangled,” and suspiciously foreign vegetables.

The farmers were in dismay when they learned that some of the invading mill-owners were seriously threatening to erect a market in the centre of the city, and this dismay was not lessened when several teams of market-wagon horses, which had hitherto been willing to stand without tying, ran away at the snorting of the novel steam fire-engine, and covered the street with venerated drumhead cabbages and pinkeye potatoes.

All these things had an effect upon the religion of the farmers. They did not feel at ease in the churches to which they had long been used to driving. It seemed to them that the doves on the colored windows were portentously assuming the dimensions of the boasted capons, and that the leafed capitals of the columns were becoming enormous cabbage-hating cauliflowers. They even neglected to glance into the collection-boxes, fearing that they might see their enemies' dimes and quarters contemptuously holding aloof from their own humble coins. Many of the farmers, however, found an excuse for remaining at home on Sundays in order to protect their melon-patches and fruit-trees from the boys who sought the picturesque country highways. Not that the boys of old had not made Sunday excursions when they should have been reciting their catechisms, but that there were fewer of them to storm the trees.

The wealthy old-fashioned people of blue blood, and those of less ancient blood who consorted with them, were also somewhat affected by the new population; they hardly knew how, but they felt that there was something unpleasant in the idea of association, even when they recognized that their property was increasing in value. In many cases their suspicions were unjust,

although their hesitation was by no means unwise. Between the class who owned the new mills and the people who worked at their throwsting machines there were many clerks, superintendents, agents, bookkeepers, and salesmen, with their families ; and they were followed by people who found cheapness in rents in Manchester while they continued their business in New York, the railway fare, morning and evening, being comparatively cheap. Most of these people were a good and pleasant class of citizens ; and if they seemed to undertake social reforms with immodest and rude haste, their enthusiasm concerning their prospective surroundings afforded a sort of excuse. But while they forced their ideas upon a somewhat reluctant town, they frequently destroyed valuable habits and scenes for which there was hardly compensation in the things that were fresh ; and the " natives " could not help saying that they failed to see where the new moon was brighter than the old one. Interesting gardens were destroyed, mossy trees fell before bright axes, and peaceful blue-birds and robins haughtily forsook the city, leaving the pestiferous English sparrow to make the summer mornings noisy with chattering instead of merry with song.

The streets became busier and noisier on Sundays. Among the best families the gentlemen had been in the habit of taking an after-dinner nap, and of venturing forth for a quiet walk at a respectably late hour in the afternoon. They had stopped at one another's gates for a moment's subdued conversation, or had entered a house to inquire how the sick baby was getting on. I distinctly remember that one gentleman at whose door these sedate pedestrians stopped on a Sunday afternoon to inquire about the health of his aunt, imported his own brandy. In those days it was perfectly proper for gen-

tllemen to go to the Mulligatawny Hotel late on Sunday evening and sit in quiet, cosey curtained "boxes" (which Dickens praised), and, while chatting, eat great steaming oyster stews, the aroma of which, coming even from the far-off kitchen, was the peculiar pride of the ancient cooks. The steam of the silk-mills, however, came to increase the speed of everything in the city ; and the constant and noisy opening of the hotel's doors, the shuffling of ambitious feet, the clinking of vulgar glasses, and the uprising of heartless, inconsiderate voices destroyed the old custom ; and very soon the fragrance of the steaming oysters and the pleasing odor of the honest old ale gave way to the permeating stench of cigarettes and gin.

It was at this time of irruption—when the eyes that were used to green trees were not yet used to red bricks, and when the new-comers, good and bad, brought the habits learned on flag-stones and cobble-stones to the turfy pathways ; when the old inhabitants and the innovating strangers had not commingled ; when all was confusion, and when neither party could discover the other's virtues—that Henry Wilmore was called to preach a trial sermon in the pulpit of St. Mark's Church.

It was, perhaps, the new element of St. Mark's that desired a young minister. Confusion had reached that church as well as all other portions of the city. The old members who had been used to the preaching of grave doctors of divinity, with the occasional readings of dry, unintelligible statistics by missionaries from picturesque heathen lands, did not at first relish the idea of placing so young a man in the pulpit which for so many years had been occupied by the prosy and funereal Dr. Irving. But the new-comers of their denomination who had rushed or floated into St. Mark's straight-back pews had

threatened to build a church in the newer section of the city, and so the old members closed their eyes to innovations and retired a short distance from any scene of possible collision.

The most intelligent persons of both parties, in those intermediate days of effervescence, withheld themselves from very active participation in the practical affairs of the church, and the management fell into the hands of four or five disagreeable men who were fond of appearing foremost. Dr. Irving had recommended Henry to these men. In their ignorance they heard with great pleasure that the young man was "very literary." This information pleased Deacon Lundy, who purchased the new carpets for the church, and therefore received a discount on his own, and who now said that he too was literary because he attended to all the advertising for the Chinchin Mill, and had himself once written "a piece for the paper" when it was necessary to publish a notice of the death of a brother Mason. How close Deacon Lundy felt the relationship to be between himself and literary men we can only imagine; but it was plain that he regarded himself as a member of a literary family, for he supplemented his avowal with the highly-emphasized remark that he didn't want no preacher who couldn't look his daughter square in the eye, and without a lie on his lips say that he had been through—clean through—Roundabout's "First Principles of Composition." For Miss Lundy had attended St. Martha's Seminary at Chittenden (which was near Manchester), and at an anniversary exhibition had appeared as a combination of literature and white muslin; which had led the reporter of the *Manchester Avalanche* to say that "she represented both poetry and prose."

Deacon Deadwoods had floated into Manchester with

"the new gang," and had by incessant talking subdued the opposition of the members and taken a place on the committee. At the meeting he said, as he worked his round, thick head like the eccentric-wheel of an engine, that he was "the officer of a institution," which, being interpreted, meant that he was a bookkeeper. In the course of his maunderings, while froth emphasized what his fingers neglected, he said he believed that "all them preachers who is as such as loves their gods should be literary. Every one of them," cried the deacon, "should first of all write a good handwritin'. Have I bookkept for years as the officer of a finansual institution, am I a finansual institutor, without knowing writin'?"

Deacon Deadwoods shut his straight, meaningless mouth with a snap, and seemed to have caught the leg of some unfortunate rabbit in it; and then opening it, said, "I don't want no minister of the gospil to fool with the lemonade at the picnics."

The deacon meekly closed his little pea-green eyes as if he were invoking the aid of that divine providence to whom he always assigned a first lieutenancy in all the ridiculous operations in which he assumed the captaincy, and then he proudly sat down with a dog-like gulp, and swallowed his indorsed satisfaction.

Deacon Lundy was touched by Deacon Deadwood's reference to the lemonade at the picnics, for previously to the coming of Deadwoods he himself had managed the picnics. Therefore he unwisely remarked that the British must like their lemonade thin.

This taunt brought Deacon Deadwoods again to his feet, and he said sarcastically, "Sir—and I repeat it, sir—I am proud to be a Briton—yes, sir, one of the most ancient of Britons. Before the gentleman was born there was a Shakespeare. Are there any Shake-

speares since the gentleman was born? *That settles you.*"

Deacon Lapham now rose and said, "Gentlemen, this carnal business is all wrong. You will turn this meeting into a carnal of Venus. But I wish to remark that a young son of one of the gentlemen here present said last Monday that his family always has bread-pudding the day after communion-Sunday, made out of the bits that are left over."

The Rev. Henry Wilmore was invited to preach the trial sermon.

Henry welcomed the summons. The professors at the Glendale Theological Seminary encouraged him. His limited experience of life gave him no ideas of the world beyond his native mountains. His books had taught him to speculate only about that which was good. His active imagination, filled with pictures of saints, had never comprehended the devil. But while he was restlessly ambitious, he was weak because he sought to lean upon the strength of other people. When his pen was in his hand or when he was wandering among the flowers he had no misgivings. In this respect he somewhat resembled Oliver Goldsmith. His spirit, however, was strengthened by the knowledge that in the hamlet of Chittenden, which was a suburb of Manchester, Margie had become a teacher in St. Martha's Seminary.

Selecting his text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," he wrote his sermon. Fortunately, it dealt with the goodness and not with the frailty of man, and it showed that while other rewards are promised for other virtues, the special privilege of those whose hearts are pure shall be to see their Creator. Not that other souls shall not see Him, but that the heart-pure shall see Him in His greatest glory. The ideas were

far-fetched, but he was a sentimentalist, and he was scarcely twenty-one.

He arrived in Manchester late on Saturday night and went to the best hotel. On Sunday morning he was sought by Deacons Lundy, Deadwoods, and Lapham, who pompously escorted him to the church. As they left the hotel Henry took the arm of Deacon Lundy, which so incensed Deacon Deadwoods that he ever afterward was the young minister's enemy. And as they walked up the street Deadwoods took occasion to say to Deacon Lapham that he wondered whether it would not have been better if "the new man" had not gone to a hotel. "Because," said Deadwoods, "there is a bar-room in the hotel."

"Brother Deadwoods," said Deacon Lapham, "in my humble opinion, the brandy in that barroom had no more effect on his room in the third story than it has on your mince-pies."

"A hotel is a hotel, and you can't make nothing else out of it. A man looks much better in a house."

"It strikes me, Deadwoods, that none of us had the decency to meet him and take him home, and that he had to go to a hotel because he didn't bring any of his houses with him. This is cheap business that we are going through now. When he gets hungry he will find himself alone."

A large and expectant congregation had gathered to hear the young candidate. His modest and rather distinguished appearance was greatly in his favor. The older people liked his grave sincerity of manner. The young ladies thought that his square shoulders and blue eyes were significant at once of manly strength and sweet poetry. He appeared to them to be pale, handsome, and interesting, and his bushy, auburn hair, carelessly

brushed, was charming. The middle-aged ladies who had any culture and heart believed that his large eyes were extremely sad, and they desired to say some comforting word to him.

The opening prayer was short, modest, and simple, much to the astonishment and mean pleasure of Brother Deadwoods, who all through the services was happy because the young minister did not speak in crushing tones of thunder.

When Henry announced the hymn, he said, "I believe in an extensive use of both vocal and instrumental music in worship. It is half the battle to the preacher, because it elevates and chastens his spirit."

The choir at once became his partisans, and as they sang better than usual, the congregation in the pews below ascribed the improvement to Henry's words.

The sermon was read in a somewhat low, but distinct and rich voice, which filled the whole church and commanded silence without startling the ears of the congregation. Henry's presentation of the subject was in a new and thoughtful manner, and it was evident that he had made a great impression. One of the officers of the church afterward said in the vestibule, "That was nicely put—about purity of feeling being necessary for those who would be able to see and appreciate purity. I guess we want him."

Said one middle-aged lady, as she gathered her broché shawl about her shoulders and stood beside her carriage, "As, in his sweet, rich voice he said that when a person plays earnestly with little children and enters into their ways he soon becomes as guileless and as pure in thought as they are—in fact, becomes a child again—I could not help crying."

"And, ma, did you notice," said a younger lady,

“that when his voice trembled and he said that no matter how young or how old people may be here on earth, if they are really as little children they shall be of the kingdom of heaven, we knew more about two passages in the Bible than we ever knew before?”

“But, darling,” said a pretty girl of seventeen, who painted in oil and who had written verses for the *Manchester Avalanche*, “he said that in purity we must be one with God, just as the blue mountain in the distance becomes one with the blue sky; and that, you know, is a beautiful figure of speech. I shall ask him to sit to me for a portrait. Did you see where the sunlight fell upon his auburn-brown hair?”

At this moment a dapper young gentleman, who was tapping his slim boot with a thin cane and was waiting to speak to Angeline, the pretty poetess, said, “What I liked best about the young fellow—who, by the way, is white and almost red-headed—was where he said that a stout heart under brawny shoulders is purer than a faint heart under a coward’s vest.”

“Red-headed and homely!” exclaimed the poetess, with a flutter and a rustle and a quick little jump; “why, his hair is almost black, and it was bright only where the sunshine fell upon it; and his pale, sweet face, with its big, dark blue eyes, is perfectly lovely. I’d like to see him in a blue-flannel coat and a light-blue necktie—and pa’s got to vote for him.”

The aforesaid father now joined the group with two or three of the deacons, and said, “The mere language was no doubt very brilliant, and the figurative illustrations were appropriately chosen; but you are forgetting that his arguments were strikingly reasonable and instructive. Nevertheless, as he is young, poetry has a

greater claim on him than theology. But we all feel like being better men."

"His saying that he was nervous and weary," said Deacon Lundy, "was honest and sensible, and I was willing to help him out with the closing prayer. My daughter is perfectly satisfied that he is educated as well as if he had been at her seminary, and is positive that he has studied in Roundabout's 'First Principles of Composition.' That pious young man is as good as called."

"Ah! ha!" broke in the voice of Deacon Deadwoods, who had sidled up and was nervously twisting his head as if he had the St. Vitus dance and was trying to appear with a pretty and pleasant smile on a vacant, wry, and colorless face, "I like to agree with every one. I am amiable, though I do not say so. I am a happy Christian of a pure heart, though I boastest not. A good preacher is such as is such."

The ideas of Deacon Deadwoods were not accepted for much in the community. He was officious, and did a great deal of cheap hurrahing for fussy picnics and ridiculous ice-cream suppers, so that behind his back he was tolerated by people who had much amusement, as people sometimes have in the most pious of churches. But his opinions were seldom followed by any practical result. The people were in love with Henry, and it seemed that his fortune was made.

Margie was in the congregation, and Henry hoped, as he walked down the aisle with Deacon Smiley, that she would linger so that he might walk with her up the street. But her practical sense told her that it might not appear well for her to do so; and she went with the crowd. The praises that people behind and in front of her gave of Henry's preaching were by no means lost upon her pride. Still there was something in the frank-

ness of his speech that perplexed her. If she caught herself thinking that some of his figures were a little too fanciful, she had the charity to believe that he had at least the best of meaning. Perhaps a mild drawl would have made a greater impression upon her, and I know that she would have been satisfied if he had employed many hackneyed and threadbare quotations from the hymn-book. "It is good that he cannot be flattered," she found herself saying. "The salary, too, is two thousand a year. The parsonage is in a respectable neighborhood. I am glad that after we are married I shall not have to touch any of the washing. That I never will do."

Meanwhile, it seemed to Margie that Henry's sermon, with all its figurative illustrations, contained much sound sense; for had he not said that there are very many impure people who look for a sign of God's personality, and who wish a tangible revelation of His presence, and that only the purest heart should venture upon hoping for a sight of Him, or would in the hereafter be able to see Him? She did not wholly understand what he meant when he said that those who become pure of heart while dying often declare that they see the glory of God. But there was not in her mind the least doubt that he was correct when he said that, after all striving and prayer on earth, it is necessary for even the purest heart to wait until it reaches the congenial purity of heaven before it can behold the Creator. "Why, then," he asked, "should we demand the appearance of God Himself when we are not pure of heart, and how could we expect to recognize Him when we do not possess the one qualification which would enable us to do so?" These words came to Margie with considerable force; and though she was less carried away by his suc-

cess that day in the pulpit than most of the members of the congregation, and though she was his coolest and severest critic, yet she felt that if her relatives and friends could have heard him they would probably have been well pleased.

It must not be supposed that Margie was wholly without sentiment. She wished to be calm, and, with her, to be calm was to be happy. She had fancies and longings for the pretty things of life. But, somehow, Henry's intense and elevated style of writing and his lack of well-worn orthodox phrases rather challenged the quiet resentment of this stern and pretty girl. Besides, his life as yet was only an experiment, and she by no means felt sure that, as it was not like most other people's lives, it would be positively successful. Men who acquire the reputation of people who "grow" are not trusted as men are who have settled down in life. She could not treat this ecstatic idealist as she would have treated a merchant who recorded sales of nails or clothespins, and intended to sell them as long as he lived. The merchant might have asked less from her and have purposed to give less to her, but, not being strange in conduct and in language, he would have caused her little apprehension, because his habits and character would have been brought to her ready-made and unchangeably formed. So on that Sunday noon she passed up the street with a feeling of half-satisfied pride, and with a love that was not totally blind.

Deacon Deadwoods, who was treasuring hatred against Henry because it enabled him conscientiously to avoid asking him to a slim dinner, nevertheless was smiling, cringing, and obsequious when, with a monkey-like bow, he bade Henry good-day. Deacon Lundy would have invited him to dinner, but he had a sneaking aversion to

having his daughter question the young minister on Roundabout's "First Principles of Composition," for fear that, after all, she might not get the best of it. So that Henry went back to his hotel, very thankful that he could be alone.

Late in the afternoon he went out for a walk, wishing to call upon Margie, but thinking that perhaps her ideas of Sabbath-keeping might be so rigorous that she would not welcome his visit. His love was a fever to which her love was a chill.

He left the city and walked over the orcharded hills and along the grassy road which ran beside the river. The gates of the Willow-tree Cemetery were before him, and seemed to invite him to enter. As he passed under the rustic portal the shadow of a large man fell across the pathway, and he looked up to see its owner.

"Why, Seeren!" he cried, "how came you here?"

"I left the farm the other day while you were writing your sermon. I am assistant keeper of this cemetery. You see, I put my mind upon the problem, and solved it. You will have to come here to attend funerals, and I shall often see you." And the wrinkled giant's eyes filled with tears.

"But, Seeren, are you able to do the work?"

"Why, bless you, I was the first man who ever dug a grave for a friend in Lone Mountain Cemetery, overlooking San Francisco Bay; and there are plenty of men in Mobile who, if they were alive to-day, would say that I buried them twenty years ago!"

The old man smiled.

"It is this way: I studied medicine once in Nova Scotia, and meant to be a doctor. There was a little bit of a man in the town, and the fishermen under his care died off rapidly one winter, so that one day I found my-

self wondering what would become of all the poor devils when a big fellow such as I am got at them. It was but one step from the scalpel and spoon to the hearse and shovel, and I became a sexton. As the business became poor when the doctor died, I moved South, and had plenty to do. I tramped it, mending shoes, tinkering water-spouts, and selling my improved recipe for curing hams ; and whenever I came to a large city I asked how many doctors were there. When I reached Mobile I found that the city was well supplied, and I settled there for a while, until I got interested in cotton."

"In cotton?"

Sceren's wrinkled face was all aglow as he replied, "I made a good deal of money in cotton ; but I lost it in the Madeira wine business in New Orleans. I am an American. But, say, now, that was an elegant sermon you preached this morning. You will be called. But look out for some of those deacons. One of them was saying that his daughter had been in Paris, and did not believe in American money because she was used to francs and sardines. But there comes a funeral, and I must toll the bell."

The old man strode away.

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The pulpit was formally offered to Henry and accepted, and he began his new and eventful life.

CHAPTER V.

SPRINGTIME LOVE.

ON the Monday morning after the trial sermon Henry, while at his hotel, was informed by one of the deacons of the church that at a meeting of the officers he had been duly called ; and the deacon advised him to secure a home at some respectable boarding-house, recommending that of Mrs. Bunnell, widow of the late Hiram Bunnell, dealer in furniture. He found a plain, comfortable room, looking out upon the gaunt mill-chimneys and the far-off wooded hills.

Mrs. Bunnell was an excellent lady, who provided well for her boarders and for herself. She had only one peculiarity : her fondness for a certain animal which, she believed, she had in her girlhood unwittingly acquired while drinking the water of a wayside spring. It troubled her greatly, as a sort of ungrateful pet, and at times, when it was more than ordinarily unruly, and patience ceased to be a virtue, she sought the aid of a physician in order that she might take some medicine that would tame, or some poison that would kill it. But as the physicians usually told her that she was afflicted with indigestion and recommended a temperate diet, she always returned with feelings of disgust to relate her experience to her boarders and to tell them that as she had no longer any faith in doctors, "that animal" would trouble her more than ever. One of her boarders—that wag who haunts all boarding-houses and sets himself up as the sole professional dispenser of jokes—hinted to her that she might call it Fido ; but it is impossible to tell

whether he rose or fell in her esteem, for about a year afterward she married him. He, however, was perfectly satisfied, and soon afterward gave up his situation in the store so that he might always be at home when the dinner-bell rang and help himself to the most tempting morsels.

Mrs. Bunnell while still in her widowhood purchased at least once in the early part of the season the newest luxury. I remember hearing one of her boarders describe how she would, for instance, obtain the very earliest green peas, and while the guests were impatiently waiting for them would take a spoonful upon her own plate so that she might "try them." No one will dispute that Mrs. Bunnell was at heart a very just and generous woman, but below her heart was "that animal," which, as she surveyed the delicious peas, thumped violently until her resolution gave way, and she said, "Gentlemen, I am sorry, but the peas are spoiled. How could I have put so much salt in them. How stupid! But—well," she would meekly say, "they are good enough for me." She would follow them back into the kitchen and would remain there for a long time, while the innocent boarders helped themselves to other things at table. Some of the gentlemen have since told me that when, after five minutes, she returned sorrowfully from the kitchen, she was invariably wiping her eyes and her mouth. When she married the wag and he settled down as a fixture in the house, it became a habit with him to say, when she discovered a spoiled dish of extra-early peas, asparagus, tomatoes, or cauliflower, "No, my dear, you suffer too much now. I am fond of everything very, very salt, and I will take them out into the kitchen for you. Smithers, be so good as to carve the steak." Mrs. Bunnell finally escaped the tor-

ment of "that animal" which had so long troubled her ; but to her dying day she was fond of telling about it, as a mother describes the virtues of a lost child.

The new minister was a great acquisition to the Hotel Bunnell ; and as he was shy and abstracted in manner, he made few enemies among those who liked to be prominent at table.

The library of the young minister was in the church, and on its table he found a note from the former pastor, Dr. Irving, saying that he would leave all his theological books there in trust with him, and wishing him success in the labor of the Lord. It also suggested to him that the small subscription-library in the main street of Manchester would supply him with books of a more secular character, as well as the newspapers of the day, "which," said the good old doctor, "you might at first avoid, as tending to distract your mind from the solid doctrines of the church, and lead you to speculate upon popular and fleeting subjects so welcome to sensational preachers. Not that I should or would disparage any of my fellow-men, but that their doings are pernicious and misleading."

Monday was in its afternoon when Henry, who had been left alone by the deacons, thought that he would seek the counsel and sympathy of Margie. So he walked toward the little suburb of Chittenden, where Margie was now a teacher of the small classes in the seminary for young ladies. People turned to look at the new young minister, as with his broad shoulders swinging and with rapid footsteps he walked through the suburban streets, his pale, fine-cut face animated, his dark blue eyes sparkling, and his bushy auburn hair surmounted by an almost jaunty soft hat.

The seminary stood on a great hillside, with giant

oaks and elms around it, and not far away the mild-blue river broke the monotony of flat meadows. In moist places on the waysides the young grass was freshly green, pale yellow willow-sprays hung limp as if they were shy of the timorous spring sunshine, and on the warm sides of fences crocuses were pushing their little white and purple heads into the wooing air. Pert and nimble robins fretted the cedars in search of dusky-blue berries. From low outlying swamps came the croakings of early frogs.

Luckily for Henry he found Margie on the wide veranda with a shawl drawn closely about her shoulders and enjoying the fresh spring air. She seemed somewhat surprised at first that he should have come so soon, and she was uneasy in manner until he explained to her that he had really been called to the church, and that he believed it would be well for both if she would begin to think of a time not far distant when they could become husband and wife. They walked together, saying little, and then wandered out of the gateway and over to an old rustic bridge.

"I hope I have not been stealing too much of your time, Margie," he said.

"No," she replied ; "I ought to be very glad to see you, after so long a separation."

"You see," he ventured, "I shall probably have many interruptions of my studies ; I must write two sermons a week ; I shall in that new city, with its strange faces, feel very lonely, and I shall not come here again until next Saturday."

"Oh, I shall be away on Saturday. My professor at the old school is on his death-bed, and has requested to see me before he dies. I must go to him."

"But how will you go?"

Margie scarcely blushed at all when she replied, " Mr. Townley, who was here with Jennie last week, said that he would drive me there and back if I would let him know when I would go, and I thought I would write to him to-day."

Henry felt a pang of jealousy at this cool remark, and ventured to say :

" Margie, would it not be better if I drove you there ? I could at least be in your company for several hours. I can get the horses in Manchester, and I shall need the air."

" But, Henry, would it be proper ?"

" Proper ? Why less so with me than with Mr. Townley ?"

" Oh, but, you know, you and I are engaged."

" Is that a crime ?"

" Of course not ; but what will people say ?"

" I cannot understand you, Margie. If the Christian people of this seminary believe that a young minister, engaged to a beautiful young lady who is so good that she is employed as a teacher of young girls, is not proper company for her, and that a man who is not engaged to her is proper company, I think the time has come when she should seek a situation where there is more common-sense. Besides, this school is connected with my church, and I am, ex-officio, one of its directors. Can you not be seen with a director of your seminary ? And I am not sure that I altogether approve of your driving with other gentlemen while you are engaged to me."

Margie winced somewhat under this fire, and felt that for the first time he had spoken with an air of authority. But her good sense rescued her from difficulty, and she said, " It shall be as you say. I will go with you. But I can walk into the city, and we can start from there."

"Do you not wish the faculty here to know that you go with me?"

"Henry, is it absolutely necessary?"

"Perhaps not. But would Mr. Townley have called here for you?"

"Yes; why not? I am not engaged to him."

This callow lover could not understand why the girl whom he had induced to promise her hand in marriage to him should be uneasy and constrained with him, while she was happy in her freedom with a young gentleman toward whom she was only a missionary and a friend. That it was his manner—mysterious and perplexing—which scared her, while the cheerful language of more frivolous people won her confidence never suggested itself to him. For, to tell the truth in his favor, he was far from being heavy-hearted. Her engagement to him made her coy and sensitive, and she was not the first modest girl in the world who, having accepted a lover, has felt the burden of maidenly reserve. Such a girl does not rush headlong into your arms; and, indeed, she may require years of married life before she has gradually revealed to her husband all the confidence and tendencies of her nature. The lives of old married people are very beautiful.

Henry was shocked by Margie's avowal that she would have permitted Tom Townley to call at the seminary for her, and that she would rather walk into Manchester to join her lover; but the shock only confused and stupefied him, so that he showed neither anger nor grief. He merely said, "I will come here for you, just the same."

The determination of his manner was so uncompromising that she did not oppose him.

On Saturday morning Henry drove to the seminary, and Margie, in order not to prolong her agony by having

all the school looking at the man who was to be her husband, was already waiting near the gate. Perhaps there was a slight air of formality in their starting out, but the day was really fine, the grass had grown longer and greener, and the spring atmosphere was fresh and exhilarating. Even Margie woke from her calmness as the horses threw the dirt behind them and the carriage smoothly sped over the roads. She laughed heartily at some of Henry's sallies, and several times, when they were far from any farmhouse and he became spirited in his little love compliments, she permitted him to kiss her ; indeed, once after he had said something more than usually warm and witty, she naturally turned her pouting lips for a kiss, and heartily and audibly responded. Henry was in ecstasy all that day ; he felt that Margie was melting, and that very soon all her coolness and formality would disappear. She, on her part, was happy because she had never before understood him so well ; and she did not think that the mood she was in at that time caused her to appreciate what he said as well as inspired him to say frankly and clearly what he meant.

They reached Waterville (within sight of the steeples of New York) in the afternoon ; and when they had taken a plain little dinner at the village hotel they walked up the hillside to the school.

Professor Davidson was an old clergyman—a large, strong, hearty man enough in his day, but now broken with age. Margie believed implicitly in him, and thought that he possessed all the unquestionable virtues in the largest sense. Indeed, he was a man of great goodness, although he had, when in health, smoked a cigar every day, at a time when in the seclusion of his library he might not offend the senses of people who were easily shocked ; and he had in one of the lower

drawers of his desk a pint flask which contained rye whiskey of the proper age and flavor. But now he was pale, thin, and sick unto death ; and as he had loved Margie for her goodness, he had expressed a desire to see her when she could spare the time. He was by no means displeased at meeting Henry. To be sure, Margie had never mentioned Henry's name or told of her engagement, but the sensible old invalid understood the whole situation at a glance, and, heartily laughing, he put their hands together and said, " Yes, yes, I see ; this black-eyed girl of mine, with all her good, cool common-sense, has won your hot, sentimental heart, my boy. There is strength in you, my boy. But take a little chill once in a while, my boy—ha !" here the huge framework of bones raised himself upon his elbow and said, " Margie, my child, do not blow your bellows too cold on this volcano. But cool him off a little. Young sir, your steel is not at white heat yet. Keep her hand, my boy ; there, you two shall be one !"

The old man coughed loudly and huskily, and said, " Margie, do you remember how I wrote your name in my big old hand in the good book I sent you ? Yes, yes, girl, you do. Never mind that. I was your Sunday-school teacher. But go and bring me a bit of the lemon-and-sugar tea you once made for me. The girls in the kitchen will give you the stuff. And, Margie, my dear, this is the last time you will ever make it for me."

Tears ran down the cheeks of the cadaverous invalid as Margie left the room.

" And your name is Henry Wilmore—a young clergyman, too ! What a prize you have there, if you can keep her. Why, my lad, you have got the muscle in you for a good fighter, but you have the sentimental

eyes of a woman. It's all in your eyes, though. Come, let me tell you. Pink fancies and sky-blue sentiments will not pay in this life—not even in the pulpit. Women and girls may like them for a while, but you cannot always make pink and sky-blue love to them over the heads of their doctrinal fathers, my boy."

Henry took the large, bony hand of the old man and raised it to his lips, kissing it gently.

"Grasp it, young man!" the sepulchral voice said.

Henry took the hand softly, but the big fingers closed over his convulsively, and, if he had been weaker than he was, they would have made him wince with pain.

"Hark!" said the invalid. "I once was a chaplain in the regular army. This hand has often been raised against human kind. Before battle I always prayed; but in battle I was alongside of old John Hardin—he was killed at Buena Vista. When you are in a fight, fix your prayer deep in your heart, and fight. After the battle be glad that your side has won; but—will you reach into that lower drawer and give me the flask?"

Henry did as he was told to do, and the invalid moistened his lips with the cordial. As he sank down upon his pillow and the flask was put back into the drawer, Margie entered the room with a cup of hot lemon tea. The old man took it, and, sipping, said, "Black-eyed girl, thank you. Be good to this young man. He is worthy of you. Remember that I placed your hands—both good hands—together. Kiss me, Margie—and you, too, mysterious—and now, both of you—good-by. I will sleep. Good-by. Heaven be praised! Glory to the Father—and fire low, boys! Good-by, my children, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Do not weaken for picket-shots. Stand firm, boys!"

They left the old professor asleep, and, walking down

into the village, sought their carriage, and were soon driving on their way home. The spring twilight was hazy as they saw the dull outlines of Manchester on their left, and drove over the rustic bridge into the hamlet of Chittenden. They had been happy and quiet on their way back. Henry was musing over the revelation that the dying old chaplain had made concerning his life—thinking, too, of the whiskey-flask and of the burst of martial spirit that the old man in his emotion and partial delirium had displayed. Margie thought that the old man, with his mind wandering, had merely mixed some holy quotations.

As Henry lifted Margie from the carriage at the gate of the seminary, he kissed her, and said inquiringly, "We are to think of ourselves as if married?"

"Yes," she replied, and almost sentimentally whispered, "My Henry."

On his way to Manchester Henry drove slowly in the soft spring twilight, and did not think at all.

CHAPTER VI.

THE QUIET WOMAN'S ARMS.

PETER MCGINNIS was a young Irishman who became a trundler of coals in the blacksmith-shop of the Trident Works in Manchester. He was very industrious, and had none of the little vices which were known to exist among "helpers" about the mills. He never drank beer, but sometimes of an evening he descended from

the bare room of his cheap boarding-house on Factory Street to the saloon on the ground floor, where he read the weekly papers aloud to the drinkers, while he gave an occasional whiff from a short clay pipe. His ability to read earned for him his smoking tobacco. If he had been compelled to buy it he would have given up smoking as a detestable and expensive vice.

Peter was then a tall, lean young man, with low, sloping shoulders and crooked legs. His head was covered with a mass of bright-red hair, and some of his jolly companions used to say that they could read by its light. On several occasions Johnny the Tub, a fat man who was considered to be the wit of the barroom, was seen to hold a finger over Peter's head while he was bending over a paper, and when the finger was thought to be red hot he pounded it rapidly on the counter as if it had been iron on an anvil. For a beard Peter wore a tawny tuft on his chin and a few straggling hairs on his pock-marked cheeks.

The men who began by laughing at Peter for his ungainly appearance soon tired of their sport, for he looked neither to the right nor to the left, and did not appear to be teased. Truth compels me to say, however, that Peter was extremely sensitive about his personal defects, and that every derisive taunt and every attempt to make fun at his expense gave him intense pain. No one knew better than he knew how wretchedly misshapen he was. But he was as patient as he was ugly. To be envied for his ability to read and to explain to his companions the weekly news was some sort of compensation for him. The very fact that he could read, and the other fact that he saved his money, soon gained for him the wholesome respect of those who spent their evenings in the bar-room.

There are men still living in Manchester who shudder when they tell of the great fire in the Trident Works. Eight laborers lost their lives. Peter McGinnis was not a brave young man, but he had a little property within the walls of the works, and as he was the last man who was seen there when the walls fell into the street, it was thought that he was killed. When, however, he was taken from the ruins, it was found that he had only lost one of his crooked legs.

His fellow-laborers and several of the charitable manufacturers of the town, in that hour of emotion which always follows an accident in which human life is lost, gave to Peter all the sympathy that belonged to the eight men who were killed, and contributed considerable money toward his relief ; so that when he added to the sum the amount of his savings he was able, after his recovery, not merely to purchase a wooden leg, but also to open a grocery store on the corner of Mill and Benton streets. He dealt principally in bread, pork, flour, sugar, and cheese ; and a few cans of coffee and tea gave a picturesque effect to his shelves. The poor class of people who patronized him really believed that he could read the Chinese characters on the tea-boxes ; and had a faint idea that the coffee-sign of " Old Government Java," instead of being a wicked misnomer for roasted rye and burnt beans, had some remote and awful reference to political affairs, which only the learned, like Peter, could fully understand. At the rear end of his counter, behind a bit of green calico screen which was bolstered by piles of cabbages and codfish, he had a swan-necked tap, from which, for three cents, he spouted a mugful of frothing beer. As he could read the news to his customers, and was an unobtrusive man, the green screen became so popular that soon, of an evening, it hid

many laboring men who sat drinking there, and whose wives and children peered in vain into the dull, moist windows, thinking that they might see through the piles of bar soap and red onions and discover the tipsy heads of their families. It happened, too, that little girls who came for a pound of pork or a dozen clothespins handed pails over the front counter, and that after the crooked and limping Peter had disappeared for a moment behind the screen he returned with the pails crested with foam. In time the popularity of the place became so great that Peter was compelled to open a separate establishment next door to his grocery store, and in it he placed tables for dominoes, a shuffle-board, and files of the weekly papers (which, although they were usually read by only Peter himself, lent a sort of literary appearance to the place), and a yellow, second-hand map of the United States hung underneath a portrait of George Washington and beside a picture of General Warren surrounded by murderous British soldiers as he lay dying on Bunker Hill. Over the door of the new establishment he had a sign of a headless woman, who was supposed to be unable to tell any tales, and under it were the words, "Quiet Woman's Arms."

In order successfully to carry on both establishments it was necessary that Peter should have an assistant whom he could trust more than he had trusted the swindling clerks who had frequently been in his employ. He thought that perhaps the cheapest way was to procure a wife. His acquaintance with ladies was limited. The few that he had seen either were buyers of beer or were among the audience at Odd Fellows' Hall, where, on the occasion of a theatrical entertainment, Peter turned a few dollars by supplying the services of his orchestral band. For Peter played on the bass-viol,

Johnny the Tub blew heartily if not sweetly on the cornet, Joe Jones, the clockmaker, coaxed cold and cheerless squeals from an asthmatic flute, and Ed Ackerman and Bob Graham see-sawed on a pair of rival and decrepit violins. This quintet, whose headquarters for practising and drinking were in Peter's back room, was called the Olio Orchestra. In many ways it contributed to Peter's profit.

Now it happened that over Peter's store there lived a young country girl, whose sign announced that she worked at cheap dressmaking. She was buxom and lantern-jawed. In disposition she was called by her neighbors "a bouncer," and one admiring man ventured, over his third mug of beer, to say, in the barroom of the Arms, that she was "a regular rip-staver." At any rate she was industrious and cheerful, and as she sat sewing at her second-story window she sang and she watched the fish-peddlers and pie-apple men going up and down the street. Her parents were "Jersey Dutch" people, who lived on a farm in the Wanaque Mountains, and who added to their earnings in the summer harvests by devoting their autumn days to their still, from which came that amber liquid known to strangers as cider-brandy and to the true-born Jerseyman as apple-jack, "which is never any better after it is five years old." The lowly charcoal-burner drinks this liquor in its young and pure condition, sometimes producing speedy intoxicating effects by adding hard-cider and calling the mixture "stone-fence;" and the pious deacon saves himself from earthly criticism and from punishment beyond the grave by adding a little tansy or snake-root, or even a few wild-cherries, keeping it in an old tin teapot in the little closet, high over the mantel, and at bedtime, while

standing on the top of a chair, taking a long draught from the spout.

Susan Van Doppenburgh had worked at dressmaking among the farmers' families, but, wishing to enjoy city life, she had gone to Manchester, and she was doing a respectable business over Peter McGinnis's store. She had but one weakness, and that was to attend the theatre. The practising of the band in Peter's barroom cheered her heart of an evening, but she pined for the glare of oil-lamps and a sight of the enthralling artists themselves. Once a month a theatrical troupe visited Manchester, and then Susan Van Doppenburgh sat in the gallery enjoying the performance. It was then that, as she sat chewing odorous peppermint-taffy, she saw the forms of the men of the Olio Orchestra, the only available musicians of the town, who appeared greater to her now that she could behold them with their instruments in thrilling operation. So entranced was she by Peter and his big fiddle that she came to believe that, after all, it was he whom the people came to see. She even went so far as to think that when Edwin Forrest was announced to play *Jack Cade*, Peter was really the star. Moreover, she dropped to him, as her landlord, who would forgive a slight act of freedom, a note saying that she would go to the Odd Fellows' Hall on Saturday night to see him in *Jack Cade*. She even added that she could not keep her eyes off him, and that if she were a man it would be the height of her ambition to be a great actor and play on a bass fiddle.

To this effusive declaration there was a ready response in Peter's heart, which, although not susceptible to intense heat, contained a great deal of love for himself. Here at last was one human being who was not disgusted

with his ugly person. Just a little vanity began to operate within him. For the first time in his life a slight hint of a sheepish and tremulous smile touched the corner of his grim mouth, and when the astonished Johnny the Tub saw it he jumped to his feet to ask the great leader of the Olio Orchestra whether he was attacked with a colic.

"No," replied the imperturbable Peter, "I was only wrinkling off a fly, like a horse, you know."

The leader of the Olio Orchestra felt a glow at his breast, not so much from any beating of his heart from within, but, as he afterward described it, from an outward prickly sensation, like the drawing of a mustard-plaster. Johnny the Tub saw him go to the little mirror that hung back of the pool-table and take a long and tender look at himself. Then he drew his short bow twice or thrice across the heavy strings of his bass-viol, bringing forth a low, guttural, bear-like growl of satisfaction. It was remarked, too, by several of his most constant codfish customers that his wooden leg was not dragged so clumsily as usual, but that he stumped about the store with something like the air of an aristocrat.

When, that evening, the members of the Olio Orchestra gathered at their headquarters in the Quiet Woman's Arms, their eyes were gladdened by an unusual sight. Peter was dressed in his theatre clothes, and a pink paper rose appeared on the lapel of his coat. There was also an odor of tallow in the room, which could have come only from Peter's glossy red hair. They saw him write something on a piece of bill-paper and give it to his boy with a whisper. After the boy went out of the door with it they heard his footsteps on the stairs that led to Miss Van Dopenburgh's apartments. Shortly after-

ward, when the boy returned, he handed to Peter a bit of paper, which they subsequently filched, only to find that it contained the following words: "Oh, how I shall only but listen then once to the dear bass fiddle. The horner and the fiddlers onto the thin fiddles and the blowin' flutter is as of but nothing to your big fat fiddle. I then but wish I was dead. 'Tis once joy but.—S. V. D."

The amazed musicians would have been angry, but they saw that Peter was drawing four mugs of beer. For the first time in his life he charged nothing.

"Now, Olios," he said, as he rested his hand on his plethoric viol and straightened himself on his wooden leg, "there is four more where them comes from; and to-night we are on the bold serenade. Get ready."

The Olio Orchestra sallied forth into the night, and stood under the darkened windows of the Van Dopperburgh rooms, while the strains of music grated upon the beery air. Four tunes were mangled, and above all rose the deep, frog-like tones of Peter's bass-viol.

Miss Susan was an enraptured listener, and she frequently said, in the patois of the English-speaking backwoods Jerseymen, so carelessly extravagant of adverbs, "It is then but only splendid just." Wishing that Peter should understand her appreciation of the music, she looked around her for some worthy symbol of her gratitude. She would in that moment of extreme bliss have been willing to hurl a whole conservatory at his head. Still, when in the glare of light which fell from the grocery window she saw the pale pink paper rose on Peter's breast, she thought that all other flowers would sink into dark insignificance. A bright idea seized upon her fertile mind. From her basket she took a ball of cord, and, unwinding a great part of it, she let it down

in front of the window, and in the silence between two airs she whispered to Peter to send her up "the teeny itty yose." Churlish indeed would have been the heart that could refuse such a gift. The paper flower was soon reposing on Susan's virgin bosom.

That night week Miss Susan Van Doppenburgh, with the aid of the Rev. Henry Wilmore, became Mrs. Peter McGinnis, and she was thenceforth both partner and clerk. It was a source of satisfaction to Peter to know that he had not only acquired a useful companion, but that he was richer in money by two hundred dollars. They lived well enough together, for they quarrelled a little all the time, and thus avoided those occasional great explosions of wrath with which many other families are afflicted. Peter was conceited, and said that she was ignorant; and she usually retorted, "If I am but only an ignimus, I just yet have a pretty fine figure, but." At this Peter always winced.

Mrs. Susan McGinnis constantly teased her husband by her attempts at thinking. She was always officiously doing something to thwart his plans, and explaining to him that she thought he meant that she should do so. If he told her to have fish for supper she had ham, because she thought that he meant ham when he said fish. This constant interference on the ground that she thought compelled Peter to say that she had no business to try to think when she herself knew that she had nothing to think with. Always on the occasions when Peter found that his efforts to accomplish a certain purpose were thwarted by Susan's kind but uncalled-for officiousness, he would say, "That devilish woman has been thinking again." If she only fell down-stairs, or over a stray cat, or into a pork-barrel, he would always say to her, "Thinking again, I suppose."

Notwithstanding the unhappiness which naturally came to them with marriage, this couple, in the course of three or four months, estimated their wealth at eight hundred dollars. Foremen from the mills, and even men who had risen from the grade of laborers to become shop-owners themselves, played pool and dominoes at the Quiet Woman's Arms, and drank ale and whiskey, while women and children purchased cheese, fish, and sly bottles of gin in the adjoining grocery-store.

The lot which fell to Susan was by no means an easy one; for while she worked early and late in the store and the kitchen, even sewing for her neighbors, Peter was impatient of her constant stumblings over boxes and fallings down-stairs, as well as of the frequent disappointments which her officious thinking on the wrong side brought to him; and he was not slow in rebuking her in the harshest manner. But she had much satisfaction in praising men with high shoulders, black hair, or straight legs. Peter had never looked at his crooked person in the mirror since the day of the serenade.

One night Peter received a large invoice of barrels, and with a candle went into the cellar in order to lower them through a trap-door. While he was going down the stairs from the hallway, Susan rolled one of the barrels to the edge of the crack between the floor and the door, and as Peter unhooked and opened the door the barrel fell, and throwing him upon the cellar bottom crushed his arm, while in agony he shrieked, "That woman's been thinking again!"

In vain did Susan cry down through the doorway, "What's of you, Peter, yet?"

No response came, for Peter was nearly dead.

"Peter, has it then but hit you, Peter?" she cried.

"Yes," muttered the poor man ; " and now you'll be saying that you admire a man with two arms."

Straightway Susan began to tell him, as she talked down into the darkness, about a man in the country whom she had known, and who had lost one of his arms. " Which one is it yet, Peter ?" she asked. " His was his left arm, and yours but may be yet the other one, then."

Peter's cries for help had brought people in from the barroom. They carried him from the cellar to his bedroom, and sent for a surgeon, who found that Peter had indeed lost his arm. It was many a long and weary week before he again set foot within the barroom or the store. The Olio Orchestra was disbanded, and Susan used to say, in after years, when she wore caps and a false front on her head, that Peter was " most a splendid man at the bass-fiddle just, when he was young and had two arms."

He was now more hideous and more sensitive than ever. His manner was restless, because he thought that everybody was laughing at him.

Spring and summer came, and trade at the McGinnis stores grew apace. Other goods besides groceries and liquors were added to their stock. Toward the Fourth of July Peter purchased a large quantity of firecrackers and pin-wheels, to the great delight of the children in the neighborhood ; and for the benefit of larger persons who might wish to celebrate Independence Day with pistols and cannon, he purchased a package of gun-powder, which he placed in the back part of the store, meanwhile warning Susan and the boy that it was dangerous. But on the night of the 2d of July, after the store was closed and Susan was about to go up-stairs to her room, she placed a candle for Peter's use upon the

bag of powder. Peter was putting out the store-lamps, when the candle set some paper trimmings on fire ; a spark dropped upon the bag ; there was an explosion ; and Peter fell to the floor, struck by clothespins, figs, and onions, and gasping, " She's been thinking again ! " Susan, who had reached the head of the stairs, rolled down again, shouting, " Murder ! Gracious ! That is but once the third time I've fell yet down these stairs to-day."

The neighbors carried Peter to a doctor's office, where it was found that he had lost one of his eyes. The store was burned to the ground, and Manchester never again saw the pride of Factory Street, the Quiet Woman's Arms. Peter could not endure the gaze of his fellow-townsmen, and so he and Susan, with their savings and their insurance money, moved away.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCERNING SCANDAL.

THE Rev. Henry Wilmore was duly installed as pastor of St. Mark's Church, of Manchester, and he entered upon an interesting life. His sermons continued to be in style somewhat like that with which he had won his place. Having had so little experience of the world, he did not preach much practical morality ; and as he described the sins of the Pharisees who lived during the lifetime of Christ, and as he thereby made of them an ancient and extinct people, the Pharisees in his congregation had no feelings of bitterness toward him, but

rather were grateful because he had dug up and held to light the bones of so ignominious a sect. In his expositions of the doctrines of the denomination he was regarded by the reading men of the church as being profound as well as correct, on account of his grave and earnest manner ; and if in his illustrations he frequently became warm and sentimental, the older men remembered that they had daughters who loved a little color in sermons, and that glamour was likely to make the church popular.

Indeed, the young minister attracted, both on the mornings and on the evenings of Sundays, a large congregation ; and Deacon Smiley and Deacon Deadwoods, who were on the music committee, found that there was money enough in the collections for the hiring of a soprano singer—a very pretty and stylish lady, who, unknown to all but a few of Manchester's people, had been a fairly good singer in a concert-saloon in the Bowery, in New York—had made a tour with a so-called French opera company throughout the West, and had finally settled down in Manchester as Mlle. Isidora de Bellefontofico. (Her baptismal name was Maria Bagley.) The church gained in popularity by her singing, which was good.

It must be understood that Henry's preaching was not of the sensational kind. Picturesqueness in the pulpit is a quality which commands attention, and for that reason alone Henry was an attraction. St. Mark's became the popular church of Manchester ; but not like some of the churches of that city, in front of whose doors young men, usually denominated "fellers," stood in crowds at night after service, waiting for the girls whom they might escort to their homes. St. Mark's Church retained its dignity. There was no laughing and flirting in its galleries. No loafer called it the "old eel-pot."

To hear the brilliant new minister, to carry home for repetition one of his antithetical sentences, to look up one of his quotations from Milton, became the Manchester fashion.

So Henry studied, wrote, preached, attended the meals at the Bunnell boarding-house, said little to his table companions, took an occasional long walk among the rugged hills, and wrote love-letters to his "own Margie."

Of society he saw little. The deacons called upon him at his library, and stole his time, while they advised him, in ungrammatical English, exactly what to read and how to preach. He was not naturally of a patient disposition, and he was so little of a hypocrite that he could not affect a liking for what did not really please him. To the bores his manner appeared to be cool. They said, however, that he was only quiet and grave. It was a matter of surprise to them that he could be so "flowery" in the pulpit, and not be "flowery" in the expression of his thoughts toward them. They believed that his bright ideas should be constantly and spontaneously springing forth as a sort of compliment to their literary ability. Young ministers are usually patronized, brow-beaten, petted, or slandered.

Henry received few invitations of a social kind, and he preferred the life of a recluse. The city was socially in great confusion. Except on Sundays, during service, or when sentimental persons were quoting from his sermons, the young preacher was almost neglected. The old members of the church were busily adapting themselves to new conditions of trade, which had almost overwhelmed them. They were rearranging their gardens, which had been broken up for costly city lots; they were remodelling their houses, or, being driven from them by the encroachments of advancing trade, were

moving into new ones ; they were adding new departments to their stores and factories, so that they were busy both by night and by day. Besides, the old members of the church rather proudly surrendered social affairs to their new, bustling, and pretentious brethren, whom they did not yet charitably understand. Still, there were a few of the rich old families who invited Henry to evening dinners, and he was very quietly and agreeably entertained. In the roomy old houses, which were almost mansions, the conversation with these well-bred people soothed and charmed him, for its tone was never exciting ; it was gently and innocently good-natured ; its wit never wounded ; its humor never touched the borders of coarseness ; and the laughter which rose from it was a natural, enjoyable ebullition, and never a violent, vulgar guffaw. Religious subjects were seldom mentioned, so that it happened that whenever Henry returned from one of these evening dinners he felt a genial sense of relaxation which he carried into his dreams.

There were also certain staid but lovely middle-aged ladies, whose spirits were never ruffled by social changes, and whose moods were as pleasant as their neat little grate-fires and their dainty little dishes ; and these amiable persons invited him to nice teas, where he sipped the creamy, pungent liquid from delicate old china, broke feathery, smoking muffins, and toyed with almost transparent preserved fruits, that appeared like jewels floating in nectar. The atmosphere around these semi-saintly ladies was so sweet and tranquillizing that he seemed to be resting in some sequestered domestic Eden, whose foundations had never been jarred by the heavy rumblings of the mill-wheels.

The new-comers were too busy with their mills and their unfinished and unfurnished houses, with the pur-

chasing of carpets and the hanging of curtains, to give the young minister much of their time. Besides, they were almost as unused to the city as he was, and they rather waited for him to seek them. They forgot, however, to send him their cards, and as at that peculiar and unfortunate time there were few social church gatherings, and therefore few in-door introductions, he hardly knew who were members of his church and who were not. He was not naturally a person who would force himself upon the acquaintance of other people, and when he thought of his youthfulness he could not realize that it was possible for him to come into fashion. But these effusive, good-natured men met him on the streets and shook his hand with vigor, if not with warmth, asked after his health, praised his sermons, said that when they "got to rights" they would invite him around to chat with the ladies and have "a good old-fashioned time" (whatever that might be), and then rushed away to the office, or the furniture store, or the railway train. The youth was not pained by this neglect, for he had a large sense of humor, which gave him much enjoyment; and even after the officious and illiterate deacons had bored him at his study he could not repress a laugh as they walked down the streets shaking their heads with self-satisfaction.

At the same time he had no close advisory friend. The other and older preachers of the city were as unused to the chaos as he was; and as they had little time for the study of old problems and little knack for dealing with the new ones, they gave him a smile for a promise, and hoped that at a happier time they might mould the character and direct the footsteps of this shy yet trusting young man. I have often wondered how Hawthorne, who would, even while a stranger in England, get over a

fence and cross a field to avoid meeting a pedestrian, might have acted toward the members of his congregation if he had been a minister of the gospel in Manchester or anywhere else.

One morning during his first month in Manchester, while Henry was studying the color of an early crocus and was working an idea from it into his half-written sermon, he received a note, in the gawky handwriting of an ignorant girl, as follows :

“REV. HENRY WILMORE, Esq.

“DEAR REV. : You have not called to our house yet. Father wonders at it. We are very rich. Father has a big mill, where his hands and beneaths-him make wire bottoms for sivs. We are rich, and don’t go with everybody. *Oui*, we have been to Paris. Come as soon as you can ; but don’t come till after dinner, or you will catch us without much on.

“Yours, etc.,

“MÖÈD BRÛSSÉLL,

“37 Quálity Rōw.”

In the afternoon Henry called at No. 37 Quality Row, and was admitted to a house which was painted a pale blue and was ornamented under the eaves with bright green and scarlet imitations of gingerbread. As he was ushered into the parlor by a black servant, he saw before him, in the middle of the room, a tall, big-boned girl of perhaps twenty years. On her head was a little yellow turban. She wore a dress of scarlet silk, and above her green slipper was a goodly show of crimson stocking. In her hand was a gilt-topped book, her finger dividing the leaves.

Henry, somewhat puzzled, advanced, and shyly said :

“Miss Brusséll ?”

"*Oui*," said the young lady.

"You sent for me?" said he, dreamily.

"*Oui*," she replied.

He said, "Mademoiselle, I read French, but I cannot try to speak it with you."

She replied, "Then I'll drop French and try to get off some American. *Squat a vous la*." And she pointed to a pink chair, as she sank upon a yellow ottoman, and made a great effort to cover her crimson hosiery with her scarlet skirts. She was good enough to save Henry from embarrassment by resuming the conversation: "You see, we went over to France last May, and came back in July. For a long time after we got back I could hardly speak American. But that's not to be wondered at, for we were born in England. Father came over early, and sent for us. We ain't none of these vulgar K-nickerbockers, but regular English. Do not consider us as Americans, for gracious sakes. You are a perfectly lovely minister. Such hair! 'Tain't red, neither."

Henry begged to assure Miss Brusséll that he was glad she was not displeased with his hair.

"Well, one thing I want to say to you, right here. My real name hain't Môèd. It's Mame, or Mary. But when we got to France and seen foreign newspapers, I made my name foreign. There's my card. That's foreign for Maud."

And Miss Brusséll handed to Henry a card bearing the inscription:

MÔÈD BRÛSSÉLL,

No. 37 *Quai*ty Rôe.

"You see," she rattled on, "the foreign letters has got lots of little fly-specks all over them; and I wanted to be foreign. When we went to Paris, they gave us an English waiter to wait on us, because we couldn't speak nothing but English; but father said his money was as good as anybody's, and he'd be damned if he didn't get waited on in French. He said what he wanted was a good square meal's victuals. So they sent a French waiter. He said something or other in French, and I wasn't going to be beaten by him, and I said '*Oui*.' But father got his Johnny Bull blood up, and when they brought on some soup, he just howled, 'I ain't a-eatin' no thin stuff, Mr. Frenchy, if you please! We pay for good solid feeding, and I've got the ducats to pay for it, and don't you forget it.' The English waiter said something to the French waiter, and father got what he wanted. Ice-cream first, and then some birds, and them little toadstools what they call masheroons. After that father said he had a devil of a time. You must excuse the swearing, but in France almost everybody swears. Of course, a minister can't, here, you know. But ministers are different there. If you was a French minister you wouldn't be in this room two minutes without hugging me. I'm sorry I didn't meet any of the French ministers. I'd show them whether they are huggers. I'd scratch them. The man who hugs me has got to be head over heels in love with me."

Henry looked impatiently at the window, and said, "Miss Brussell, it is going to shower. I must get back to my study. Give my regards to your parents."

"Oh! you needn't be so stuck up," she said. "I'm sune I'll never set foot in your old church again."

The next morning Brother Deadwoods called at the

study. His putty-colored face had become white with anger ; his thin lips were pressed hard together.

"So !" he exclaimed, tauntingly. "So !" He gasped for breath, and resumed, "You are a minister—yes, you are—as, as is such. Me and you is through."

"Pray, Mr. Deadwoods," said Henry, "explain this strange conduct."

"You've been to Brussell's !"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Well," snapped Deadwoods, "why did you go there ?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you."

"That settles it. You're a man—a man—as is such. You haven't been near my daughter. You could have met her on the street any day, if you'd a-set out to. And she's been walking round this way. Yet you had to go to Brussell's."

"Mr. Deadwoods, I'm not in the habit of forcing my attention on young ladies."

"Oh, no ! Certainly not. Oh, no ! I'll bet you're engaged to that Brussell girl."

"Mr. Deadwoods, it will not become me to get angry; but you certainly must not talk in that manner."

"Hain't you engaged to Brussell's girl, then ?"

"I have no business to hear such a question or to answer it. You will please not mention my name in connection with that of any lady. In becoming a minister in this town I did not cease to be a gentleman."

The pale and excited deacon seized his hat and rushed from the study, while Henry, shocked and pained, paced the floor.

Deadwoods immediately sought the office of John Brussell, manufacturer of wire bottoms for sieves.

"Brusséll," said he, "I am a frank and manly Christian, and a man who loveth the gods who is as is such. But just think what that Wilmore has been telling me! Now, listen. Wilmore, the young sprig of a preacher, says he has been to your house."

"So my daughter told me."

"But *he* told me so."

"Well, he's only a little fresh. Most natural thing. Heard my daughter'd been to France. Wanted to learn something."

Miss Brusséll had really told her father that Henry had proposed to her, and that she had not said *Oui*. She had even hinted that he wanted to embrace her, but that she had dismissed him. Brusséll had blamed her a little for being prudish, although he thought that the young minister might have waited a week. He had simply remarked to his daughter that young ministers were known to be rather warm, and that her mother had in her day borne a good deal of hugging without complaint.

"But," said Deadwoods, "he told me that he wasn't going to have his attention forced onto no girl by the name of Brusséll."

"The devil he did!"

"Yes; or words that are such. He was mad, and said he was too much of a gentleman, and wouldn't have his name mentioned alongside of hers."

Brusséll was not a cool man. He rose, and said, "Deadwoods, this is my business. When I ask you to meddle with my business, I'll send for you."

Deadwoods, however, had made his point. He snapped his jaws, and left.

Henry continued his preaching in St. Mark's Church. *But he soon discovered that among some of the promi-*

nent members his influence was diminishing. Two or three ignorant scoundrels, and the same number of vain and malicious women, can leaven a large community with mischief.

Old Mrs. Brusséll told every married lady within reach of her tongue that the young minister had not only proposed marriage to her daughter, because he wanted a French wife, but that the young lady had been compelled to exert unusual strength for a weak girl in order to prevent him from actually hugging her. Ladies who did not believe that Miss Brusséll's two months in France had improved her morals exaggerated the story, and said that she had been seen in her own parlor receiving such attentions from the young minister as ought at once to send her to a convent.

Miss Brusséll herself, who felt the intense excitement which attends a small scandal, told her associates—the soprano of the church and a few middle-aged ladies—that she had repulsed Henry's attentions firmly, and with all the bitterness which one who had a French education could show. And she not only wept upon the shoulders of the dames and damsels, but suggested that as the shock had had a powerful effect upon her liver, she felt as if she would go into a speedy decline.

The soprano was delighted with the scandal. Her advice to the young lady was, not to go into a decline, nor to shed tears over the affair, but to bring the monster in love at her very feet. It is to be remarked that Mlle. Isidora de Bellefontofico (otherwise Maria Bagley) became very attentive to the young minister, and called frequently at his study in order to consult with him about hymns. This fact caused a little additional scandal.

Fortunately the scandals did not reach Margie. But it appeared to her that the enthusiasm about Henry's

preaching had begun to cool. Margie and Henry met every Saturday, and he wrote to her twice in the week. Her replies were usually given to him by her own hand, as he left her, after their walk.

Meanwhile Henry sought relief from loneliness and strange, perplexing thoughts by taking an occasional walk to the cemetery, where he talked with Seeren, while the huge and honest old man was superintending the digging of graves. From that philosopher he obtained much consolation.

He began also to read the newspapers, and to receive ideas from the secular world. He felt the pain of his recent meetings with Miss Brussell and Deacon Deadwoods, and he realized that there was some mysterious influence in the atmosphere of his church which did not elevate his spirits, and which did not leave him free from nervous excitement. The less he devoted his hours to poetry and theology, the more he became interested in the practical affairs of life recorded in the newspapers. His congregation noticed too that he was gradually losing his innocent figures of speech, and was illustrating his sermons with references to every-day life. This was accounted for by many as a sign that his recent worldly attempt to capture the hand of the wealthy Miss Brussell had somewhat degraded his former lofty sentiments, which had touched the sins of no person who had lived within the past few hundreds of years. Gossips who believed that Miss Brussell had really half said *Oui* to his proposal thought that the fortune-hunter was utterly lost; and they even went so far as to suggest that he sought consolation in the voice of the bright and dashing soprano, Mlle. Isidora de Bellefontico.

It is to be feared that Henry was losing something of his dreaminess; that he was waking from the sweet

lethargy which had been the ruling quality of his life. One day he found himself reading Renan's "Life of Jesus," whose delicious rhetoric is so seductive to a young and sensitive nature. Renan is what good old Christians who have never read him, but who have read reviews of him, call "dangerous." Henry was not greatly affected by Renan's doctrines; the style simply soothed him. But there happened to be in one of the newspapers in the city library a series of the discourses of Theodore Parker, and Henry was attracted by their boldness and vigor. They claimed his attention for many hours, and they made him feel a new but uneasy impulse. For the first time there came to him the idea of Jesus the Man living divinely some few centuries ago; and on the next Sunday morning he preached a strong sermon about the relation which Jesus held to His natural surroundings. He gave a little offence to his congregation, and he himself felt somewhat shocked when he said that the same Oriental sun which browned the cheek of Simon and John aided in making the dark and melancholy appearance of the unhappy descendant of David. This novice in worldly speculation having had practical affairs withheld from him for too long a time suddenly entered upon a treatment of them which implied that they were new to other people as well as to himself; and, like most novices, he overdid the matter. His views were indeed new to his pulpit, but not entirely unheard of by his congregation. These people knew that it was wicked to speak of Jesus as a man, unless the sentence which conveyed the information was framed in the most strictly conventional style.

In his conversations with one or two of the deacons of the church during the following week, Henry perceived that there were sly and warning hints about the duty of

a minister of the Gospel to remain unworldly, and to keep his soul in a state of bliss in a region far removed from the sordid atmosphere of practical life. The young minister did not fail to notice, however, that the deacons brought their world to him in all its darkness and trouble, and that while he was called upon to soothe their sorrows, and even to side with them in the most contemptible social and business quarrels, there was not one of them who brought happiness or brightness to him. It was then that with eagerness and gratitude he turned to interesting newspapers and exciting books to disperse from his mind those phantasms which were constantly uprising to plague him without really defining themselves; and the more he read, the stronger he found the temptation to be to seek such profane literature. So greatly did he find himself interested in news of the war then raging in Europe that he could hardly wait for the agency to open; and far from obeying the written injunction left in the library for him by his predecessor, the good old Dr. Irving, not to read secular papers, he became one of the newsdealer's best customers. Deacon Smiley, who was anxious to get the market reports, was shocked to find the young minister interested in the frightful details of a bloody European war; and Deacon Deadwoods, who in his stupidity had gathered from the gossip about Henry's sermon on the Manhood of Christ that Henry had really degraded the Saviour to the mean position of a trainer in a prize-fight, now went about with a pale and sickly smile, endeavoring to convey the impression that the young preacher was not only in favor of the war in Europe, but that he had ideas of opening an office for recruits. The poor fool did not, however, have the intelligence to specify the side on which Henry would throw his baleful influ-

ence, and on which he would bestow his recruited Americans. Men were not wanting in that congregation to give hints to Henry that he was not pleasing all the members; but being mean insinulators, they did not tell him wherein he was lacking in his duty toward them, and so they left him more puzzled than ever. The good deacons did not relax their attentions to him whenever they were in trouble; and Brother Pudster even went so far as to ask Henry whether he could not come into his store every evening, and without pay, but for the good of the holy cause in which they were both laboring, help him to post his books. The good man verily believed that in thus endeavoring to obtain an inexpensive book-keeper he was conferring upon the young minister a favor for which he ought to be very grateful. "Not that I take any credit to myself for making this opportunity for you," he said, "but that I am only an 'umble instrument in the hands of God." Henry declined the invitation, with perhaps a little sarcasm, on the ground that he had already been advised by the good brother not to distract his theological mind with practical, worldly affairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CLOUDS GROW DARK.

My readers will probably ask what Margie was doing. The truth must be told, that Henry saw her only once in the week, and that then—on a Saturday afternoon—her restrained manner and her perplexing reticence induced

him to believe that she was sacrificing herself in appearing with him in full view of the seminary, as they walked toward the picturesque creek bridge. The chill that he had frequently felt when, in his emotion, he had thought of unburdening his whole soul to her, now returned to him; and many a good resolution that he would go to confession to her was frozen before they had walked a dozen yards. It seemed to him that from the beginning she had been loath to acknowledge him even as a friend, not to speak of her acting toward him as the most retiring of lovers. So that he never told to Margie his woes, nor consulted with her in regard to his every-day life. He felt that he was all alone in the world at a time when a sympathetic friend was necessary for his spiritual welfare.

One week he read very much about problems of physical life; and having appreciated Bichat's anatomical theory, and understood Comte's idea of a human being environed by society, he wrote a sermon in which he recited clearly and interestingly the conclusions of those two writers; and, going further, he spoke of physical man in his relationship to something above and beyond—to the hereafter with God. But it happened that he was again talking over the heads of his suspicious people, and that the malevolent ones charged him with speaking of the children of God—that is, themselves—as persons who had mere lungs, arms, and mouths, when all the world knew that they devoted themselves mainly to their hearts and brains.

Two or three anonymous letters which he received on Monday informed him that he was insulting a brave and pious people, and that he would be doing a favor to a high-minded congregation if he would go where he was wanted. In the postscript to one of the anonymous

notes, which was evidently written by the currish Dead-woods, was a hint that he ought to go to some place where young daughters could be "treated as is such," and where he did not have to be alone in libraries with "them as calls themselves a fine soprano singer."

We must not forget that it was the bad side of the new life which was always persistently presenting itself to Henry's view. A much stronger, older, and more practical man would have sought to make partisans, and after arraying the two factions against each other would have had the dreary satisfaction of preaching to a large minority of reluctant people, who would have regarded him as a hypocrite, and the words that he uttered as lies.

As the wealthy, well-bred people of his congregation in their aristocratic retirement were not used to becoming the champions of even a friend against the heterogeneous community, having a haughty contempt for the opinions of the millions, and being perfectly and pleasantly satisfied with their own opinions of one another, it was not likely that they would go along the streets or into unfamiliar houses in order to fight the battles of a slandered stranger. Indeed, in their circumspection they preserved silence in their own circle, hoping that by ignoring the scandals no whisper would reach the ears of their children.

The good old aunties and well-favored matrons were shocked, and would not believe that the handsome, ingenuous young minister, who seemed to like their companionship, could wish for anything lower. They refused to listen to the wicked stories which came to them somewhat filtered, but still strong enough for their delicate and calmly generous minds. It was, you may say, Henry's own fault that his modesty and melancholy prevented him from accepting the permissible pettings of

these good ladies. He felt that the devil who was facing him required some stronger weapon and some heavier shield than a silver spoon and a translucent saucer.

The merchants who heard that Henry had been dining with the Raspingtons and the Stalkworthys, who, of course, were unpopular and mysterious families, were disposed to regard Henry, however "smart," as a somewhat aristocratic personage himself; and they did not therefore approach him cheerfully and familiarly, as, in the honesty of their hearts, they would have done if his shyness had permitted him to make easy, democratic overtures. When he met them he seemed to look over their shoulders at something afar off, and to be dreaming. He had not yet awakened from the narcotism of Kant and Coleridge, notwithstanding that the skies seemed to be falling all around him.

Were I a professor in a theological seminary, with a tenth of my present knowledge of the devil (acquired not through having the dishonor of his personal acquaintance, but from companionship with some of his most intimate friends), I would advise every young minister of a sentimental and melancholy turn, that before entering the pulpit he should give a year's apprenticeship to the world and to human-kind—spending six months behind the counter of a Fourteenth Street dry-goods and fancy-goods store (including the Christmas holidays), and another six months as clerk to a large central political committee during a State campaign.

Henry knew no more how to deal with his people than they knew how to deal with him. The new-comers still met him on the street, but their handshakings were not warm and vigorous, because his hand was limp and shy. They were less cordial than before, and they were waiting for the storm to burst or to blow over. The old

townsmen charged Henry's frailties to the new-comers—did not Miss Brussell and Mlle. de Bellefontofico come in with the new brick mills? The new-comers, including the New York commuters, charged the possible ruin of those two unfortunate ladies to the old town, knowing that the young minister was a countryman, after all. These men, while discreet concerning their wives and daughters, were, however, Henry's best defenders, and they pshawed the stories, and considered that there was a great deal of nonsense in the whole affair. But they were busy, and they said that if Henry really had won victims he was "smart" enough to look out for himself. Whatever they really believed did not disturb them in their house-furnishings. Were they not all in a state of probation in the city, criticising one another before consolidating? In their practical minds the young preacher should have as fair a chance as any; and when the winter should find them all "dead to rights" in their new houses, he would probably be found innocent of the charges, and they would give him a "good old time." However, as he was young and good-looking, it would not hurt him to have his comb cut just a little, as an assurance that he must not be presumptuous. A few calmer and more pious young men, with conscientious minds, were disposed to investigate the gossip and eliminate whatever was bad. They believed that the young preacher had been grossly slandered, but they could not easily determine how they should express their sympathy without absolutely committing themselves as his partisans, and unhesitatingly giving him the right, in their absence, to ascend their steps and involve their families in the scandals.

Meanwhile the bustling deacons fanned the flames.

In his despair Henry walked down to the cemetery

and found Seeren on a hillside, sitting on a stone at the edge of a new-made grave, and pulling some bright-eyed daisies from the fresh dirt which had been thrown on them.

The huge old man listened to Henry's story in silence, while dark, angry shadows passed over the heavy wrinkles of his face, and his big hands toyed nervously with the tiny flowers. At the conclusion of the story he said, "Mr. Henry, I have saved in wages and fees since I have been here something like forty-five dollars. If you think of going on a vacation you had better take the money with you. Besides, I own a place on Long Island."

Henry could hardly repress a tear ; and he simply said that he had as much money as that himself.

That evening the twilight falling upon the book which Henry held in his hand dimly showed that he was reading Paine's "Age of Reason," but it did not reveal the tears that were in his eyes. The time had come when, in the overpowering sadness of his heart, he was to have that last terrible conflict in which he would venture beyond the happy, narrow confines of precise theology, and either return with crystallized faith or go on in despair until he should find the cold atmosphere of calm indifference and of painless unbelief. His eyes frequently glanced from the lettered page, and his mind sought to hide itself in one of those sweet, soothing moods which had once come over him when he sat in the twilight in the Hudson Highlands, wrapped in comforting lethargy and listening to the slow, solemn sounds of bells across the river. His sentimentalism was a strong bulwark against the attacks of doubt ; but as it had little to aid it in that stifling atmosphere, and as the doubt was constantly strengthened by his criticisms of

the malicious people around him, as well as by the inspiration which his radical books gave to him, he felt that he was no longer a faithful Christian. In vain he called upon his heart for calmness. It throbbed madly, and then weakening from its own exertions, its tumult being succeeded by weariness, it left him languid and despairing. He asked that something in his helpless imagination, which he could not shape into a God, for just a hint of revelation. He felt that he had nothing himself, and that what he had not must be given to him. But nothing came. Then he calmly knelt beside his trunk, and said half aloud to that intense spot without shape in his mind, which he was wont to speak to in addressing his Creator, "O God, I am, as you know, in that last stage of doubt in which it is said that Jesus was. I would be glad to be delivered from it, so that I may do my work correctly before Heaven. If it pleases God to deliver me, not from anguish, but from evil, I am His willing instrument. If He does not, I do not know what more I can do for myself, or what further use He can have for me. I am perfectly willing and anxious; but if God does not do the work I cannot do anything for myself. Amen."

As he rose he heard a knocking at his study door.

He found himself face to face with a stranger, whom he invited to walk in. The man was of medium height, he was portly, and he was well-dressed. His head was high, and there was a breadth of brow extending to the temples, which indicated that he was not only fond of good living, but that he had also the faculty for money-making. His face was fat and pale, and he had little bright gray eyes and a mouth which showed so much firmness of character when it was closed that one would have said that he was incapable of smiling. But he did

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not lack appreciation of wit or humor, and his laugh, especially when some wag satirized the vanities of human nature, was long and hearty. His name, he said, was Sands; he was about forty years old, and he was engaged in speculation.

At Henry's invitation he sat down, and then he said, "I am a business man, without sentiment, icily cold, and what a man of your genius would call brutally practical. I have heard you preach. I am not a professor of religion, but a good eater, a moderate drinker, and a pretty constant smoker, and I like your sermons because they are well written and because they snap out striking ideas. Will you talk with me?"

Henry was glad to do anything just then to relieve his mind.

"You have not dined, Mr. Wilmore?"

Henry confessed that he had eaten nothing since breakfast.

"So much the better. You will dine with me."

There was in Sands's manner an air of command, a certain positiveness which asserted itself, even in small matters, in a way that was so honest that it sometimes seemed brusque; and men called him selfish when he was only dogmatic, and snobbish when he was really indifferent to the opinion of those whom he regarded as being inferior to himself in his own sphere of action. Vengeance found no niche in his heart; his sense of justice was large, and although he mentally criticised those who caused him to suffer, he had so great self-esteem that he would not venture to retaliate. His rights, however, he would not surrender while there was any protection in the statute-books. When he had preserved those rights he forgot that his enemy existed. Slander never *destroyed his appetite*. If his enemy was victorious he did

not feel the humiliation of defeat, nor did his face, speech, or manners ever betray that he was annoyed by the laughter or gratification of those who had won. So imperturbable was his judgment, that if he had been one of a quartette at whist he would have shown no sign of dislike if he had been assigned as a partner to the murderer of his father. He never forgave ; he despised. He was a gentleman, but his manners and habits were provincial, so that sometimes his cramped thoughts made an effort to expand beyond their too narrow groove of action. Wine, taken even in moderate quantities, was his enemy, because it made his temper variable. When he drank a little he was generous to a fault ; his expanding, liberal nature seemed too large for its little province, and it sought an elevation which amazed clodhoppers and excited the dull criticism of rich, fat-witted fools. When he no longer felt the agreeableness of the wine his amiability decreased, and he was no longer generous, but so reserved and taciturn that the contrast was painful to contemplate. If he had been encouragingly warm he became unnecessarily cool ; and his surroundings, which had been too narrow, suddenly became too large. He who thought that he could mate with eagles because he could soar near the sun, would, in his transformation, draw within his shell as if he were tired of the dazzling light. He was popular one day and unpopular the next. Smithers, a discerning man in the study of human-kind, used to say that “ the *average* Sands had the best average mind, and was the best fellow in Manchester.”

The two men left the study, and locking arms walked around to the Portico House and into a private back room, where a small table separated them as they sat down opposite to each other.

Mr. Richard Sands was somewhat patronizing in his

manner of inviting Henry to take a chair. But that evening the weary heart of the young minister was not easily provoked to criticism. This man seemed to be, for the time, the only human being who sympathized with him.

In that dark hour, when the curtain was rung down over his soul, waiting to be raised for comedy or tragedy, or what not, he did not think of Margie as one to whom he should go for help in his distress. Not that he had forgotten her ; he still remembered the time when he wanted to tell her about the doings of every bird that fluttered in his pathway and of every cloud that changed from white to crimson in the sunset ; but he thought of her now only for the misery he would bring to her heart when she should hear of his misfortune.

As he sat with Sands he did not feel that he was wholly lost, but rather that when Margie should hear of his doubts she would do for him what she had done for others, and would take his reconversion or his salvation to heart as zealously as she had taken that of her half-known acquaintance, Tom Townley. Even in the dusk of the summer evening, while Sands was talking of mental forces and physical surroundings, Henry had already begun to read in his imagination the little book of exhortation which Margie usually sent to those in whom there was doubt, or who were approaching conversion. Her faith in sending it would give him faith in its simple teachings. With her encouragement (after the first shock which would naturally come to her was over) he would become more settled in belief than ever ; he would have the strength to overlook the weaknesses of the deacons, and he would sturdily do his Master's work in that manufacturing city.

Gas-lights now burned brightly in the dining-room ; a

fountain in the garden sent its soft, cool sounds through the open window ; the flowers that fluttered against the outer wall wafted aroma around them, and the notes of a violoncello and a piano in an adjoining parlor elevated their spirits.

Henry was a gentleman ; his tastes were nice and discriminating, and he either knew by instinct what was the correct thing to do, or he caught in a moment the proprieties of conventionalism. So that he surprised Sands, who had given much time to the amenities of dining, when he seemed in no way astonished by the order which was handed to the landlord.

"Now," said Sands, as the little round cold clams on the half-shell appeared on the table, and he put just a drop of crimson Tabasco sauce on each one, "I have heard the complaints which the witless fools are making. They have no conception of the proprieties of life, and they madly wish for some wild thing to do. Pay no attention to them. Scandal wears out. Two years hence it will be remembered, concerning you, as some indefinite error. The people who are now slandering you will say that they believe there once was a wrong done to you, and they will shake their heads sadly, as if they would like to give a bit of their honest minds to the wicked ones. Lundy will take great interest in your parlor carpet and offer to get you a new one at cost. Pudster will volunteer to put up your clothesline for you—something that he would not do for himself. Dead-woods will assure you, seven days in the week, that you are the greatest orator he ever heard, and that you ought to be the happiest man in America, because in all your brilliant career no breath of gossip has ever been able to touch you, his favorite preacher. Mlle. Isidora de Bellefontofico will grow tired of so tame and virtuous a city,

and will go away. The musicians of the church will naturally quarrel once a month, and you will have a variety of playing and singing. Miss Brussell (who isn't entitled to the accent, her father's name having originally been Bristle) will marry a cheap dandy, and you will probably be invited to perform the ceremony; on which occasion you will be wise if you kiss the bride smartly, turn your head with just a little affectation of remembrance and regret, and shake hands with the groom while you wear a good-natured smile, which will imply that he is the luckiest man on earth, whom you forgive for being in your place. But, my dear sir," continued Sands, as Henry and he dipped their spoons into the shallow dish of lobster soup, "you must compromise with public opinion. Do not fight, and do not run away."

"But, Mr. Sands, how can I surrender everything and be a hypocrite?"

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Wilmore, this world does not purpose that you shall rule it with your crocuses and morning-glories and pink pencillings of sunrises and purple hollows in the woods. A preacher may talk much and discreetly, but he must act ever so little. If you will not surrender you will lose. The greatest generals do not win every battle. Webster and Clay never became Presidents. And you know how Columbus and Savonarola died. You cannot rule in Manchester, but you may live here half happily by a compromise. Preach platitudes; soften them with a little artificial rouge and lily-white; talk about the wickedness of New York, with its gaslights—a great word that—harp on it as if gaslight in New York were made by devils for devils to be revealed in, and as if there were not a gaslight in all Manchester, but only clear sunlight and soft,

silvery moonlight. Speak of our maidens of Manchester in a sweet, wooing tone, as if you worshipped them all ; then pause, while silence reigns, and glance gently toward each pew in which the maidens sit, not forgetting Dead-woods's pew ; and end by referring to our culture, and wish that earlier in life you had met those whose pure English was learned from Roundabout's ' First Principles of Composition.' I see that you like this bisque of lobster. It is as delicate as the white wings of a miller. Does it strike you as being something unique ?"

" It is delicious."

" Yes. This is a good hotel. Ole Bull and his troupe are in town to-night, and the menu here is better than usual. I suppose that at home you have the old-fashioned family soup, with plenty of onions, rice, and potatoes. I ordered no potatoes with the delicate black bass which is coming."

A quarter of an hour afterward Sands was saying, " I am not a Christian, Mr. Wilmore. Did you ever see a brute of a man, with a low forehead, a pair of pig eyes, a hint of a pug nose, and a big jaw wide enough to let his savage mouth spread, whipping a horse with a glorious brown eye, a delicate nostril, a fine ear, a sensitive lip, and a spirited, graceful step ? You have. Well, could you honestly say that the brute had a soul and that the grand horse had none ? You do not reply. The next course will be a crisp, brown-baked breast of lamb, with juicy, buttered green peas, which may be eaten with a spoon, and which have a flavor of earth and shade. You have not tasted your white wine ; will you drink the red ? No ; you will be faithful to your church. You are a good young man, and something of a milksop. Isn't this lamb—it's from the kidney part—better than if it were a country fore-quarter boiled down

in the pot? And these peas are the wrinkled kind—none of your old-fashioned, floury, mushy, hard bullets of marrowfats. This wine is like liquefied rubies.”

Henry endeavored to turn the conversation from religion, but at last Sands resumed: “Religion by example is something to be trusted; but you will find very few examples of true religion, here or anywhere else, among people who make large and loud professions of it. You are preaching to three classes of people: quiet and really pious people, whose hearts are pure, who do a great deal of good unostentatiously, and who would gladly take you to their hearts if it were easy to do so. They are timidly waiting to see how you get along with the blustering rascals who have obtained the management of church affairs. Besides these two classes there are a few good-hearted, unbiassed pagans, like myself, who wander into a church because it is convenient or respectable to go there, and who care much more about the ability of the preacher than about the brick-and-mortar and the steeple. They are your friends. So if you can compromise with the ignorant deacons they will soon have nothing to make a noise about; and as everything will go along swimmingly, they will drop out and be succeeded by better people.”

“No,” said Henry, “I ought to preach truth to the pagans, quell the noise of the professional braggarts, and inspire the shrinking Christians.”

“If you try to do so,” said Sands, “you will not last in that church more than two weeks. You do not care for this salad. Perhaps in the country you like a salad of lettuce, with vinegar and molasses. How the time has passed: an hour!”

Henry again spoke about the war in Europe, and led Sands to give some very incisive opinions about it; but

that complacent critic eventually succeeded in returning to the religious topic as he quietly sipped his wine and regarded Henry with a friendly but patronizing air.

"I am glad you did not go to the concert," said Sands. "At this time it might be said that you went there to meet the soprano, or in order to hear profane music. Twenty years hence you may go to the opera, and in thirty to the theatre. To resume: You are so simple-hearted that, having been used to regarding all religious people as saints, you are now unwilling that your sensitive and indignant mind should recognize these half dozen wicked, illiterate deacons as asses. These sweetbreads are sautéed with mushrooms. The deacons who have in the change and hubbub come into power, and who, although they do not represent the piety and culture of your congregation, have meanly damaged your reputation, are coarse upstarts. They stand between you and your congregation because your pride and your training prevent you from defeating them by compromising with them. They do not wish to be saved in God's way; they will have their own impious way, and think that they will be saved in the bargain. I commend this baked cauliflower with Parmesan cheese. I see that your fork is indolent. Well, you may eat the soft, sweet creams while, if you do not object, I shall pass them by for my coffee, brandy, and cigarette."

Henry, who had said little while Sands talked slowly, was greatly interested in Sands's criticisms, and he knew that the man meant to be kind. But he felt no consolation. He was glad, therefore, when the conversation turned upon literature. The two men sat talking about Coleridge and Carlyle until Sands finished his smoking.

The Rev. Henry Wilmore at nine o'clock took his hat and left the hotel. Sands's criticisms mingled in exasper-

ating confusion in his memory, and he mournfully felt that he had really no friend in whom he could confide. Above him the sky was dark and blank ; the air around him was sultry ; his head ached so painfully that he could hardly feel the heavy throb of his heart. Doubt had been succeeded by despair, and despair was soon to make way for that unreasonable defiance, which is the last lingering feeling that a man experiences before retreating entirely from faith and desire. If his heart went out to Margie, he remembered nothing in her words or manner which encouraged him to burden her with his woes. Grief alone possessed him as he walked homeward, feeling that as the distance widened between himself and God he became more and more separated from her. The dinner had made him drowsy, and when he reached his room he threw himself upon his bed and sank into a troubled, feverish, unrefreshing sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

AN OFFER OF BUSINESS.

ON Tuesday morning Henry woke with an attack of dyspepsia, the result both of the dinner and of his condition of mind. Everything appeared more gloomy than ever. Had he been able to leave the city and retire to his old home in the Hudson Highlands, to indulge in unmolested contemplation, his soul might have acquired hope.

The ignorant deacons pursued him pitilessly. The

good-hearted people still had only a vague understanding of the scandals. They laughed at Miss Brussell's extravagant pretensions in regard to a French education, knowing that she had never given evidence of any great intelligence, and that since her father had become wealthy her home life had not essentially changed. The slanders circulated by the hypocritical Lundy and the crack-brained Deadwoods concerning the "Frenchy soprano" were somewhat damaging to Henry, for two or three ladies of the city had seen her coming out of the drug-store (where she had purchased some cough-lozenges to clear her voice), and they were satisfied that she had been obtaining rouge and pearl-white for her complexion. If she was so artificial and untrustworthy as that, it followed that the young minister was a bad man.

Deacon Lundy finally declared that his daughter's literary style was being seriously injured by the scandals; and Deacon Deadwoods, not to be surpassed by Lundy, said that his daughters now feared to go into the streets for the purpose of shopping for fear that they might meet either the pastor or the soprano. Mlle. de Bellefontofico tossed her powdered nose into the air, and said that the daughters should carry guns and be defended by dogs when they went into the streets. The fact remained that the church atmosphere, which had been poisoned before Henry entered the city, was none the less laden with sickening vapors for him now. He had always lived peacefully amid the wholesome influences of people who were not great or learned, but who spoke from their honest hearts; and the books and papers that he had read before he lived in Manchester had given him no introduction to the real, bitter conflicts of the world. In the theological seminary the devil had been brought to his mind already vanquished. He was now in a busy city,

and a live devil was confronting him with merciless power, while having absolute possession of the field of battle.

Henry was sitting in his study on that Tuesday morning, when Sands, hastily knocking, suddenly entered the room.

"I believe I had the pleasure of meeting you last evening," said that complacent man.

"Yes ; and most of the pleasure was mine."

"Well, sir, to be practical, if I said anything about religious subjects that was not due to a Christian minister from his host, I frankly beg your pardon. I was anxious to be your friend. But let that drop. What I am sorry for is that with the best intention of befriending you I really did you great injury. The Philistines were around last night. You were seen with me by several of the numbskulls of your congregation, and in their minds both you and I were getting drunk. Lundy has been all along the street saying that you had a glass to your lips and that there was wine on the table. Old Dalton, the miser, who has failed five times, and has made enough thereby to live on for the rest of his days, saw your soprano singer passing the hotel, and he fears that she must have joined our party at a late hour. The cringing Deadwoods, loaded with small malice, says that you were frightfully intoxicated, and that he remained on his knees half the night praying that the Lord might see fit to destroy you before morning, in order to save the rest of the community. And yet there is not one of the silly crowd who would not have been wild with gladness if he could have eaten the food and guzzled the wine. I am very sorry for my part of it ; but what can I do ? I do not care for myself, for I am rich enough to smile at critics who envy me ; but you can do nothing. *Are you prepared to seek refuge in your God ?*"

Henry failed to reply.

"I see. The climate of your soul, which a year ago was torrid, is now frigid. You had no taste of the world, and now you are getting a great gulp. Well, the Malay who chews betel with a relish had to learn to do it. Your old soldier who is pining for tobacco was once sickened by the taste. Our fathers had to acquire a liking for Thomas Jefferson's tomatoes. But you haven't time to get used to this brutal world before the tide will overwhelm you. There is only one way out of the scrape."

"What is that?" asked Henry.

"Marry Brussell's vulgar daughter. All the other daughters and fathers will kick for a week, and then Brussell's money will compel all the sissies and cowards to bow at your feet."

"I do not propose to do it."

"That shows that you are not practical. You do not belong to this world, and I do not believe that you belong to this city for long."

"My dear sir," said Henry, "I am in a worse condition than that of a man who has been grossly misrepresented by a crowd of mangy curs, for I have become wicked enough to call them by their true names. I am in a state of religious doubt in which I do not see my way an inch ahead of me."

"Well, you can go on preaching just the same, and perhaps be able to give a little extra unction to your discourse."

"Good pagans are not hypocrites," said Henry.

"But, Mr. Wilmore," said Sands, "is there no consolation in theology?"

"My religion," said Henry, "was founded on sentiment. My faith is dying out of my heart like the last sweet notes of a faint, far-off song."

“ But cannot your memory recall its lost sweetness ? ”

“ No. Not long ago I went to New York, and heard, among other artists at a concert, a pianist, S. B. Mills, a young Englishman just arrived in this country. He played a barcarolle, the name of which I then knew ; and his music, clearly perfect, chastely enthusiastic, held me in a spell. I not only heard it—I felt it, I believed it, I responded to it, I knew it. I remember that I heard it ; and while it has still an undefinable influence upon me, and I can say that it had possession of my soul, yet it is gone from me now like a dream. So with my religion.”

“ But, sir, are there no tangible effects ? ”

“ I presume there are. I have known of men being so shocked that their hair suddenly turned gray. But afterward, while their hair was still gray, they could not feel the shock that caused the change. In the seminary theology was very convincing when I had no doubts ; but now that the mood is dead, the arguments of the theologians seem like well-cut sticks without fire. In my sentimentalism all the sayings of the good men were sweet ; but where now is the sentiment that accepted them unquestioningly ? and where is there in me any practicality to meet the ways of this new world with either cowardly policy or brave blows ? ”

“ I see,” said the practical Sands ; “ you have been used to smelling delicious roses, and now you have no trained stomach for the odors of stinking burdocks.”

“ Exactly. I do not need hard argument to carry me back to God ; I need sympathy. I do not think that I can go back to faith on the corkscrew-windings of well-turned logic. I have read the great works of Jonathan Edwards, with their deep metaphysical arguments. But what good are they to me now ? I want that with which

Jonathan Edwards began, and which he always kept, but which I have lost. There are the great divine's books. I have not been reading merely the rationalists like Parker, or the atheists like Paine ; I have given days and nights to this mighty Christian philosopher. But he himself speaks lightly of the convincing power of argument, and appeals to the divine nature in the heart. I do not need what he wrote after he had faith. He used in early life to sit looking long at the moon, the clouds, and the sky, feeling what he called that sweet burning in his heart. So have I done ; and have I not exclaimed, ' I am with God ' ? But now I feel that I am not with God, and no Christian philosophy reveals Him to me. If anguish of spirit were faith, I should indeed be with God. The arguments that I have used with others are flat and empty to myself. Nor will hysterical lamentation avail. The bickerings of these self-styled Christians of Manchester have perhaps roused within me unholy contempt, indignation, and defiance, which have taken the place of sweet reliance on God. I have even demanded some sign of Him, forgetting that, in happy obedience and trust, I should *know* that I *know* Him. The relics of systematic theology are not good to my anxious soul. If I am dying of thirst, and find the spring dry, shall I assuage my thirst by turning geologist and studying the pebbles and the sands ? There is no science of love, no machinery of faith."

Henry's eyes while he was speaking were glassy and bright. Said he, " If I could feel a tear trickling down my cheek I should be saved."

" After all," urged Sands, who was as conservative now as he had been radical the night before, " you should surely find that each of your great theologians touches and defends some prominent point of faith."

"To me faith has no points," Henry replied. "It is not a many-colored mosaic. It is as clear as an October sky. Besides, where there is a strong theologian writing in defence of some particular point of doctrine, there is a learned and ingenious opponent, whose brilliancy and incisiveness are likely to obtain the mastery in a sensitive mind like my own. Strauss knocks down a steeple while a hundred orthodox theologians are trimming shingles for another one. Even the arguments, the experience of men who, in a half-trustful way, hope that there is a God, have only a depressing influence, for the doubting ones like myself feel only the negative part, the half distrustfulness."

"What I cannot understand," said Sands, "is how this doubt comes."

"The means of arriving at it are inexplicable, even when the doubting is done. Doubt itself may come suddenly, like lightning in a cloudless summer sky, like a capricious squall to a sail in a calm."

"But," inquired Sands, "if you will not marry this rich, vulgar girl, and live defiantly on her money, winning regard with a coach-and-four; if you will not preach soothing and hypocritical commonplace to these noodles, who would think it great because it was nonsense, and who would forgive you if you would leave their sins alone—what in the world are you to do?"

Henry looked at him quizzically, and said, "You would not give me a clerkship in your office, because my unpopularity would ruin your business."

"Yes, I would," replied Sands. "There is not a man in your church who would refuse a good bargain because you were in the office in which it could be obtained. Indeed, I believe that whenever a minister leaves the church and becomes a man of business the

fickle people make him a hero, because they are unable to analyze the complexity of his life. They ascribe to him as a business man all the virtues that he possessed as a preacher, as well as all the virtues which they thought that he did not possess. There is something mysterious in their idea of him. As it was said of Pitt when he became Chatham and went into the House of Lords, that he fell up-stairs, so these people, seeing you in business, would regard you as a sort of keen, valuable, and admirably wicked man who had, half-romantically but still practically, ascended down-stairs. They would say that they were right in charging you with not being a sound preacher, and that you aided them in proving that you were not fit for the pulpit when you took the business position ; and they would applaud your ability in trade as strongly as they slandered you before. Your worldliness would flatter them. Join me. No matter whether you indorse a check on the left end or the right ; no matter whether you know a put from a call, or a draft from a deed, if you never mention religion you will be regarded as the best financier and judge of real estate in the city. Marry Brussell's daughter and buy a pair of horses, and if they run away with you the deacons will say that you are the best driver in Tothorsex County. Borrow ten thousand dollars from your father-in-law, and I will take you into partnership. I will run the business without talking, and you may be the ornament. Stick a pencil behind your ear, and surround yourself with commercial newspapers that you cannot understand, and your fortune will be made. I know that you have no business qualifications. The man who can take a watch to pieces cannot always put it together again. You may be able to parse a promissory note, but I shall know when it will come due. You will, in time, become

treasurer of the city, and may even be elected to Congress because of your great financial record. The newspapers will call you 'the watchdog of the Treasury,' but I will keep the key of the safe. I will write a financial lecture for you, and you may load it with fine figures of speech. By putting in a few stories of ten years ago you will be considered as a financial wit. You may speak of the tariff as robbing Peter to pay Paul, so that your originality will never be doubted; and if you say that free trade means starving one's own babe to suckle a neighbor's brat, you will become so popular that people will wonder why you wasted so many weeks in the pulpit, and will urge your claim to be Secretary of the Treasury."

Sands stopped, and smiled. Henry could not help laughing. He replied, "I shall never seek business in this city. If you are not extravagant in your speech, you are very kind. If you are extravagant, you are amusing. I am grateful in either case."

Sands looked at his watch, and exclaimed, "I have an engagement at ten, and must be going. But I am more serious in my offer than you may believe."

CHAPTER X.

THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

A SLOOP, sharp in the bows and almost as fine as a yacht, but chafed and dirty, and with her browned mainsail lazily swinging in a faint breeze, was slowly drifting *down the Hudson*, nearly opposite to the Battery at New

York, on a hot July afternoon. On her deck were four persons. One was a slovenly, grizzled old man, who was lying in the shadow of the jib. He was short ; he was dressed in very dirty clothes, and his hideous face was almost covered with a coarse russet-and-gray beard. His eyes were nearly hidden beneath his great bushy eyebrows. Hanging from his lips was a short black clay pipe, from which occasionally a curl of smoke rose in the sweet summer air. He was half sleeping, like a restless dog.

Aft of the mast sat two young men, each of about twenty years, who wore clothing of a dirty blue cotton stuff, coarse stout boots, and torn straw hats. They were playing cards. The taller and slighter man of the two had a putty-colored face, with a thin, uneven yellow mustache ; and his mean little eyes and brutal lips showed that he was the son of the old man who was lying under the jib.

The other young man was of medium height, and was stout. His complexion was as clear as a girl's, although it was tinged by the sun ; his lips were red and curved ; his nose was slightly aquiline ; his nostrils were thin and sensitive ; his eyes were of a deep violet blue ; and his thick matted hair was dark auburn, or rather the color of old mahogany. He was nervous as he threw the cards. He had more muscle than flesh, and he seemed to be restless, emotional, and cruel. When he played he cheated, and once his companion said :

“ Jack Martin, you're a thief ! ”

Jack laughed sneeringly, his thin nostrils quivered, and his dark blue eyes flashed ; but he shrugged his broad shoulders, and said, “ Set a thief to catch a thief, Bill.” He was very angry, and where his sleeve was torn his iron muscles could be seen to twitch.

At the stern of the vessel a beautiful, frail young girl stood leaning against the wheel with which she was steering. She was not more than eighteen ; her oval face was freckled and weather-browned, and her large sad eyes were blue. Over her bare bronzed shoulders her hair fell in tangled masses of gold. Her dress was very poor, of faded gray calico, and as it fell away from her throat, revealing her matronly development of form, it was evident that she wore but the one garment. Her feet were bare beneath the ragged fringes of her dress, but she was scrupulously clean.

As the sloop slowly floated down the river the girl did not look at the dark houses and shops of Jersey City, nor at the children who were playing on the Battery. But, while she seemed at ease, there was a longing look in her large blue eyes, which seldom found rest from their work of watching the bows. The game of cards between the two young men attracted little of her attention.

There were few vessels on the river that afternoon, and those that had sails floated so lazily upon the calm waters that they slowly passed by without notice. Little steam-tugs, however, went bustling past, as if they had great missions to fulfil, and their whistles blew shrilly, like the voices of little people who fear that they may not be heard. The men on their decks sometimes were insolent, but she did not see them. She seemed to be dreaming. She stood quietly, with one of her hands languidly touching the wheel, and the other clutching the side of her faded dress. She was distressed, but patient ; wishful, but resigned ; a beautiful and obedient animal, who knew of little besides the hot deck, the monotonous flap of the sail, and the strong tobacco smoke. Her life was evidently like that of the goldfish, which may see farther than its glass globe, but cannot go beyond it.

This slender and beautiful young girl had indeed never been very far from the sloop. Her life-time companions had been the dirty old man, her father, who dozed under the jib, and her mean-looking brother, who was playing cards with Jack Martin, near the mast. Those who grope in the dark are not choice of their colors ; and if her instincts were equal to her beauty she was too ignorant to know anything better than those two people ; unless, indeed, it was Jack, whose handsome face and figure were before her. He was the only person on the sloop who could read or write. On his arm he had himself pricked the initials of his name, although the hook of the J was turned the wrong way.

The sloop glided slowly down the bay, and was abreast of Fort Hamilton when the sun was glaring over the heights of Staten Island and reddening the golden hair of the girl at the wheel. Then, as it sank, leaving the hills cool and dark, the two young men rose from their play and went aft. When they approached the girl a slightly higher color came to her brown cheek, and she stood defiantly rather than in fear. Jack Martin walked to the wheel, put one hand on it in a rough way, and looking the girl sneeringly in the face, said :

“ I’m your feller, ain’t I ? ”

“ Yes, Jack,” she replied ; and her voice was hard and coarse.

“ Well ! ” he sneered.

“ Well, what ? ”

With his left hand he clutched her by the neck, thrust her toward the companion-way, and said :

“ Don’t you know we’re hungry ? Git ! Here, Bill, take this wheel ; we’re getting a breeze.”

The girl went below deck ; her light-haired, dirty

brother took the wheel, easing the vessel from the shore ; and Jack went forward to waken the old man.

When the girl returned to the deck the wind was freshening, and the sloop was dashing spray from her bows. She placed three tin plates and three tin cups on the deck, and then bringing a stewpan and a coffee-pot she said, " Jack, will you eat your suppers here ?"

He made no reply, so she put the things down and went and stood by the wheel.

The three men, on that hot July evening, squatted on the deck, ate like savages, and occasionally glanced toward the west, whence came the wind.

The old man said, " Jack, you sold the fish ?"

" Yes ; delivered them, and went up to Larrikin's Hall. A snoozer in there wanted a brush with the gloves, and I combed him down. Got down to the sloop this morning, and turned in. You were asleep on deck, and Kate was glued to the mast, dead asleep."

" I got in about two," said Bill.

" The Polonaise is due about ten," said Jack, " and we've got to caper."

The sloop dashed through the waves, and as dusk fell upon the waters and a slice of pale yellow moon appeared in the sky, the red lights from vessels and lighthouses were seen.

The girl had left the wheel in charge of her brother Bill, and had gone to sleep under the rail. The old man and Jack Martin were at work forward. The sloop went about once or twice, and did not venture beyond Sandy Hook.

It was about eleven o'clock when Jack Martin went aft and told Bill that the Polonaise was in sight. " And she's got fish for us, too," he added.

The old man was arranging the sloop's lights, and his

manner of placing them indicated that there was a good deal of method in his actions. Jack went to where Kate was sleeping, and rudely pushing her with his foot wakened her and told her to go to the wheel. She did so, while Jack, Bill, and the old man went forward. The lights of the approaching steamer showed that she was near, and very soon her great black form could be seen in the dusk of the night. She passed the sloop with a rush, and the smaller vessel rocked in her swell.

Jack was astraddle of the rail, with one of his legs firmly holding to the ropes ; and as he said, so that Kate could distinctly hear the words, " All right, steady ! " he threw a long thin line with a cluster of hooks on its end at some white object in the water. The sloop still rocked, and as Jack shouted " Easy ! " the line straightened, and the three men pulled and followed it until they reached the stern, where, after a short struggle, they succeeded in hauling upon deck a great bundle covered with white oilcloth, tightly bound with ropes, and having several long pieces of leather network hanging from its sides. It was connected with large bags of inflated rubber and squares of thick cork, which were evidently intended to float it. One of the hooks of the line had caught in the meshes of the network.

The bundle was detached from the floats and nets, and as it was carelessly placed in a dirty fish-box, which was pushed among a half dozen other dirty fish-boxes of similar appearance, Bill said, " All small silk goods and laces. Nice smug, old man."

The old man merely grunted.

Kate was now ordered to go below and sleep.

" And," said Jack, " when we lie alongside the dock again, I don't want to see you sprawling against the mast. Let the old man sleep where he pleases ; but I'm

not going to have you snoozing here where every drunken dock-rat can see you. Pretty soon you'll find out you're good-lookin', and be spying for another chap."

The girl did not stir. She calmly said :

"Jack, when do we run out of Seabbranch to-morrow?"

"About ten, when we get the fish. Why?"

"I want to spend a couple of hours with the baby. I've got it some cakes and a new dress that I had the apple-woman bring me for its birthday. Nelly will be three years old to-morrow."

"You're always fooling with that young one. You can't go."

"Well, then, father'll let me, and so will Bill."

"Yes; and if they let you go, I'll lick the old man, and Bill, and you too. This sloop can't get on without me."

"Nor me, either, Jack; and you know it."

"Kate Jennings, I don't want you to sass me."

"Oh! I'm Kate Jennings, am I? And I'm not Kate Martin, as I ought to be? Well, Jack, Kate Jennings will go ashore to-morrow morning to see her baby, and don't you forget it. I've been a pretty patient girl, but as I grow older I learn a thing or two. I am as much help on this sloop as you are."

A heavy palm fell upon her beautiful cheek, and the frail girl staggered.

"Now don't you say any more," said Jack, "but get down into that cabin."

The girl slowly went down the steps.

"Jack," said Bill Jennings, "let the old man have the wheel."

The old man—or Captain Jennings, as he was called—

took the helm, and almost immediately began to doze. The sloop kept her head, however, and the young men were on the lookout, for they knew the old man's weakness.

"Jack," said Bill, "I've been pretty hard on Kate ever since she was little, and so has the old man. And in the last five years that you've been with us you've treated her like a dog. I don't care much for her, because she's too good for us. But she's going ashore tomorrow to see her baby; and if you were half a man you'd go a while too. Now, I'm goin' to send it a couple of oranges for its birthday, if I can get 'em at the store, or a stick of licoriœ, or something."

The muscles in Jack's face began to work ominously, and his dark-blue eyes became glassy; but he said nothing.

Bill Jennings continued: "I don't like Kate; never did. She's better 'n us. But, Jack, when you're kickin' her you're kickin' the best hand on this here sloop. We can't afford to lame her up. It'll do her good to see the young one, and she'll work harder."

"Well, go on," said Jack, looking into the darkness for lights.

"We've been smugglin' these many years, Jack, and our share is a big pile for us. The fish we carry legitimate from Seabranck to York pays runnin' expenses, and when we take the smuggled goods back straight we make a good half. When we send 'em back into Jersey, and across the ferry in milk-cans, we make a good third."

"Well?"

"We three divide, and Kate don't get any share; and I don't care if she don't."

"Well?"

"Your share, Jack, is pretty big, and you spend it on yourself."

"Yes ; so do you."

"I do that very thing. When I get a chance I have a good time. And we're poor, and we live like dogs. We don't want to live no better. When we get ashore we have a big time, and pay for it. The old man drinks gin, and sleeps. He's asleep now, for all we know. There's some queer things about us all. The night you slugged that man in Jersey I could have told on you."

"And you'd have gone up for being along."

"You'd 'a' been hung."

"Maybe ; but take that, young fellow," and Jack's fist struck Bill Jennings on the ear.

In a moment the two men were grappling. The struggle was almost noiseless, for the wind was howling, and the sea was loudly lashing the sides of the little vessel. Bill had grasped Martin by the throat, but Martin was the more active man, and would have bent Bill to the deck if the latter had not suddenly let go his hold, and, dropping, seized Martin by the ankles, lifting him clear of the deck and over his head. The sloop at that instant gave a lurch to leeward, owing to the old man's sleepy steering, and Jack struck the rail with his shoulders. He twisted his leg to catch at something, but only grazed Bill's head, and then he fell heavily into the sea.

Bill turned and looked vacantly into the darkness for a second, and then leaning his arms on the rail peered back into the black waters, and stood in that way for some little while. Then he went aft, and shaking the sleepy old man, said, "Go turn in. I'll steer the boat into Seabranck. Jack's either turned in or something. I guess he's a little drunk."

The captain, still holding between his lips the blackened clay pipe, which had not been lighted for hours, struggled toward the old fish-boxes, and sprawling upon two of them curled himself up in sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE BEACH AT SEABRANCH.

THE unpainted, dun-blue huts that clustered near the quiet beach at Seabranck were, in the dark of early morning, hardly to be distinguished from the sky and the sea. Many lights flickered among them, however, and there were lights also on the little fishing-vessels that were sailing out of the calm inlet into the broad ocean. The sand itself was dark before dawn. As a faint streak of pale pink appeared on the horizon, all that had been black became a heavy, dull gray. The spreading pines on the shore remained black against the sky, and the great sulky, round-shouldered seabirds that sat on their branches did not stir. Nothing could be heard but the monotonous breaking of the sea on the sands.

When the round red sun rose, white smoke was curling from the chimney of every fisherman's hut, and away off against the horizon the fishermen's sails could be seen like little dark specks. Large row-boats, however, were coming in, having unloaded nets that were not far out in the sea, and their crews were singing as they tugged at the heavy oars.

The sloop which we saw in the last chapter—the

Ankerite, as it was called—was snugly lying alongside the little long wharf which was built on spiles out into the inlet. Bill Jennings was pushing the empty fish-boxes on shore, having previously, with the aid of the old man, taken down into the cabin the one which contained the large bundle of smuggled goods. The two had coolly agreed that Jack Martin had fallen overboard.

“I know he drank a good deal while we were forward,” said Bill, “and while you were asleep at the wheel the sloop lurched, and he must have gone into the water. If you’d been awake, father, the boat ’d been more steady.”

That silenced any questions in the mind of Captain Jennings.

When Kate Jennings came upon deck the old man bluntly and gruffly told her that Jack had fallen overboard and was probably drowned. She was astonished for a moment; but as she had no deep liking for the man who had from the beginning been her brutal master and never a delicate lover, she shed no tears. She had, however, within the last year begun to realize that she was only his victim, and that in her ignorance and in the darkness of her social surroundings she had been wholly unaware that he was not her rightful lord. She had hardly dared to breathe without his consent; she had never eaten a morsel without fear of his displeasure. But as a dog licks the hand that beats him, knowing no other hand, so this beautiful girl, believing that Jack Martin was her master and lawgiver for life, had patiently received his blows and obeyed his commands. No word of rebuke had ever been given to him by her hideous and sleepy father, and her brother Bill had never told her that there was anything else for her in this world. Her life, young as it was, had been a busy one,

and time had never given her leisure for thinking—if she had been capable of thinking—that there was any other way of living. She simply heard the words that morning, “Jack is drowned.” She repeated them within her mind, “Jack is drowned.”

At six o’clock, while the fishermen were hauling their boats upon the sands, Kate Jennings, in her one garment, the faded calico dress, bareheaded and barefooted, stepped from the sloop to the little narrow wharf with a bundle in her hand. Her long loose blonde hair fell upon her shoulders, and she walked toward the sands like a queen. Far up on the beach, where a pine tree threw its arms into the air, was a two-storied, weather-gray hut, toward which her bright blue eyes glanced. When she left the planks her bare toes touched the sand lightly, and her brown bare heels left scarcely any mark.

In front of the hut was a little girl of about three years. She was bareheaded, her hair, which was like the silk of young corn, falling over her bare neck. She was barefooted and barelegged, and her dress was a little faded slip made from the leg of an old pair of once blue overalls. She had a string in her hand, and was dragging through the sands an old dried fish-head, at which she occasionally looked to see whether it was in good order. That was her wagon. On the side of the fish-head she had put a piece of shell, and on the shell was a pebble. She was giving the pebble a ride. There were pebbles in the sand all around her, but that one pebble seemed to be the pride of her big blue eyes. Once she took the pebble from the shell and kissed it, saying, “Now, sissy, you be a good girl and ride in your cradle, and I will bring you some candy.”

Then she dragged the fish-head, with its shell-cradle and its pebble-baby, and was happy. She tumbled into

the sand once, but she rose and said, "Your muzzer felled." Another time the pebble fell out, and the child employed a considerable part of a half hour in trying to distinguish it from other pebbles ; but at last she found it, and said, "It's its own muzzer's 'ittle baby, ain't it not?" She found a red bit of soft, sun-baked crab-claw, which she placed alongside the pebble, and said, "Baby want some can-dy?" The pebble did not eat, so the little girl brushed the wilderness of blonde hair from her face to her shoulders, and picking up the tiny bit of red crab put it against the pebble, and said, "Baby eat some can-dy." Satisfied that the pebble-baby had eaten enough, she replaced the bit of crab-claw in the shell alongside the pebble, and taking the string that was attached to the fish-head was about to drag it away, when she heard her name ecstasically pronounced :

"Nelly !"

"Hello, mommee ! Git on an' take a yide."

"Why, Nelly !" And the big tears dropped from Kate Jennings's blue eyes.

"Mommee, git on."

"My baby !" said Kate, as she tried to capture the child. But the little girl shied, and said :

"Git 'way. Don't break um string."

"But, Nelly, don't you love your mamma?"

"Yes ; love um. Lots love um. Don't break um string. Git 'way. Big wagon. Baby goin' 'sleep. Shut your mouse. Sh !"

"Nelly, let me kiss you."

"No, yum ; kiss my baby." She took the pebble from the shell and put it to her mother's mouth, which kissed it.

Kate now held out a bit of gingerbread, which the child saw, saying, "Gimme piece for baby." She took

a crumb, and placing it beside the pebble and the bit of crab-claw on the shell, dropped the string, and followed her mother into the house.

Mrs. Candlish was frying fish in the hut. So Kate hastened past her, and getting the child into a bedroom soon arrayed her in a bright red flannel dress. In a few moments the child came forth, strutting in her bright birthday garment. As she did so she saw two oranges on the kitchen table.

"Them's from your Uncle Bill," said Mrs. Candlish. "He left 'em a minute ago."

"It's very good of Bill," said Kate.

"Yes," said Mrs. Candlish; "and he told me to say that the sloop would lay up here for repairs or something, and you might stay with the young one for a couple of days."

The truth was that Bill had discovered that a strange man, possibly a revenue officer, had come on shore two days before, and had made close inquiries concerning the business of the sloop. The people of the fishing hamlet, with but one exception, knew only that she carried fish from Ike Healey's haul to New York, and Ike Healey, who was a confederate of the sloop's crew, had been careful not to undeceive them. The fishing trade itself was somewhat profitable, but the smuggling at times paid largely. The dangers had frequently been great, and only a year before our story begins they had lost by fire a valuable sloop, with several thousands of dollars which were hidden in the cabin. Besides, a confederate in New York had collected considerable money for them, and had fled to the West with it.

The news of the appearance of the stranger in the village was enough to alarm old Captain Jennings and his son. Ike Healey's old horse and half-broken wagon

were immediately hitched together, the fish-box containing the laces and silk goods was placed in the front, and a box really holding weakfish, bluefish, mackerel, and flounders was put, for a case of emergency, in the back part of the wagon. Bill then drove away over the red roads toward the north-west. It was night when he reached an old-fashioned stone farmhouse, a few miles west of Newark, and drove into the barnyard and under a shed. He was soon joined by a coarse, bearded man in a thick blue shirt, who stood, lantern in hand, beside the wagon, and asked what the "catch" was this time. Bill assured him that the haul was silks and laces of good promise, and told him of the appearance of the possible detective at Seabranck and of the drowning of Jack Martin. The man received the news of Jack's death with great calmness, but he was annoyed and alarmed at the story of the strange visitor.

"But," said he, "we will outwit them to-night. I am just over supper, and am ready to drive the milk-cans and vegetables to New York. We will get out the big box, put in the bundle of silks, cover it with green corn, and I will be away in twenty minutes."

The work was soon done, and the farmer departed. Bill went into the house for his supper, and then, after stabling his horse, he went into the haymow, threw himself upon the hay, and was soon in a sound sleep. In the morning he took his fish into the city of Newark and sold them to a retail dealer. With the money which he received he entered a low groggery and began to drink whiskey. Before the middle of the afternoon he was drunk, and when he drove back to the farmhouse toward night he was in so pitiable a condition that his confederate, who had taken the smuggled goods to New York, could not make him understand that they had

been safely delivered. Bill threw himself into a bin of oats, and slept not only all that night, but during most of the next day.

Meanwhile Kate Jennings was enjoying her vacation with her pretty little girl, who was very proud of her new red dress. They sat under the evergreen trees and made ovens in the sand. They gathered bits of driftwood and built little houses, into which they put little crabs which they hastily caught from the tide, and which, as they were placed in the houses, dug their way out of sight. Kate found an old fish-line, which she made into a pair of reins, and which she put around her own neck so that little Nelly could drive her. Then gathering her dress about her knees, she cantered, in hearty, barelegged innocence, over the beach and through the foam, while the child laughed with delight. At night she lay in Nelly's bed, and told her strange fairy-stories, which she improvised ; and in the morning she took her into the surf, where they were rolled over and tossed about to their hearts' content. Those were happy days for Kate and Nelly.

The mother had not spoken to Nelly about the death of Jack Martin. Indeed, the child was almost a stranger to him. He had always slept on board the sloop, and had taken little notice of her. The beatings that the child had seen her mother receive from Jack had made her afraid of him. Kate herself, whose life had its only pleasure in the happiness of her little girl, had found no time to think seriously about Jack's death. If she thought about it at all, she felt a sense of relief from his cruelty.

CHAPTER XII.

FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

HENRY WILMORE realized that he must act quickly, notwithstanding that he was like a man groping in a dark and dangerous cavern. That manly indignation which ignorant people who see it in others call "Satan" was bitterly urging him to go forth and face his ignoble enemies with charges of calumny, and force them either to confess their cruel wickedness or to acknowledge the truth of his honest explanations. But recent events had sharpened his wits, and revealed to him that people who had committed themselves to wrong-saying were likely to defend their positions by sacrificing him. He was unwilling to follow up the malicious and sheep-witted Deadwoods, whose small ways were the natural effects of a small mind ; and he had already been warned by Deadwoods's most intimate acquaintance—such people do not have friends—that one who loved fresh air should not argue with skunks. Besides, it would be necessary for him to antagonize certain malevolent women, who, so long as he was silent, would only spread what they considered to be Miss Brussell's falsehoods, but who, when they were accused of slander, would endeavor to prove that she was an outraged saint. The only clergymen to whom he might carry his woes were Messrs. Gould and Balbriggan, who had not made very kind demonstrations toward him since his advent in Manchester, and from whom, on account of Sands's descriptions of their characters, he now instinctively shrank.

While Henry sat musing, thoughts of Margie came to

him with overpowering earnestness. His relationship with her was the most practical affair with which he had to deal. He knew that in unburdening his heart and mind to her he would probably blunder, and that his very effort not to blunder would betray him. His brain was in a wild whirl. Both physically and spiritually he was a very sick man. He felt that if he became a victim of nervous prostration his illness would be ascribed to the effects of Sands's wine. His endeavors to be well—to "brace up"—increased his fever. It is not always the hard swimmer, tiring himself with energetic struggles, who is saved from drowning; it is frequently the weak man, unable to swim a stroke, who is carried on the waves which he cannot fight, and is landed safely on the shore.

Henry was somewhat afraid of Margie. He had that awe of her which the coarsest peasant as well as many a man of delicate tastes has of a statue of a woman. His imagination had created an altar, and on it he had placed Margie as the goddess of his love. It is not always desirable or successful in matters of the heart to substitute fanciful worship for simple affection. Few men besides Pygmalion have been able to love a woman carved in ivory. It had been better for Henry's happiness if he had regarded Margie as a pretty and mortal girl. Unfortunately, he was so sick in heart and mind that his slight fear of her gave him a little feeling of defiance. Instead of relying upon her affection and good sense, he assumed, with perhaps no little amount of justice, that she would blame and not console him. Above all things he desired to be just toward her. He felt, modestly and sadly, that he was no longer in possession of that religious quality which she regarded as being a necessary property in the object of her love. He generously

wished that she should be absolved from all alliance with one so wretched as he ; but jealous and selfish love was urging him to believe that she was of so high and benevolent a character that, notwithstanding his shocking loss, she could not make the choice of leaving him to perish in his misery and despair. For if he seemed to be growing cold, he was none the less in agonish agony. The child who has frozen fingers may feel as great pain as the one who has burned its hand in the fire.

When Henry put his pen to the paper on which he was to make the revelation to Margie, he did not know in his delirium that his words were brusque and defiant, and that in releasing her from her engagement he was peremptorily shutting her away from him. If she had never nearly understood him before, she was not likely to understand him when he was writing what he could not mean.

Nor did he ever know the shock that left in her mind nothing of her idea of nearness to him. Her love instantly vanished, like the going out of a candlelight before a sudden blast. Tears moistened her pillow, but they flowed from the fountain of her pride, and they were cold. For him she had suffered somewhat, and this was her reward ! Duty did not fail to appeal to her conscience ; but stern conscience, on its lofty judgment-seat, sustained itself with cold justice. Some sweet, cool pity she had, which was cheaply spared, for her heart was naturally so kind that it had occasionally surprised itself by being almost generous. That pity, however, was not of the warm kind which the poet says is akin to love. Hers was the pity of the judge who utters the customary official hope that God may have mercy on the convict's soul.

Margie in her pride and in her sense of spiritual

superiority immediately formed her plan of accepting, without hope or chance of reversal, what she regarded as Henry's decision. For a girl of any spirit, and even for a girl whose heart might have been so surcharged with love that she could earnestly seek hopeful meanings between the lines, there was no other course to pursue. There are girls in the pages of novels, and there are in real life girls of emotional temperaments, who, when they discover that their lovers have forsaken them, do not fly into the fury of a woman scorned, but long for some lull in the storm when they may be resought, and may have the supreme happiness of forgiving. But it by no means follows that Margie was not wiser than they. She thought, "If he can betray the harshness and weakness of his nature now, what may he not do when marriage has bound me to him? Besides, if he should return to God, may he not some time in the here-after backslide again?"

Evidently she who had begun with little faith in him had none now. There was in her mind a slight feeling of indignation, but it was relieved by a little vanity, which would have been natural in the least spirited of women, when she considered that he had relinquished all claim to her hand (and therefore to her love) only because he believed that he was utterly unworthy of her. Margie was critical in a somewhat supercilious way, and not at all emotional in the way of a weak woman; and her heart did not for one moment flutter in mad mutiny against her commanding judgment. Her soul lived in a cool region beyond the possibilities of tragedy. This large incident in her life was, to her mind, only a bit of awkwardness. Her sense of superiority could rise no higher, and it could not fall. She had been led to believe that she, in common with all her relatives, was

made of very choice white clay, and that she was included among the highest of the elect. The light, weak cigar which was occasionally smoked by a light, weak relative she regarded as a rather pious thing that had lost all its pernicious qualities by being blest by some invisible high-priest. All other cigars were filthy.

But so just did Margie wish to esteem herself that, by way of being indorsed, she sought the advice of Mrs. Lindley, one of the teachers in St. Martha's Seminary. Mrs. Lindley was a pretty, spirited widow in her fifth decade. Being childless, she sentimentally regarded Margie as a daughter; but being physically somewhat feeble and limited in those impulses which arise from warm blood, she had finical and passionless conceptions of woman's duty to herself. A lady of fine and critical tastes, having a delicate, a half-formed, and not a large appreciation of society, art, and literature, her ideas of the proprieties of life were conservative and relentless.

People who have extravagant ideas concerning both the happiness and the sorrows of lovers might have thought that the childless Mrs. Lindley was too narrowly "intellectual" to make a good adviser of a girl in whom there were possibilities of love and maternity. Margie, however, did not require advice to restrain her affections. Mrs. Lindley's keen, cooling cross-examination in silken phrases induced in Margie renewed pride and reason. Margie was wise in seeking the opinions of a woman whose whole nature was as daintily prudish as the larger part of her own. One who was Margie's opposite in temperament, some blue-eyed, warm, sentimental woman whose heart always conquered her own judgment, would have talked to Margie of the suffering, heart-broken lover, who possibly did not mean half he said, and in her enthusiasm would have volunteered to

be a mediator, and to discover all the sweet love that was probably underlying this blunder. And it might have been that Margie would have allowed this gushing advocate of love to persuade her into a reconciliation which, too late, she would have regretted.

Mrs. Lindley's was the least generous but the safest counsel that Margie could have had. That lady had no heroes clothed with glamour. In her eyes men were not glorious beings. She had too much good sense to believe that a huge bundle of little vices was a noble man. She rather liked a mild and prosaic manikin who would never seek to rise higher than the dignity which her judgment might assign to him. The material things of this life, in her opinion, were to be measured by a very delicate but somewhat ostentatious protest ; and she even buttered her bread with almost cruel nicety. Her manners and her tastes she believed to be those of a girl ; but her mouth, held with prudent precision, betrayed that painful union of shy wrinkles and almost tremulous, flabby feebleness which indicates that a colorless middle age is disappointed with the ambitions of a colorless youth. She gave to Margie the congealed advice that was desired ; and as they kissed each other softly, their black eyes exchanged looks of supreme satisfaction. A cynic would have said that he saw the striking of flint and steel.

Margie wrote to Henry with patronizing condescension. She who, in this emergency, felt that she was nearer to God than he was, addressed him in a rather uncharitable style.

In that reply to his letter Henry realized with amazement what his words to her must have been. He was at once stupefied with alarm and indignant at her injustice. She said, among other things, " I this morning, after

receiving your letter, met you on the street, and you did not speak."

Was he pardonable when he thought that, even if he had seen her, it would at any time, and especially then, have been polite for the gentleman to wait until the lady showed the first sign of recognition? But he had not known her when she passed.

Again Margie proudly and coolly wrote, "You may say that you are reconverted, but how should I know that you mean it?"

Henry could not help thinking that the woman who could write that sentence must have a very great estimate of her own worth in believing that a heart-broken man might assume to be redeemed from hell in order to impose upon her good opinion. For a moment he was rigid, wondering whether, after all, there was any pure religion in the wide world.

When the last sentence came before his eyes he felt that all hope was gone. It said, "I wish you well as an old friend; but I SHALL NOT AGAIN EVEN PRONOUNCE THE NAME OF HENRY WILMORE."

With the letter was a package containing a book. It was not the pleading little volume, "Come Home," but the gold-and-green copy of Shelley, with many of the leaves uncut.

Five minutes afterward a letter in the post-office announced to the trustees of St. Mark's Church that Mr. Wilmore would not again appear in its pulpit until after he had taken a long vacation.

Then as Henry locked the door of the study and walked slowly down the street, he muttered mockingly, while his face was pale as death and he trembled like a fawn, "I thought in my madness that we were almost married, and she will not even pronounce my name.

Until she does pronounce it again, unto my resurrection, HENRY WILMORE IS DEAD, EVEN TO HIMSELF."

An hour after the Rev. Henry Wilmore had spoken those words he was walking rapidly along a mountain road four miles from Manchester, and his face was turned from that city. The face was white; his eyes were glaring; and so fast did he walk that farmers in their wagons turned and looked back at him. Hours and miles were passed; he went blindly through pretty villages and turned down upon yellow plains. Occasionally he unconsciously stopped and drank from a wayside spring or mechanically plucked a handful of berries from the straggling bushes, and then he dashed on. The dust of the roads grew from russet to red, and when the dusky blue of twilight fell, and lights flashed in village windows, he was still walking. He knew nothing of it all. He was as unconscious as a dead man. He was going south-east, but he did not think any more of his route than if he had been going north-west.

Toward midnight all the lights along the road had disappeared. Henry only felt his way with his feet, as he walked in the dark. Suddenly he ran against some obstacle. It was a pile of hoop-poles alongside a barn by the wayside. The tired youth threw himself upon them, and, without a thought, sank into a heavy sleep.

When he woke the sky was still dark, but on the eastern horizon a dull gray line gave a little light to the landscape, and he rose from his hard bed and started out again on a sharp walk.

Houses were all around him in a village whose name he did not know; and he rapidly passed through it only to come suddenly upon the moist sands of a shore of the sea. The waves were washing in on the beach in cold, deliberate monotony. In the east a thread of robin's-

egg blue now somewhat lightened the ashen color of sky and sea, but it was not bright enough to be called day.

While Henry stood looking into the waves he saw a dark object on the beach : it was being disturbed by the incoming tide. He approached it, and he saw that it was the lifeless body of a man chafing the sands as the gasping surf rolled in. The spent water retreated only to return and urge its victim further upon the shore.

Henry approached the corpse, and looking into the face exclaimed, "Is that myself? Am I indeed dead?"

There was a great resemblance between the man who was dead and the man who was living. The pallor which in Henry's face had been increased by exhausting exercise and nervous excitement was represented in the face of him who was drowned. The features of the two men were alike. Henry Wilmore stood for a half hour looking at the dead Jack Martin, who, having been thrown into the sea by Bill Jennings on the night before, had floated ashore on the waves.

The blue line on the horizon, between gray sky and gray sea, was now turning to a pearly pink. Henry stooped to feel the pulse of the dead man. There was none. But he noticed that on the bared arm were in blue India-ink the initials J. M. What strange impulse urged him to look furtively around him and to search the landscape with its background of dark village houses? He saw a light in a building a half mile away, and thitherward he turned his steps, with perhaps a mechanical effort to report the finding of the drowned man.

When he reached the end of the village street he found that the light came from a sort of long, low, rambling building, which was at once a store and a hotel. Over the window was a sign announcing that all sorts of

dry goods, groceries, fishermen's outfits, and food for man and beast could be purchased from Peter McGinnis.

Our old friend, who had been burned out and crippled at the fire in Manchester, had become a merchant and hotel-keeper in the seaside village of Cedarham, on the New Jersey coast.

Henry Wilmore, not remembering the name or the face of the man whom a few months before, in the city of Manchester, he had united in marriage with Miss Susan Van Dopenburgh, entered the store, and found Peter McGinnis, with one wooden leg, one armless sleeve, and one blinking eye, standing behind the counter.

"I wish," said Henry, "some of the India ink with which letters are made upon a man's arm."

Peter gave him a small stick of the goods, and mentioned the price.

"I also wish," said Henry, "the needles for pricking it in."

Peter handed him a paper of small needles; and Henry, paying his money, left the store and walked hastily toward the distant beach.

There, beside the dead body of Jack Martin, he sat down, and with the ink and the needles pricked into his own arm the letters J. M.

The sun was round and red on the edge of the sea when Henry hurriedly took the wet clothes from Jack Martin and put them upon himself; and with considerable dislike for the task, yet strengthened by some mad desire, he placed his own clothes upon the body of Jack Martin.

"Fair exchange is no robbery," he said. "I will leave you, Mr. Henry Wilmore, lying there dead, all that is in your pockets, except your Bible."

The book was a small pocket-edition, and on the fly-

leaf were the words, "To Henry, from his sister." On the sands he found two large concave shells, and between these he placed the Bible, binding them together strongly with the windings of a few yards of wire which had floated in with some barrel hoops. Then below the mark of high water he dug with a large shell a deep hole, which he lined thickly with pebbles and stones, and placed thereon the shell containing the Bible, taking care to cover it also with neatly packed pebbles and stones. This grave he covered with sand, and he waited for the cool, capricious foam to smooth it over. The waters at first approached delicately and coyly, as if it were profanation to touch the spot; but finally one great burly billow rushed overwhelmingly above the modest ripples, and hurling itself ruthlessly and growlingly far up on the beach, it broke and shrank back, and left the spot as smooth as the surrounding sands.

Then Henry turned his pale face southward, and walked away in the sunshine and the breeze.

On the week after the following notice appeared in the columns of the *Manchester Messenger*:

"Last spring there came to the pulpit of St. Mark's Church a young clergyman from a neighboring State, who was not only highly recommended by the institution at which he graduated, but who made an immediate success here. Of late, however, it seems that he was despondent, and that, being a young man, he wearied of the restraints imposed upon him by his cloth. A nature which is inclined to have its own way will, if not closely guarded, venture upon paths which, if not absolutely wrong, may be doubtful. This city last week was startled at hearing that the Rev. Henry Wilmore, who must suddenly have departed from us under some

strain of sorrow, was found floating, drowned, in the surf at Cedarham, the beautiful watering-place village on the New Jersey shore. There were no papers on his person to show his identity, but he was recognized by Mr. Peter McGinnis, proprietor of the Blue-Wave House. Mr. McGinnis formerly lived in Manchester, and he communicated his knowledge to the relatives of the deceased, who took his body to its last resting-place, up the Hudson. There is much grief in the city, and hopes are entertained that there may be no stigma on the church. Deacons Lundy and Deadwoods have been appointed a committee to examine into the matter in order to have the church clear. If Mr. Wilmore had any private affairs, they propose to know them; and they say that, as Christians, they hope he did not commit suicide for any misdeeds. Let us be generous, and wish him a peaceful rest in the grave."

In the graveyard in the Highlands, where lay the bones of those of the Wilmore family who during the Revolution fought against the British in defense of the noble river, the body of Jack Martin was gently laid, and over his grave soon appeared a simple stone, on which was engraved the announcement that the Rev. Henry Wilmore had died in his twenty-first year.

CHAPTER XIII.

JACK MARTIN'S RETURN.

IT was about eleven o'clock in the morning, and Henry Wilmore, who had forsaken the tiresome sands for the harder soil of the red-and-white wagon-road, entered the little fishing village of Seabranck. Feeling in his pocket he found a sum of money, much smaller than that which he had left in his own clothes, and he entered a shop in which general goods were sold, and purchased a glass of spruce beer and a few figs. The proprietor, an old man, talked to him as if he knew him, but Henry said little in reply ; and having drunk the liquid and eaten the figs, which seemed wonderfully to revive his mind, he wandered down the little sandy cross-street toward the sea. It would have been impossible for him not to observe that several of the women and children of the village were busily, and with considerable awe, looking at a square-top wagon, painted in red, white, and blue, and having inscribed on its sides in large gilt letters, " Pilgrim Pills."

He avoided the crowd, and walking a short distance over the thin pale grass he descended an embankment and sank down in the warm sand behind a fisherman's boat. He would have been glad to sleep, for his nerves were strained to their uttermost, so that all things, in shape and in color, were intensely represented to his mind. But he heard angry voices, and opening his eyes and looking around the bow of the boat he saw three persons in dispute.

Kate Jennings, in a faded calico gown, with an ex-

quisitely beautiful face, around which her golden hair fell in a shower, was standing barefooted in the sands, holding against her side her little red-dressed girl. In front of them was a dark lean man, more than six feet in height, with a narrow head surmounted by a shabby gray-black stove-pipe hat. He had long jaws, showing a thousand dark bilious wrinkles, thin brown hair that fell, in an attempt at being long, on the collar of his linen duster, and a beard that began by being brown, and finally divided on his chest in two unkempt, tawny wings. His shabby black pantaloons were short above his big boots, and over his long dirty linen duster a strap from the shoulder held a chafed leather satchel labelled "Pilgrim Pills."

He had in one of his long bony hands a small printed circular, from which, in hysterical and emphatic tones, he was reading to Kate Jennings, who remonstrated in vain, and who held her frightened child close to her side. As he read he made strong dogmatic comments, emphasizing with his long pipe-stem finger. He shook his head, and frothed at the mouth, and stamped his heavy foot on the innocent sands. He said, rolling the words:

"I am er a stranger in a strange er land, saith the prophet; but, as it were, I have er come unto a land flowing er with milk and honey, in the words of the same prophet. Buy of me a box er of Pilgrim Pills, at fifty cents, or three for a dollar, and thou wilt er not only cure all thine er aches and ails, but thou wilt er be aiding toward the livelihood of me, a follower of the Lord, who am one er of the apples of His eyes. I come unto you, as it were, as a mother er in Israel. Be thou as Mary er, who chose the good part, and purchase, while still it is er day, a box of Pilgrim Pills for fifty

cents, or three er for a dollar. All is vanity and er vexation of spirit—fifty cents a box. For a living dog is better than er a dead lion—at fifty cents a box. Cast thy bread er upon the waters, and it shall return er to thee after many days. Wilt a-thou buy-ah? Wilt a-thou buy-ah? Thine hand seeketh thy pocket, and thy fingers findeth fifty cents, or perhaps a dollar-ah. As cold waters to a thirsty er soul, so is good news er from a far country, or three er for a dollar. Selah! The wicked flee er when no man pursueth er. Hast thou headache, consumption, rheumatism, or distressing aches in the back er, thou shalt er be cured by buying from a servant of the Lord er a box of Pilgrim Pills.”

Here he held out three boxes of the pills, and with great confidence said, “One dollar, and be saved.”

But Kate slowly retreated, and again said that she would not buy them, and that she did not wish to speak to him. Little Nelly began to cry.

Then the pious peddler said, “I will sell thee one box for twenty-five cents and a kiss from those pretty pouting lips.”

Kate started to walk hastily away from him, when he grasped the child, and said, “To punish thee for thy sins, I will baptize this brat in the salt, salt seas.”

The mother struggled for her child, and did not scream, so that she succeeded in getting it in her arms. At this the pilgrim, dark with rage, shouted, “Hussy, I will punish thee with the foot,” and was about to kick her, when he suddenly found himself sprawling on the sand.

“Why, Jack!” exclaimed Kate; “I thought you were drowned.”

But Henry was busy with the sanctimonious peddler, who had risen, and who, standing near him, was

threatening to annihilate him with a single blow. For, to tell the truth, the huge hypocrite was by no means a weakling ; and as soon as he discovered that his sentiment and sanctimony were of no use to him he began preparations for a rather powerful onslaught upon his antagonist. If the blow which his bony fist intended for Henry had struck the head of that young man it would have done considerable damage, and probably have ended the fight ; but the lessons in boxing which Henry had taken not only from the athlete at Glendale, but also from old Seeren in the groves, now proved valuable, for the pass of the pious peddler was neatly parried. At the same moment Henry dealt him a cracking blow between the eyes, and sent him as stiff as a log along the white fringe of foam which the strenuous surf was leaving on the beach.

At this moment voices were heard from the village beyond the little bluff, and two or three fishermen and their wives and children came through the sandy cut to where Henry, in Jack Martin's clothes, and in every feature resembling that person, was standing while he was gazing vacantly at the prostrate body of the peddler. One of the men walked up to Henry, and said, " Jack, he tackled the wrong man when he found you. Don't I remember the night you cleaned out the foundrymen over in Chesterfield—and any one of them could have whaled this man. But say, Jack, we heard you were drowned. Must have come ashore away up ? Yes, see, he's got Cedarham red on his shoes."

Old Captain Jennings, with his one eye, his bushy brows, his dirty face and beard, his black clay pipe, and his wicked leer, now came upon the shore, and said to Henry, " Well, Jack, you've turned up, hey ?

Heavy lurch when we doused you. Must been drinkin', Jack. Don't do it any more. Let's get this fellow off, or he'll tell about this place. See, he's getting up now."

And, indeed, the pilgrim did rise from the sand and foam, and without looking to the right or to the left found his parti-colored wagon, with its sign of "Pilgrim Pills," and drove away.

The hideous old Captain Jennings also went through the sand-cut to the village, but not before meeting his hardly less hideous son, Bill Jennings, who had just returned from Newark, and who, seeing Henry on the beach, at first turned pale. A word from his father to the effect that Jack had been washed ashore alive, and that he had "just thrashed a praying beat," reassured the younger man, who was far from lacking in muscular power himself.

Kate Jennings, still standing with Nelly at her side, was watching Henry with considerable curiosity as Bill advanced and said, "Well, Jack, let's call it even." When he put out his hand, Henry took it without hesitation, but without warmth or energy; and then Bill looked at him intently for a moment, and said in a whisper to Kate, "He's changed a little. His mind seems a little off. Being in the water so long has dazed him. He'll be all right."

At this Bill walked away, and Kate said, "Jack, you'd better go down to the boat and sleep; and for taking care of me to-day I'll make you a good tea for when you wake up." So saying, she walked, with Nelly at her side, down the little plank wharf or pathway to the sloop, and Henry mechanically followed her.

The cabin of the Ankerite was not large, but it had two bunks on each side, with one forward; and there was room enough for a small stove, which had

behind it a closet for cooking utensils and an under-deck passageway for storage. Into one of the bunks, over which were the letters, "J. M.," Kate pushed Henry, and said, "Now, Jack, take a long sleep ; and for licking the parson I'll make you a good meal."

Henry was asleep in a minute. But he groaned, and talked, and turned nervously, and woke once with the feeling that bees were stinging him ; dropping again into slumber, only to dream that a black cat was biting his finger and could not be shaken off. He woke in a great chill, shaking violently, and afterward breaking into a cold perspiration, so that Kate, who had gone into the cabin, leaving Nelly playing on the shore, saw that he was a very sick man. If she could ever have had any pity for Jack Martin, she had it for Henry then. But she looked at him fiercely for a moment, thinking of the curses and kickings that she had received ; and the words this beautiful, ill-clad girl-mother muttered were, "You beast ! You have made my life wretcheder than it was, if that was possible. Still, I am only a coarse, rough girl, the daughter of a ruffian and the sister of a brute—why should you have treated me better than they did ? You never used your mean strength in favor of any woman before to-day. Jack, you—no, not you, but not myself—made me what I am. I almost forgive you because of the fight you made to-day. You did it for *me*, Jack. Before to-day you would not have raised a hand to hit that peddling parson for *me*. You'd have done it to show your pride, Jack, like the ragged bully-boy that you are. Well, Jack, you dirty brute, I hate you ; and if you could die with all your wits about you, and your heart breaking, and your arms that you have beaten me with shattered, I would not give you a look, for you would want to hit me if I did."

Here Henry stirred in the bunk, and in his feverish sleep muttered, "Is there any good in me—I mean in myself—Jack Martin?"

For a moment he opened his glassy blue eyes, and fixing them on Kate asked, "Where did you get that beautiful wheat-gold hair, those moon-white cheeks?"

Kate started back, turning pale, and exclaimed, "Gracious! he is crazy!"

Henry continued: "Are you the angel who is to teach me how to be a good man?"

Kate grasped the side of the bunk, and said, with wonder and fear on her pretty face, "Jack Martin, what the devil are you chinning about?"

"How beautiful you are, Kate!" Henry said, and then he sank back upon the rolled gray blanket that served as a pillow. This time he muttered more lightly and stirred less uneasily.

In order to know whether little Nelly was safe or not, Kate ran hastily up the steps to the deck, and looking for her child saw her sitting far up on the bluff and playing with some bits of driftwood. When Kate returned to the cabin Henry was in a soft and gentle sleep. The wrinkles had disappeared from his face. What could have stirred the heart of the girl that she should have bent over him and have uttered, almost inaudibly, "Jack Martin, did you go daft to smile for the first time and to call *me* an angel? and why did you never before go crazy, and—marry me?"

Eighteen hours afterward the tide was lightly raising the sloop, and Henry was still sleeping. Another hour passed, while Kate Jennings, sitting beside the stove, stirred the broth of clams, pork, onions, and pilot bread in a saucepan, and occasionally glanced at the rising and falling chest of the sleeper. When at last he opened

his eyes and turned out of his bunk, she poured the chowder into a large tin dish, and demanded, "Jack, eat it right away ; it will do you good."

And, indeed, Henry did eat it, sopping bread in the juice ; and with eyes no longer wild or haggard he looked with soft, patient gratitude at the beautiful girl. When he went on deck afterward he sat down for a moment on a box and inhaled the fresh air, saying, "Kate, I am ready to begin over again, with you."

"Why don't you strike me, Jack ?" she asked.

"No one would strike you, and I would not strike even a man unless in defence of some worthy cause."

"Jack Martin !"

"What ?"

"Will you not strike me ?"

"Of course not."

"Was the chowder good ?"

"It is making me stronger every minute. I have rested. I was sick, and now I am well. I owe everything to you."

"And, Jack, you will make me a good woman ?"

"If you will make me a good man."

"Jack ?"

"What ?"

"If drowning does you so much good, just drown me a little while."

"You ? Why, you must have come out of heaven. Do you know how beautiful you are ?"

"Yes ; because you say so. I must be beautiful indeed ! Nelly is beautiful too. Jack, she has got hair like yours."

He looked at her, and asked, "Are we married ?"

"No ; but we ought to be."

CHAPTER XIV.

“THE SEA-MAID’S MUSIC.”

THAT afternoon Captain Jennings decided to sail for New York. All danger seemed to be over. Neither he nor Bill said much to Henry. Believing that he was somewhat of a lunatic after his long struggle in the sea, they did not urge him to work.

The horse, with a wagon-load of boxes which contained all sorts of fish, was driven through the sand-cut and down the white beach to the little long wharf, and Captain Jennings, Bill Jennings, and their assistant put the boxes upon the deck of the sloop. When everything was ready the old captain said to Henry, “Jack, do you feel like taking the helm?”

“Yes,” he mechanically replied.

The old man and Bill set about raising the sail and the jib, and as these caught the southerly breeze Henry steered the vessel gently up the little harbor, past the hooks, and into the ocean. The lessons he had learned while sailing his boat in the fitful winds that fret the shadows of the Hudson Highlands now came to his aid; for although Kate, who had felt a new, enthusiastic, and benevolent impulse to care for the actions of the man who was ill, was waiting for an opportunity to go to his relief, she did not have any occasion for doing so. He once asked her how far he should go out before heading northward, and she told him that he should go about a mile. When at last he went before the wind, and the sloop was bowling along with a sound which told that she was tearing the water, Henry had time to watch the

face of the girl. And she sat on the deck looking at him. "At what time shall I be relieved?" he asked her.

"About ten o'clock. I heard father tell Bill to come on at ten; but if you want to lie down before that I'll take the wheel, Jack. We don't get in till after ten. It's no use getting in before. Bill will run her into the dock. Say, Jack?"

"What?"

"Don't we feel a little awkward together since you got sick in the water?"

"No," said Henry. "Why?"

"Jack, you are very, very sure that I always hated you?"

"Yes."

"Because I've got lumps on my legs where you kicked me?"

"Y—e—s."

"And because you—you know?"

"Y—e—s."

"Well, Jack, I feel very strange"—and she put up her lovely weather-tinted face toward him—"couldn't you just cuff me once, so as to let me know it is you, and so I can hate you again?"

Henry bent and kissed her cheek.

"Now I know you are crazy, Jack!" she exclaimed.

The old captain was lying on a fish-box, sleepily smoking his black clay pipe, while Bill, who could not read, but who managed to do a certain amount of arithmetical calculation rather accurately without the aid of pencil and slate, was sitting on another box and dividing a large roll of bills into three portions. When he had succeeded in doing so to his apparent satisfaction he went aft, and handing one of the rolls to Henry said,

“ Jack, we have made a big haul lately. There’s a pretty good pile for you. I’ll take a nap till ten. If you get a little flurried after being in the water so long, Kate ’ll explain all the lights and things to you. Kate, maybe you’d better keep a good lookout. It’s getting very dark. Call us if you want us.”

The brute went forward, lay down on a fish-box, and was soon fast asleep.

Henry chatted with Kate about the lights, and at ten Bill relieved him. Kate brought to Henry a supper of cold beef, bread, and a bottle of St. Croix rum, with lemon-juice and sugar ; and he took not only a good bit of the beef and bread, but he allowed Kate to mix him a rather stiff sour drink. Then as Kate went down into the cabin he stretched himself on the deck, which was still warm from the heat of the day, and went to sleep.

At an early hour in the morning Henry was awakened by the noise of the unloading of the fish-boxes from the sloop to a wharf near the market. The old captain told him that the sloop would sail at two in the afternoon, and that he might as well “ clear out.” He added that he and Kate would be on board all day, which meant that Kate would sit in the shade, looking at nothing, or darning her clothes, while he would make half-hourly excursions to the liquor-saloons on the street near the river.

Henry, counting his money and finding that he was in possession of a rather large sum, divided it into various rolls, and then went up the wharf and away from the river street until he reached a more respectable portion of the city. Finding a clothing-store, he went in and purchased two cheap suits of blue flannel, some under-clothing, and a straw hat. Thence he went up Broadway until he reached a dry-goods store, and peeping into

the windows he saw that there were ladies behind the counters. One of them was considerably surprised when she saw before her the handsome sailor-looking boy, who timidly said, "Miss, I know a young girl just about your size. She is very poor, and has hardly anything to wear. How long will it take, all in a great hurry, to make a nice plain gingham dress—blue, you know, for she is a perfect blonde (here he blushed a little); and another one, a little better, but still plain and neat?"

The girl looked at him quizzically but good-naturedly, and replied, "If you are in great haste we can have them finished at an hour after noon."

"At two will be a good time for me," he answered; "but could you oblige me by obtaining for me and putting into the same trunk two pairs of shoes, a hat for every day, a nicer one, with blue ribbons, for Sunday, and a double full outfit of underclothing such as I know nothing about, but for a girl about—?"

This time it was the turn of the lady-clerk to blush, and Henry valorously followed her example. Confusion was, however, relieved by Henry's act of taking a roll of paper-money from his pocket, laying it before the young lady, and, with a tip of his new blue-banded straw hat, leaving the store.

The girls looked at one another, tittered, and slyly teased their companion. One of them suggested:

"Why, Mary, of course he means it all for you. That's your trousseau."

At which she blushed and the others laughed.

The young man who had provoked this merriment was at that moment in another store, and was buying a curtain, with rods, rings, and strings, and a nice small set of bedding. He was directing a clerk to take them to the sloop, and to put up the curtain across the end of the

cabin so as to make an apartment. The note which he sent, telling Kate to permit the man to put up the curtain, was signed "Jack Martin." The man read it to her.

From this place Henry went to a druggist's store and selected a handsome toilet-set for Kate and a plainer set for himself. Soon afterward a clerk in a near-by bookstore was wrapping up for him a number of volumes, among which was a primer.

At two o'clock an express wagon stopped at the dry-goods store in Broadway; the trunkful of lady's apparel was put in, while Henry entered the place to ascertain whether more money was needed. The young lady informed him that she had put into the trunk all the articles that she could think of, and she handed him a five-dollar bill for change. He said, "Miss, I am a sort of greenhorn myself, but I wish you would further oblige me by purchasing with the five dollars some little present which you would be willing to receive from a gentleman who respects you as highly as I do."

And he went into the street, mounted beside the driver of the express wagon, and in a quarter of an hour was standing, with his goods, on the deck of the sloop.

Captain Jennings impatiently waited for his crew. Ten minutes after Henry appeared, the hideous old man was gratified by the presence of his coarse and brutal son. "Bill," said he, "I reckon that Jack Martin's clean gone off his head. He's sent a upholsterer here to hang up a fine curtain in the for'ard end of the cabin for Kate, and there's been the finest of linen put in there; and Kate's back there now puttin' on some new toggery he's bought. But don't say nothin'. He's a right to spend his money his own way. But—don't you notice?—he don't lick her no more. He's as crazy as a

chicken. Let him have his own way ; but look a little after the sloop.”

The old man and Henry hauled up the main-sheet while Bill tugged at the halliard of the jib ; and when the soft breeze filled the sails the old man took the wheel and steered the vessel out into the river among other small craft. Henry sat under the rail in his new blue clothes as Kate came up out of the cabin in her fresh blue-and-white gingham dress, with her neat hat mounting her braided and coiled golden hair, a bright blue handkerchief carelessly tied round her neck, and a blue stocking showing between the hem of her skirt and the top of her gaiter.

The horrid old captain leered at her, and twisted his black pipe in his mouth as he stood at the helm ; and winking with his one eye at his son Bill, he said, in an undertone, “She’s very much like a bride.” Henry looked up at her with pleasure and pride in his eyes, and when he made a sign she sat down on a little camp-stool which he had brought with him. He said, “I have brought some books, and you and I are going to read together. We shall be quite learned people after a while. By the way,” said he, “while we are reading and learning we must have some music. I am sorry to say (and he laughed for the first time in a month) that the boxing-teacher up at Glendale gave me—”

“At Glendale ?” said Kate ; “where is that ?”

“I mean,” said Henry, “that to-day I bought a banjo. Here it is, and I’ll give you a song.”

The sloop by this time was off Castle Garden and was tacking in a gentle southerly breeze toward the green bluffs of Bay Ridge. A few cheerful notes from the strings of the banjo broke the monotony of the sleepy air, and then they raced into an accompaniment

to Henry's rich baritone voice, which rose in song. He had innocently learned a few plaintive melodies, which had never seemed to him to be wicked, although he had not paraded his accomplishment before the grave old doctors of the seminary. No good man had ever told him that negro songs and a banjo were either vulgar or profane, nor did he dream that long afterward, in the year 1883, some of the noble ladies of England would give private subscription-concerts, for sweet charity's sake, at which dukes would listen to a chorus of countesses singing "Them Golden Slippers" to the accompaniment of banjos in their own fair hands.

Kate laughed and wept at the songs. Henry had accomplished his purpose. He had driven shyness away from the girl; and as he saw the old captain and his ugly son laughing, he knew that they would not make his efforts to teach Kate a matter of awkwardness and constant criticism. He had made friends.

If he recalled the past at all, it was with a faint idea that he was becoming practical.

The sloop with wide-spread sail met an incoming bark, and rocked in her swells. Some one on board waved a yellow handkerchief, and Bill Jennings waved another yellow one in reply.

Meanwhile Kate Jennings was learning her A B C's from the green primer which she held in her lap, while Henry, who was sitting at her feet, laid his head against her side and played the part of a tutor.

"Now," said he, "I will teach you how to write what you have learned;" and they proceeded with the second part of the lesson.

It was Henry's turn at the wheel, for the old man and Bill had to wash down the decks, and Kate was compelled to put on a coarse apron over her bright new ging-

ham dress and prepare the early supper of warmed-over potpie and succotash which had been purchased at a Fulton Street restaurant. The increase in the treasury-fund permitted them to have also an apple-pie with their coffee.

Habit in a girl whose heart has never beaten with more than the agitation of a fond though unwilling mother, is not easily broken; so that the few hours' puzzling flirtation which Kate had lent herself to with the man whom she thought she had previously known only as a merciless brute, did not prevent her from going to the wheel, and, laying her hand upon it, saying, "Jack, your supper is ready."

"No, no, Kate; suppose you keep our shares warm, and we'll have them together when Bill can take the helm. Besides, I am going to tell you a story about water—what it is made of, what is under it and in it, and all that sort of thing. And when the moon comes up to-night we may talk about that. After a while, when we have learned to read, we will have some books about such things."

Kate saved half the food for Henry and herself. There was no hesitation on Bill's part to take the helm, while Kate and Henry, with the camp-stool for a table, sat down to their afternoon meal. Henry talked to her about water. Although his words were simple, she did not at first feel any interest in them, for they appealed to an ignorant girl whose blue eyes, which had habitually gazed intently at the waves, had never conveyed any ideas about them to her mind. But with a girl of her ready wit and intuitions the time required for conquering her earnest attention was not long; so that when Henry resumed his place at the wheel Kate followed him in order to listen to a further description of the relationship between the fog which sometimes obscured

the sea and the white cumulus cloud which hung in huge, motionless splendor in the summer sky.

Twilight frowned upon a gaudy yellow sunset, while the wind urged the stretched sail, and the little vessel gashed the waves. Night brought a half-moon into view. Henry, as he had promised, was explaining to Kate how the moon is a cinder, when she showed signs of weariness of mind. Taking the hint, he gave her the wheel, and leaning against a taut rope serenaded her with his banjo.

The delight which this girl found in Henry's flattering attentions was disturbed by their very newness, and by a vague fear of Jack, which was the effect of perennial abuse. The wooing tones of Henry's voice and the cheering notes of his banjo did not come with unquestioned conquest. Not that she resisted these attentions, for she had already given girlish indications of reciprocation. Henry's boyish and amiable manner was beginning to soften her heart, but she was not so stupid as to forget that Jack, when sane, had beaten her, and as not to believe that this same Jack, while being kind and loving toward her, was mentally irresponsible for it all. There are large, handsome women, with cultivated minds and yet with strange, inexplicable caprice, who not infrequently prefer the soft heart of a trifling fool to the cold intellectuality of stronger men ; and it is not surprising that this forlorn girl, in spite of her doubts, should be grateful for the eccentric courtship of the mysterious companion who now offered sweet incense instead of brutal blows. .

The wind slackened at about eight o'clock ; the sloop lounged lazily on the calm gilded sea ; and the voice of the old captain was heard : " There is Healey's boat, with the green and red lights."

CHAPTER XV.

A GLIMPSE OF LOW LIFE.

THE green and red lights glimmered a short distance ahead of the sloop, and it was soon apparent that they hung on the thin mast of a fisherman's boat. The old captain, with some doubt concerning the ability of his helmsman, whom he considered to be utterly daft, ordered him to steer the sloop alongside the smaller vessel, which would have been an easy thing for Henry to do, even if there had been more wind. Healey, the partner who lived at Seabranck, and who caught or purchased the fish which the sloop usually carried for her legitimate cargo, was sitting in the stern of the boat, which was floating without its sail. Alongside his boat, and fastened to it by a light line, was apparently a cask. Bill and the old man asked no questions, but threw to Healey a rope, which he fastened to something in the water. They then hauled in the rope, and soon had on deck a large package covered with rubber. Healey raised his sail, and said, as he was steering away with the light cask in tow, "I'm to mend three of these buoys, and am to meet the bark going out next Wednesday; so bring some extra paint, for the rubber begins to show. Them's a good lot of cigars, I guess."

"All right," said the old man. Bill took the wheel, the sloop swung round, and the bows were again turned toward New York.

The old man, after taking a long drink from his black bottle, went to sleep behind one of the empty fish-boxes. Bill remained at the helm, telling Kate and Henry that

they should "turn in." It was not long before Kate, behind her curtain, was asleep. Henry, who had gone below, saw the letters "J. M." over one of the bunks, and throwing himself into it, he was soon rocked into a sound slumber by the motions of the sloop. Nor did he waken until dim gray daylight was stealing through the door of the companion-way.

The smuggled cigars had been landed in the dark by Bill and the old man, and the sloop was now comfortably sailing seaward through the lower bay. Kate was frying fish and bacon over a hand-stove on deck. She had done what the crew had never known her to do before : she had placed the plates, cups, coffee-pot, and the other accompaniments of breakfast on an oilcloth spread. Bill and the old man ate together, while Kate waited for Henry, as she had done on the night before. But this time she did not need his request.

After breakfast Bill and the captain, who were weary from the night's work, went to sleep, Henry and Kate resuming the wheel and their lessons. But long before noon the sloop was fast to the little wharf at Seabranck. Kate's first duty was to run through the sand-cut to meet little Nelly, who, warned of the sloop's arrival, was coming, in her red flannel dress, to greet her mother.

"What do you think of her, Jack?" asked Kate, with unusual freedom. "You won't hate her any more, will you?"

"No, I will not. Isn't she beautiful?"

"Jack shan't lick me!" said Nelly, timidly.

"No, I'll never whip you," said Henry.

"An' I ain't sassy b-yat?"

"No, you're a little angel."

"Mommee, what's anges?"

"How the devil do I know?" said Kate.

"People used to say they were in heaven," said Henry, sadly; but he smiled again, and resumed: "I only know that they are on the seashore. But, Kate, you must never say devil, or anything of that kind."

Little Nelly looked up, and with that imperturbable confidence which girl-babies always display, said, "Jack, you go to the debble—you old debble!"

"Come, come," Henry expostulated, "let me kiss you."

"Kiss my foot!"¹

"Jack Martin," said Kate, "you taught her that yourself; and if she looks most like me she talks most like you—her father."

Henry turned pale, and said faintly, "Kate, do you mean to say that I am the husband of another—good God! I mean, you said we were not married?"

It was Kate's turn to be pale, as she half lowered her eyelids, and whispered, "No. Indeed no. But it is no fault of mine, Jack."

He grasped a post, and leaned against it, and dug his nails into the soft, moist wood, as she continued: "I have only learned it lately; but ignorant as I was, I felt it long, long ago. Jack, you no longer beat me. I will wait—perhaps you will do justice to your child. You did not understand me when you were dazed with your sickness. But since you stopped striking me, and have talked decently and kindly to me, I have felt something beating, beating—calling softly in my breast—and it seems that it rebukes my coarseness. When you were behind me last night, playing softly and singing your Scotch song, there were tears in my eyes, Jack; something you never brought with blows" (here her voice rose defiantly and coarsely).

Henry raised one hand appealingly toward her ; his eyes sought the long stretch of painfully white sand, as if he would escape from this place as he had escaped from Manchester ; but when he looked at the sad, beautiful face before him the tears came ; he could not go. He was still a sentimental boy.

“ Yes, Jack,” said Kate, mournfully, “ it seems to me as if I have had two lives—one almost forgotten, and one that I know ; but these two days the other life has been struggling within me. I don’t know what it is, but it must have been better—that old one—better because I am so bad. Two lives—”

“ Two lives,” echoed Henry ; “ God knows I have two lives also.”

“ Yes,” said Kate ; “ your old life was drowned, and you have begun a new and better one, while I have not been drowned, and the bad life is still with me. Jack, this morning while I was dressing behind the curtain I counted the bruises on my shoulders, and I hated you for all that you were, and cursed you, and used vile language that you taught me ; but I thought that if God let it drown out of you, I ought to. So when I went out I forgot the blue spots, and felt the song that you sang. You were sleeping easily—not as you used to, with a scowl, and muttering—you were quite handsome. The letters where your name is pricked on your arm seemed to be quite bad from being in the water. But you looked just like a baby—and, Jack, I kissed you.”

Loud and cheerful voices were now heard from seaward. Henry, Kate, and Nelly turned their eyes toward the water, and saw a boat-load of fishermen coming in from the nets. They were rowing lustily ; each man

was clad in yellow oilcloth, and wore rubber boots ; and as the boat grounded far upon the beach they jumped on shore, and began to sort the fish. Some of the women and girls from the huts came down, with comely, honest faces, and bearing pans, for which they claimed a few of the fish for their husbands' and brothers' suppers. There were bareheaded, brown-legged children too, who collected around the boat and joined in the jollity of the occasion. Little Nelly ran toward the boat, and Kate, blushing at the confession she had made to Henry, was glad to have the excuse of following her. Henry remained, leaning against the spile.

Whoever has seen the fishermen unloading their boats at Seabranch has seen one of the jolliest and best-natured set of people in the world. The jokes they uttered that day were clean and innocent. The roughest man would stop in the midst of his work to say, "Molly, there's a bass that'll make your pan smell like the Garden of Eden." Another big, good-natured fellow would rise and sing out, as he threw her a fish no longer than his finger, "There, Nelly, is a whale for you. Put him back into the water, and see him swim."

The children did not bother the men, whose great boots naturally avoided the little toes ; and as they sorted bass, mackerel, weakfish, and sheepshead for the various boxes and baskets, they took pains to throw the small fish back into deep water.

There was a little church back of the village, where the fishermen and their wives and children heard Sunday preaching, and where in winter they held festivals and revivals, and it was there that they had learned the hymn—"I'm bound for the Land of Canaan"—which one of them, with an untrained voice, suddenly began, and in which everybody, from the big-whiskered basso to

little red-dressed Nelly, heartily joined, until the roar of the sea was drowned.

Perhaps these men and women suspected that Captain Jennings, Bill, Jack Martin, and Ike Healey were engaged in some business besides that of carrying fish to New York ; but they did not push their inquiries very far, as they would have done if those unpopular persons had been members of the little church. They knew that Jack abused Kate, who was popular among them, notwithstanding that sometimes, unknown to herself, her case was hinted at by the preacher when he saw in his congregation an unusual number of marriageable girls. Once, indeed, a maiden of some forty autumns had told Kate of the minister's reference to herself ; but that young lady had only replied, " He wants a small marriage-fee ; but we're waiting till we get a little richer, and then we're going to be married by a bishop, in a big church, at five dollars a word. Meanwhile, if you can pick up a good-looking young man, like Jack, or can cut me out, you had better give the parson a fee yourself." The next day she met the minister, and said to him, " Mr. Thompson, I don't know much about the Bible, but Jesus tells you not to throw stones at me. Now, you stop it for His sake."

But he continued his criticisms, although Kate never heard of the matter again. Jack once learned, however, that some reference had been made to him in a sermon. He was very drunk one winter night, and meeting the minister, he said, " See here, dominie, I may be an awful bad young man. If there wasn't anybody bad your business would all be gone, and you couldn't earn your salt at anything else. But if you ever again hint at me in the pulpit, I'll come around there some Sunday and kiss your wife right before the whole congregation,

and then I'll lick any two men in it. If you want to pitch into some awful bad example, give it to Kate. We give her hell on week days, and don't you let her rest over Sunday."

The minister never referred to Jack again.

Little Nelly was the pet, if she could not morally be the pride, of the village. Everybody's door was open to her, or if it wasn't open, she opened it herself. Her marvellous beauty would have been her passport, if her sweetness of disposition, which was not at all spoiled by her occasional pertness, had not endeared her to the entire village.

The sloop continued to make her trips. Money was plentiful on the Ankerite, for the fishermen had a lucky season, and the profits on the smuggled goods were large. Books were studied by Kate and Henry, and Bill and the captain stood in such awe of "the precious pair" that they always spent their watches together. Bill and the captain drank and gambled, and were satisfied that it was hard to tell which was the "crankiest, Jack or Kate."

The rapidity with which Kate learned was almost miraculous. Not only did she master the lessons which Henry prescribed for her, but she took a great interest in the books which Henry read to her. Nor did he confine her to dry works. The world widened before her in the pages of Scott and Dickens. She wept with Rebecca and laughed with Sam Weller.

Henry's heart knew nothing but her welfare. The past was forgotten in his duty to her. He had never known such pleasure as came to him from the trustfulness of this beautiful girl. Frequently, when the sloop lay at the wharf in New York all night, he and Kate,

dressed with simple care, went to a theatre or to a concert. When they had a few hours' leisure during the day they would go to a picture-gallery, or would look at the people on the fashionable streets.

Kate grew finer, and her voice became soft and sweet. Her eyes lost their wildness; her step was light and graceful; and so tastefully did she dress that her beauty was enhanced, and Henry felt both proud and annoyed when he saw that lorgnettes were levelled at her from the balconies at the opera. It is to be feared that she even studied feminine art in the pictured pages of fashion magazines. If Margie could have seen the two together on Broadway she would not have wondered whether she was forgotten. When the sloop was at the wharf at New York they dined together at a pleasant French restaurant. Bill and the captain were becoming more and more estranged from them, but feared them. The old man, when drunk one day, would have destroyed the curtain, with the pictures, books, and flowers in the cabin, but Bill said, "Cap, don't drive them away. They're fur enough now. Let her finger her guitar in her warin bower and listen to his pretty poetry. He works like a beaver. Besides, didn't you see him knock that longshoreman into a heap for lookin' at her? Jack's been gittin' stronger 'n' stronger ever sense he got drowned. He must 'a' got down among the palaces o' th' mermaids that night, fur he cum back 's full o' crazy goodness 's a shad's full o' bones. An' ain't she a daisy? Hope th' police don't drop to nothin'."

"You'd better give Jack a hint about that," suggested the old man. "And th're jist makin' a fool of that young one. Why, them Seabrenchers is just fallin' in love with him too, though they do take off their

opery riggin' down there. We're coinin' money, though, ain't we, Bill? I've jist laid in a gallon o' Burbun whiskey."

"Let's go sample it to the ducky doveses healths," said Bill. "But say, old man, I'll bet a gold ten that she hain't kissed him sense that mornin' I peeked into the cabin; an' then he was asleep."

"Bill, that Burbun's gettin' lazy, an' th' ice is thick in the river. Got any hot water? I wish this winter'd break up. Willuum, dearest, let me handest yer down inter the under gallery, mee dove, while yer git hot water fur yer pigeon, like my lord and my ladyess hez learned to do in th' thee-yater. My sweet angel—say, Bill, I've a notion to kick the stuffin' out of that guitar."

"Oh, come off, old man—here's yer hot water an' here's yer lemming, an' here's yer shoog, and here's yer Burbun. Well, here's yer luck, old one-eye; beauty before age."

Very soon the father and the son were walking the deck with unsteady gait.

Let no one suppose that Henry was becoming more of a milksop than he had been before he came to the sloop. The life of Jack Martin, as he was living it, was a rather happy one. He loved the sea air, the constant change, the bracing exercise, and the city pleasures. Which among the finest and richest of my readers have more? Your lady at the concert, my friend, may be just as pretty as Kate was, but I will still claim for Kate half the admiring glances. And did the two not call the sloop their yacht, the Hotel Truffle their city residence, and the little boarding-house at Seabranck their shore cottage? Henry had bought a horse and sleigh with some of his share of the money, and when they had a few hours' leisure at Seabranck, and Bill and the old

man were carousing in the tavern of an adjoining village, they, with Nelly wrapped in furs, sped along the road to the Highlands, to Seabright, to Long Branch, or to one of the inland towns.

The character of the business carried on by the sloop was not entirely a mystery to Henry's mind. If pictures of smugglers in the galleries and stories of smugglers in the novels had not given him a hint, his own developing common-sense, which had been wonderfully roused since his escape from enervating lethargy, would have taught this country boy that the sloop was not a mere fisherman's boat. Much money, too, had opened his eyes. But while he measured some of the dangers, he was willing to believe, by stretching his conscience, that they were evading and not in a grosser sense violating the law. The captain and Bill, he tried to assure himself without complete success, were the real smugglers, while he and Kate might consider themselves as constrained and almost innocent assistants. In placing himself on an equality of innocence with Kate he felt that he was justified in believing that, as no one had ever told him that he and Kate were breaking the law, he was not a great sinner. Did not "men of the world" introduce to their families other "men of the world" whom they knew to be violators of two or three or more of the commandments? Did those men not know that the hand which they brought into their homes to be placed in the hands of their wives and daughters was yesterday patting the cheek of a painted beauty? Was it not considered *au fait* that the lips that this evening are uttering gracious and innocent compliments to a sweet girl-graduate might yesterday evening have been telling "a gentleman's story" to gentlemen of the world? And if he himself was assuming the name and vocation of

another man, should he be over-particular about the definition which other people might give to that vocation? He thought, too, that honest and famous statesmen, of whom he had read within the last year, were not indisposed to co-operate in legislation with men whose pockets were heavy with dishonest gold. He soon quieted his conscience, or at least he thought he did; and in regard to his connection with a nefarious business, he, in political phrase, winked at it. His strongest argument, however, was that he could do a little wrong for Kate's sake. If remaining was wrong, leaving her, in ignorance, disgrace, and the probability of a future life of shame, would be worse; and he stifled his last doubt by believing that he was choosing the less of two evils.

As the brassy twilight fell suddenly at the end of a February day, and the sloop was lying at her city wharf, Captain Jennings informed Henry that Bill was gambling and drinking in one of the down-town saloons, and that as they were to sail early the next morning perhaps he ought to be found. "Jack," said he, "I'll stay here and watch, while you go up to some o' them immigrant saloons and find him." Henry thereupon started in quest of the loafer.

In one of the dirtiest streets, where the brown snow lay banked up on the sides of the walks, he saw forlorn, queerly clothed foreign peasants walking—some with long bended pipes in their mouths and rough fur hats pulled over their straight hair; others, with long sheepskin overcoats, coming out of bakeries with loaves of coarse bread under their arms; and many more leaving saloons in which they had been robbed of their money for a few drinks of impure whiskey. There was an accordion playing in one of the saloons, which was kept in the dirty parlor of what had been an elegant mansion

in the days of Washington and Hamilton. Henry heard the voices of brawlers, and ascending the four stone steps over which beauty and dignity had once passed, he walked into a dirty hallway, where the plaster had long since fallen. A drunken woman lay in one corner—bareheaded, bloated, half-clothed—and a ragged, starving girl of twelve was sitting by her side, and was bitterly weeping, while she was being insulted by a tall, overgrown man, who saw in this worse than motherless child a victim whose price was bread. Henry shuddered, pushed open the door of the barroom, and entered. The room was half lighted by dull lamps; men were sitting at tables drinking muddy ale; men were standing at the bar drinking red whiskey; men were grouped around a counter betting on cards. Among the men was Bill.

"The captain wants you," said Henry. "We shall sail early in the morning."

Bill was drunk. He was obstinate; he would not go.

"Jack," said he, "you've put on a good many airs ever since I drowneded you. I was a better man than you was. Well, I'm a better man 'n you are now. An' you can go back to yer ducky-dovey, with yer banjo, an' yer geetar, an' yer 'rithmetic, an' yer ef a man hez a shillin's wurth of fifty an' a half mad old sheep et a million dollars a mile, what 'n the name o' thunder 'll two dollars' wurth o' wood come to? An' yer kin jist go right down to that 'ere sloop, an' say to yer piggy-widgeon, Katie-darlin', that yer've got a fine young brother'n-law up here 's 's full as a goat, an' yer want ter chew sum calamus to take this here barroom out er yer clothes, out o' yer purkle and fine linning, and git inter yer little budore in ther sloop, and yer want to git down yer poetry book and read to yer little yaller-headed squab, Aner, maner, moner, mike; basser, loner, boner,

strike ; hare, ware, frown, whack ; hallerko, ballerko, wec, wo, whack. You're out, an' I'm it, an' don't yer fergit it, Jack. Go back ! Go to ! Dost hear me, Alonzo ? An' Arabella swearest, I love thee, let us fly. Go to, Jack, an' weep some weeps over sun story books."

At this moment Henry received a blow on the side of the head that sent him sprawling over the sawdust and cigar-stumps on the barroom floor. But the hand was not the hand of Bill.

CHAPTER XVI.

HE FOUGHT AND RAN AWAY.

WHILE the drunken Bill was talking insanely to Henry, the tall man whom Henry had passed in the hallway, finding that the little girl beside her unconscious mother was not yet so hungry that she would trust herself with him, re-entered the barroom and called for a glass of rum. He turned his back to the bar, and was raising the glass to his lips when he suddenly caught the sight of Henry. It was the act of a moment for him to put down his glass, and, bracing himself with all his strength, to strike Henry to the floor. The latter, with the elasticity of youth, soon regained his feet, and turning upon his antagonist found himself facing the pious peddler of the Pilgrim Pills, whom he had vanquished on the sands at Seabranck. Dizzy from the blow, the young man stood for a moment as if hesitating, and then turned to Bill and said, "Come, let us get away from this place."

But Bill was obstinate, and would not stir. "I've got you into this scrape," he said, "and, Jack—what's the matter? Hez the milliner papers took all the fight out of you?"

"Yes," said Henry; "the ten bruises I might give him would not be worth hurting my knuckles for."

The peddler of Pilgrim Pills had become an emigrant-runner. His long hair and beard and his shabby ministerial appearance were a source of profit to him while he was inducing wretched and innocent foreign people who were arriving in this country to patronize certain swindling hotels and shops and to buy tickets on certain lines of railway to the great West. He was also an agent in other and more wicked kinds of business, in which it not infrequently happened that poor peasant families left for the plains or the prairies, after losing their prettier daughters, who were beguiled by specious promises to seek situations in parts of the city from which they did not return. This wicked man was at home in the suffocating barroom, and his partner, "Paddy the Brick," the notorious trainer of prize-fighters, with a square, bony, pale, and pock-marked face, was playing cards at one of the tables.

When the pious pilgrim saw that Henry was not disposed to fight, he said, "You're a coward!"

"Perhaps I am," coolly replied Henry.

"No, he isn't, either," yelled Bill, "and he can lick any man in this room."

At this Paddy the Brick rose from his cards, crossed to where the words came from, and leaning his head toward one shoulder, while he wrinkled his broken nose, said, "He can, can he?" and slapped Henry's face. The room was now in full excitement. Men began to form a ring. But still Henry hesitated. At length he

mustered courage, and said to Paddy the Brick, "Sir, I came into this place to look for a fellow-workman. I have no feeling against anybody here. If Bill Jennings will go with me I will not intrude upon your pleasure or your games again. The tall man has hit me once to pay an old grudge, and I have stood it. You have slapped my face, and that gives him interest. So I hope you will let me go without any further trouble."

But the implacable pilgrim only shouted, "Paddy, he's no good ; hit him !" Nor was Paddy unwilling to humiliate a man who had only heaped coals of fire on his head by speaking reasonably and gently. He said, "You hollered that you could lick any man in the room."

"I did not say so," Henry replied.

"Oh, I'm a liar, am I ?" hissed Paddy, and again he slapped Henry's cheek. The blow was a smart one, and Henry's right fist retaliated on the ruffian's mouth. The fight at once became desperate. Paddy was not in training, and he had been somewhat dissipated, while Henry was fresh and hard from his winter's work. But he had the disadvantage of perceiving that his antagonist was a professional boxer. For a minute he was able to parry or to elude Paddy's blows ; then he received one which sent him reeling into a corner, in which he fell, and lay stunned for a few seconds. Recovering, and again facing his foe, he found that person panting. His own "wind" was good. He felt desperate, while Paddy was exulting. This time, he thought, his lessons in sparring and his agility would save him. As he advanced he heard the pilgrim say, "When you've given him enough, Paddy, I'll finish him off." This was discouraging. The two men now sparred hotly, neither hitting the other, and Henry rather forcing the fighting. One or two minutes were passed in this close,

unceasing contest, when Paddy again struck Henry, this time full in the cheek, knocking him clear off his feet, and landing him among several boxes at one end of the room. While Henry was staggering to his feet Paddy took a hasty drink at the bar, and nervously panted. Again Henry advanced, with a bruised cheek, his opponent receiving commendation, and he hearing the voice of Bill, "You're taking it like a man, Jack."

Henry was still quite fresh. His mind suddenly became cool and resolute—he had discovered his enemy's weakness. Without preliminary sparring he rushed upon Paddy and struck him a blow in the breast, which forced him back, and then followed it up with blow after blow in the same spot. In vain Paddy danced and endeavored to obtain room for the use of his arms; Henry's fists worked like the piston-rod of an engine.

The pilgrim pushed the combatants apart, and the sparring began again; but Paddy's breath came fast, and before he could reach Henry's face, a cruel, crushing blow struck him full on the temple, and he dropped to the floor like a log.

A half dozen bullies now crowded round Henry, each endeavoring to become his next antagonist. The pilgrim urged them on, himself trying to hit Henry. By this time Bill was roused, and he knocked the pilgrim's shabby silk hat down to his chin. It would have served hard with both Henry and Bill if at that moment a large man, who had been quietly sitting on a box watching the contest, had not risen and coolly begun to hurl a ponderous fist at the cowardly crowd, knocking down every man whom he struck. The pilgrim, with a broken shoulder, was soon lying on Paddy the Brick. No one of the fighters could strike the new-comer. As his blows descended they retreated, and finally they who had

not fallen bolted through the door, crying, "Cheese it ! The coppers are coming !"

"Get out of this, quick !" cried the barkeeper ; "the police are coming ! Run out of this back door, scale the fence, and you can go through an alley into the next street."

Henry, Bill, and their huge champion took the hint, and in a minute more were in the darkness of the alley. Bill, who knew the neighborhood, forced Henry toward the river ; but Henry insisted that they should return and thank their unknown friend.

"No, Jack, a man who can fight like that can take care of himself. Kate wants you. Get !"

They were now far toward the river. Henry, however, thought he heard the big man's voice calling to them. He stopped and listened. Again it came, half cheerfully, half pathetically, resounding through the night, "Good-by, Henry. Good-by."

It was the voice of old Seeren.

Once more it came faintly, as if farther away, "Good-by, Henry. I'll find you again."

February passed away with its floating ice-cakes, and the snow slowly melted from the hills under the weak sunshine of fickle March. Kate Jennings was still studying and learning. To Henry it seemed that every day she grew finer and more beautiful. To her it seemed that the nearer she came in her tastes to the new Jack the farther she was away from his heart. For refinement and books had keenly taught her that she was a social outcast. The softer her heart became, the more sensitive she was to the great wrong that she had endured. She wondered why this good-hearted young man, who was so delicate in his attentions to her, and who seemed almost to love her,

should never repent of his wrong, and repair it. She was too bashful ever to hint at such a consummation. Her intercourse with him was trustful, but was nevertheless so carefully delicate that even the captain and Bill saw that they were only half lovers. She thought that since he had in his experience in the water been shocked or enfeebled into a reformed and finer condition of mind and heart, he had acquired also a sort of pity for her, which permitted him to be her brotherly companion, but which was a barrier to any softer, closer relationship. So that she came to know him as one who had no share in her past life ; but her heart constantly went out to him with a silent love which she felt with many a pang.

On his part he found his pleasure in moulding the life of the sweet girl so great that he seldom thought of much else. When he was awake she was with him, while the captain and Bill slept ; and when her blue-and-gold curtain closed behind her at the end of the cabin, he lay down in his bunk with gratification that soothed him like opium. The fresh sea air brought no fitful dreams to his healthful sleep. True, indeed, it was that sometimes, as he looked upon Kate's beauty, he felt that the crime of Jack Martin, whom she thought he was, had deprived him of one whom he might have married ; and when at Seabranck he played with little Nelly, he could not help feeling occasionally that she was a barrier between himself and Kate. But he was not willing to surrender Kate as a sister and protégé, for she was making his life as happy as it could possibly be. He had taken the name of Jack Martin, as Jack had been buried with his name ; and to undeceive Kate would only drive her from him. In very truth, the only tie which bound her to him was her belief that he was Jack Martin, the former author of her misery and the present guardian of

her happiness. He was fond of saying to himself, I will atone for most of the sins of my predecessor, but not for all. Between them these ideas had such an effect upon their behavior that they made a sort of tacit agreement, in which marriage could not be even a dream.

One day, toward the latter part of March, he said to her, as he was reading to her from a new novel, "Kate, you sometimes act and look as if you think that I am a little crazy, a bit of a fool, or something of that kind."

She at first laughed feebly, and then looking up brightly, said, "Jack, since you were drowned, you know—"

"Yes."

"There is one thing that you do not seem to understand."

"What is that?"

"Do you know what these goods are that we bring in, and that Bill takes to somebody who gives us money for food, books, and father's gin?"

"I am not anxious to know. I thought it strange, but probably something that was none of my business."

"Why none of your business? You knew all about it before you fell into the water, last year; and if you and I were not so far apart from father and Bill, you would have understood it from them, even if the salt water did drive it out of your head."

"Yes, of course; but there are many things that I forgot when I was in that fever after the drowning, as you call it."

"Well, Jack, we are smugglers. These goods are lowered into the water, with floats, life-preservers, or whatever you choose to call them, by officers of different ships—heavily taxed fine goods from all countries—we pick them up; we do the smuggling; our New York agent pays us our share, and he also pays the

officers. We pass quarantine, where the revenue officers go aboard the ships to inspect the goods, because we are known only as fish-carriers. We have been suspected, but we have always escaped. We are criminals."

Henry looked at Kate for a moment, and then said, "Pack everything you value in that cabin. Do not let Bill or the captain see you. When we reach Seabranth this evening, get Nelly ready. I will come down to the sloop for you, and we will leave it forever. I have been boyishly, foolishly wicked, and you have been under compulsion, so that you are innocent; but after to-day, you, a frail, lovely girl, would be liable to the extreme penalty of the law. Nelly would be sent to an asylum."

"Well, Jack, if you tell me to follow you, I will go."

That evening Henry took his horse to the barn of an old farmer, and after considerable trouble purchased, for forty dollars, a small road-wagon. Hitching the horse to it, he drove back to the beach. Bill and the captain had gone to the adjoining village to carouse; and Kate, with Nelly and the trunks, was waiting on the deck of the sloop. A quarter of an hour afterward they were driving rapidly toward the north-west; and before ten o'clock they entered the village of Cedarham.

Peter McGinnis and his wife, *née* Susan Van Dopperburgh, were sitting in the store of the hotel when Henry, with Kate and Nelly, entered and asked for two rooms for the night.

Long after they had retired Peter sat with his wooden leg on a stool, his sleeved stump of an arm occasionally rising to rub his chin, and his one eye winking wisely under its bushy red brow, as he cautioned Susan never to tell the secret that he was then and there revealing to her.

In the morning Henry saw that the town was a quiet

one, and he determined to remain there. His horse and wagon were easily sold, board was bargained for at the hotel kept by Peter McGinnis, and after breakfast, leaving Kate and Nelly over a primer which the latter was studying, Henry went forth to search for work.

Cedarham was not a mere fishermen's village. It was a landing-place for a large quantity of goods from sailing craft from New York. Three large wharves stretched into the cove, and at their sides were sloops and schooners, with barrels and boxes which were to be carted inland, or with barrels and boxes which were to be carried to the great city. On the land side were storehouses, lumber-yards, and great piles of bricks.

The village itself had one large unpaved thoroughfare running inland for a mile, between stores, houses, and burly beech trees, until it became a rural highway. Along this road wagons were carrying out to country villages the goods from the city, or were bringing in the produce of the gardens, farms, and factories. The population was about five hundred. Peter McGinnis carried on a fair share of the business; for not only was his trade in small goods extensive, but his hotel patronage was the largest in that neighborhood, and he was the proprietor of a storehouse and an employer of men.

Henry avoided the wharves, where he might be recognized by sailors, and walked up the village street. His idea was to obtain a situation as teacher, and, that failing, to seek a clerkship in a village store. On a corner he saw a sign stretching over the sidewalk. On it was the name, "Cedarham Chronicle." Here was at least an opportunity for advertising. Without further speculation he entered the office, and said to a boy who was pasting a sheriff's notice on a window, "I wish to advertise for a situation."

"Step into the office," said the boy; "you will find the editor in."

The editor looked up from his work, and said coolly and calmly from out the maze of wrinkles which composed his huge face, "Good-morning. I am in need of an editor."

It was old Seeren.

Somewhere from the depths of that homely, corrugated face, with its yellow hair that fell like the mane of a viking, there beamed one wrinkle which was broader than the others, and in a moment all the countless crevices and seams lighted up with sunny smiles.

Seeing Henry's confusion, Seeren said, in order to smooth the difficulty, "You know, I, as an American, have dropped into this town and this trade. The *Chronicle* is the only paper within several miles. I have owned it since last fall, and have since made it a success. Because of its news and good-humor the people tolerate my occasional article on the Philosophy of Yellow. Unfortunately for my theory, so much snow has fallen that everything has been white all winter. But I have told them that very soon the yellow rays of the sun will bring the yellow-green grass, and will be warming the yellow buds and chicks. I have a great deal of outside business to do, for I send hay to New York, where I got into a fight not long ago; and I am the justice of the peace. So that I need an editor to whom I can be a sort of assistant. Your name—I forget."

"John—rather, Jack Martin," said Henry, who had regained his self-possession. Still he hesitated. But Seeren continued: "You see, there was a young man who was drowned off this coast. He once did a favor for Peter McGinnis, the hotel-keeper, who found his body, and sent it to his friends. He was buried, and on

his tombstone is the name *Henry Wilmore*. I knew him, and came down here to live. That is how I got this paper. I knock around as a reporter. I need an editor, and you can have the place at half the profits, Mr. Martin ; and *you can trust Peter McGinnis and me.*"

The next day Henry, as Mr. John Martin, became editor of the *Cedarham Chronicle*, and with Kate and Nelly took board at the hotel of Peter McGinnis.

The new life was a very pleasant one for all concerned in it. Henry made the columns of the *Chronicle* interesting with news of the outside world, while Seeren—or Judge Seeren, as he was usually called—reported news from the adjoining villages, gave columns about shipping and manufacturing, and among his social items gossiped with the people. It was at one time even whispered that he could be nominated for the Legislature. But he was content with his life ; he saw the good influence that Henry had with Kate, and he watched Nelly at her play. If signs of sorrow ever crossed the wrinkles of his face, it was when he was alone under the cedars, where he sometimes sought rest from the crowd. He was happy, because no breath of scandal ever touched Henry and Kate. His department of the *Chronicle* would sometimes on a Saturday morning contain such paragraphs as these :

The Rev. Montcalm Van Valkingham will preach to-morrow on Marriage, for which he is greatly responsible in this loving village.

Dentist Fitzjoy, like a good farmer, dutifully attends to his achers.

Spring is coming, and every beech will be cheerful. This is not from London *Punch* nor from Peter McGinnis's punch.

B. W. Post & Co. have an invoice of long-fingered bananas. As they are the *yellow* kind, they are good.

Green peas are in town. Have peas with your hashes.

A young lady coming out of St. Paul's Church said that when she saw a young gentleman looking at her she trembled like a deer. His was the palpitation of the hart.

On one of Dolby's new assortment of clotheslines you might hang a lady's handkerchief or a murderer.

The man who obtains an extension of credit at Lane's bank is like a choir-singer who wishes to go one note higher.

Druggist McComb's soda-water is sweet and frothy, like a politician's speech, but much more temperate.

A boy who is whipped by his stepmother is a second-hand boy, like a second-hand dinner, for he gets warmed over.

Tobacconist Burge has a new wooden Indian for a cigar sign. If you ask him a question he will answer you as readily as a travelling Englishman.

If our reporter were on his sick-bed, he would rather have a one-hundred-dollar physician from New York than to be promised a two-hundred-dollar gravestone.

In heaven the streets are paved with gold almost as fine as the gold the servant girls say that the roads of Ireland are paved with.

Kings cannot always cure revolution. In hanging a revolutionist they do not kill his unborn grandchild.

When we walk down Main Street in the evening we often wonder whether, when the moon was inhabited, the lovers up there used to walk out by earth-light.

These rude and reckless paragraphs of Seeren's pleased those many readers who found that a whiff from a cigarette causes less headache than the smoking of a *strong* cigar. When Seeren had been called "Judge"

an unusual number of times in a day, he would sometimes ask himself whether making people smile for a moment over a pun or a real joke was not, after all, better than making them sick over a turgid exposition of his philosophy of Yellow. Then he would smile, and say, "You can catch more salmon with a fly than with a club."

CHAPTER XVII.

SEPARATED.

PETER MCGINNIS had lost his leg at the great fire in Manchester, and his eye and his arm through the carelessness of his wife, Susan, in their Manchester store and saloon. The humiliation which had driven Peter in despair from Manchester had been somewhat succeeded by elation under the salutary influence of money-making in Cedarham. He was rapidly growing in wealth. Although Henry had forgotten that he had performed the marriage ceremony for Peter and Susan in Manchester, they remembered him; and as he was a good boarder they asked him no questions about Kate, with whom his relations were openly innocent. His room was at the office, and he only ate at the same private table with Kate and Nelly. "The Jenningses and Martins," as Susan called them, were very quiet people, and if any inquisitive person in the presence of Susan or Peter tried to penetrate that mysteriousness which obscures the private life of a "newspaper man," that person was coolly informed that Mrs. Jennings was

a young widow with a child ; that Mr. Martin was her half-brother, and that Judge Seeren was an uncle, or something, of one or the other.

Henry was frequently alone in the office and on the beach, and he had time for thinking about his future and Kate's. He was now a man in age, and he began to speculate concerning her state of mind. Seeren's tacit indorsement of his actions toward her encouraged him in enjoying the pleasant life that he was leading. He was a kinder Jack than her old lover had been, but he knew that she must think it strange that he did not ask her in marriage. Or did she think that his experience in the water had driven all knowledge of his wrong-doing from his mind ? Yet, if she thought so, how did she explain to herself why he did not make honorable love to her ? Every day he was perplexed by the idea that their relationship was an unusual and unnatural one.

Yet he was happy. He rented a large lot near the hotel and laid it out as a garden. In a great walnut-tree in one corner he built a little summer-house, with seats, and from it one could look at the sea. Therein Kate sat sewing or reading, while Nelly was busy with Henry planting seeds. Floricultural catalogues were busily read for the names of the best kinds of plants. It was a healthful, happy life they led on their "plantation," as they called it, and people who passed lingered by the fence, and gave Henry advice, and coaxed Nelly, and went away feeling that their new neighbors were far from being dangerous persons, notwithstanding that there was always something suspicious in book-farming.

While Henry was raking he had time for thinking that he had no real right to be with Kate without being her husband. But there was the pretty, vivacious little

Nelly. With her his thoughts and plans ended. She was both an angel and a *bête-noir*.

One evening on the beach the child looked up at Henry and said, "Jack, are you mamma's husband?"

Kate turned pale, and Henry faintly answered, "No."

"Do you love her?"

"Yes; of course I do."

"Then why don't you marry her?"

"Because—she wouldn't marry me."

Kate would have run away if she could, but her feet refused to move. Something, however, came struggling to her faint heart to warm it with courage, for she thought that the climax had been reached.

The child persisted, and said, "Mamma, you will marry Jack, won't you?"

For a moment Kate's lips trembled, and then she softly said, "He hasn't asked me, darling."

"But he shall ask you. Here, Jack, you ask mamma to marry you; here, mamma, you say yes."

Tears filled Kate's eyes, and Henry, as pale as snow, said, "People do not say things like that before little girls."

"But you're my papa, Jack, ain't you? Isn't he, mamma?"

There was no answer. Henry and Kate were speechless.

"And you will only stand here then?" said a querulous voice. It was that of Mrs. McGinnis, who, with her bonnet hanging on the back of her neck, appeared on the beach. In her home dialect, Mrs. Susan McGinnis, bracing herself for the occasion, added, "Only then of teeth, yet."

Henry, glad of this opportunity to escape from the

questionings of the little witch Nelly, asked Mrs. McGinnis what might be her reason for seeking him.

"I ran then early down here," said Mrs. McGinnis, her lantern jaws trembling with emotion, "to tell you once, now, what's of Peter. He is but just angry to me, though. He is into bed; for when I went up the mountains, but, for apple-whiskey to father's last month, then, mother easy said that calamus tea was only strengthening for Peter's eye. So I got it for him by the druggist's, but I must, yet, have asked for calomel. But giving him this tea was only not right. All the time sicker he takes the tea, and this afternoon I went to the doctor's, and he said but it was not calamus but calomel, yet. The teeth of Peter's all have come out with the salvation."

When the party reached the hotel it was indeed found that from a great use of calomel Peter had lost his teeth. And there he lay with his one eye winking at the sunlight, his one hand clinched in despair, and his wooden leg lying helpless on the couch. His homeliness was pitifully increased by the sunken lips.

After a few weeks he again appeared in his store, but he was sensitive concerning this added defect of toothlessness to his misfortunes. It was noticed, however, that he never spoke angrily to Susan, of whose habit of officiously doing the wrong thing he seemed to be afraid. Even when she fell up or down stairs, or drew vinegar into a molasses jug, he did not shrug his unshapely shoulders. But he was very busy, and, as if he were hopeless, he sold his interests in the various kinds of outside business in which he was engaged. One morning he drove to Newark, and when he returned he had given a large mortgage on his hotel and goods, and had deposited with the Cedarham broker a considerable sum of

money in the name of Mrs. Susan McGinnis. The next morning he disappeared, leaving his wife fairly well provided for, and Cedarham knew him no more forever.

For a few days there was excitement in Cedarham ; but Susan departed for Manchester, where she opened a store devoted to bonnets, dressmaking, and scandal.

If she sorrowed for the absence of Peter, she gave no outward exhibition of her grief ; and any humiliation that a woman may feel when she is forsaken by a man was not experienced by Susan, whose good, unpoetical sense assured her that the world could never say that any other woman had coaxed Peter away. She had money and custom, and a half-romantic idea that she was all the more interesting because she was forsaken. Indeed, as years rolled on and the apprentice girls and confiding customers sat beside her in the back room of her Manchester shop, she would, while attaching a bow to a bonnet, relate how Peter McGinnis, the man who abandoned her, had only one leg, only one arm, and only one eye ; and that at last he had no teeth. It seemed to her that she had not been the victim of an ordinary man. She was fond of saying that even if Peter had been "hull" he would have been as mean a looking man as could be "scared up."

One day, just after Peter disappeared, Judge Seeren, with sunlight on every wrinkle of his yellow face, entered the office of the *Chronicle*, and as Henry cheerfully rose from his work, he said, "Mr. Martin, now that Peter has gone, and the old hotel arrangements are not such as they once were, perhaps you will listen to an old man's advice. There is a very nice school at New Cranberry for little girls, and I know the teachers and owners to be very fine people. I could introduce my ward, Miss Nelly Jennings, and she would receive

good care and education. At the same time, there is at Newark a very nice seminary where a grown lady of twenty could have a real comfortable home, and could finish her education. The businesses are getting along swimmingly, and if you will just divide the whole profits into three parts—one for you, one for Miss Jennings, and one for me—why, to be sure, I'll take care of little Nelly and me out of my part."

The gnarled face reflected a thousand gleams of delight as he said this, and then there fell on its yellow ridges and creases the color of a brick. Seeren had blushed. His big hands sought his leonine mane, and he bashfully turned toward the window and pretended that he was coolly and carelessly trying to catch a fly. But the hand was as big as the pane of glass, and he felt that he might be misunderstood.

"To tell you the truth," said he, "the people have begun to pump little Nelly, and I have made arrangements for the whole affair. The paper is out this morning. Here is an invitation for you to sail up to New York with Captain Phillips on the schooner Dawn, and when you come back on Tuesday everything will be settled."

Henry looked up into old Seeren's face, and said, "But—this affair is my business. What shall I have left?"

"In the first place, I do not understand how it is your business especially—and you have got—*me*!"

The giant broke into a howl of laughter like the roar of a lion in a forest; it shook the desks, and almost made the posters flutter on the walls.

"Mr. Martin," said he, "you are bigger intellectually than I am; but I say, Go! If no other argument will please you, let me say that both Kate and Nelly have

already gone. Bill Jennings was in this town last night, and Bill is Kate's own brother. I want you to go to New York to avoid him. There will be great trouble if you do not go, and I know what I am talking about."

That evening Henry sat in a New York theatre, on whose stage a tragedy was represented; but he saw and heard little of it, for his thoughts were with Kate and her little girl. It seemed to him as if he were in a nightmare, and that he was waiting for some one to waken him.

When he returned to Cedarham on Tuesday the town appeared deserted, although only two persons had left it. Old Seeren was coolly at work. Henry, who was too brave and proud to acknowledge his grief, followed Seeren's example.

A few days elapsed before Kate wrote to Henry. Her letter was such as a lady would write to a half-forgotten old schoolmate. No message of love or of intense friendship warmed its sedate pages. His reply was frank and friendly.

Seeren, remembering that he had once been a laborer on the farm in the Highlands, and feeling that Henry was every way his superior, did not intrude upon his privacy. He endeavored to act so that Henry might not feel that he was under obligations to him. But Henry felt keenly that he owed his bread and his happiness to the kind old man whom he had learned to love, but with whom he always had great restraint, and even awkwardness. Retreat from Cedarham would have severed all connection with Kate. So, in order to drive away any enervating and perplexing desires to be with her, as well as to avoid any thoughts of his past life with Margie, he renewed his studies with ardor, and before the close of the following winter he had the satisfaction of reading

in an English magazine an article from his own pen on "Sudden Thoughts," and of seeing it referred to in the New York *Trumpet* as a fresh and sparkling piece of semi-philosophical work. This was followed by articles in American reviews on "Puritan Civilization," "Peacock Politics," "Free Banking," and "Commerce in War." He had seemingly forgotten the poets, and his pen, no longer like the bill of a humming-bird hunting among the flowers for sweets, was strong and masculine, so that journals which reviewed his productions ascribed them to a famous publicist of New England who had represented the United States at a foreign court.

Seeren thought it inadvisable for Henry to tempt the criticism of the seminary authorities by calling upon Kate, or to cause any further speculations in Nelly's mind by venturing to the school wherein that growing miss was a pupil. Henry and Kate continued a somewhat unsatisfactory correspondence, in which each found temperature in the other's coolness. Kate, however, had a means of expressing her love for Henry by writing enthusiastically to Nelly of the boundless virtues and exceeding goodness of "your Uncle Jack."

Three years passed in this way. Seeren refused permission for a meeting. To Kate at the seminary he said, "Jack is a grave and practical man ; as strong as ever ; jumps a five-barred fence ; plays the guitar on the beach by moonlight ; writes learned articles on all subjects but the Philosophy of Yellow ; seldom speaks to a lady who is not old enough to be his grandmother ; and is not only handsomer than ever, but he wears a dark-auburn mustache that flies out on the ends like spray under a beacon-light."

Kate laughed and kissed the old man, to his great sur-

prise and consternation, and when he was gone she went to bed and cried herself sick.

To Nelly the old man said, "Your Uncle Jack is sad because he cannot see his little Nelly. He sent you this big doll, and is glad because you can play on the piano and do sums in multiplication. Your mamma lives in Newark, and is the prettiest lady you ever saw."

The little girl clapped her hands, played a little piece for Seeren, who wept over it, and after he left she said to the big doll, "Do little girls most seven have mammas and uncles, and no papas?"

When the old man had returned from one of his visits, he said to Henry, "Nelly is a sweet but very practical child; and like the lively birds, she sings, but doesn't tell the name of her song. She isn't what the world calls full of the old Harry, but she is deliciously cheerful. There is a great deal of heart in her laughter, and a great deal of soul in her kisses. She is as beautiful as she is spirited. There is no pout on her lips in all the day long. She sent a kiss to you, but I unfortunately wiped it off, and the flowers all around tried to catch it. She is everywhere—in fact, is a very prevalent maiden. Now, don't think that she is wild or fantastical. You know the sunlight that dances and sparkles is the best. Her face is the color of a pale pink rosebud, and her hair is neither brown nor white—it's the color of sheet-lightning. You needn't look so queer! Oh! excuse me; it is Miss Kate you wish to hear about. Well, she is thinner, frailer, paler. She seems happy, but tired. Perhaps she studies too hard, and that makes her more beautiful. She is a little more cool in her politeness. I felt that I, a great clownish boor, who can hardly spell correctly, and who have only just learned not to eat with my knife, had no right in the presence of such a fine,

delicate lady. She was a little nunnish in manner, and she wore soft white, with black trimming. She seemed to be very thoughtful, and was like a queen. The principal said that she sits up half the night studying her books, that she is the best pianist in the seminary, and that she is very distant with the girls. She refused to have any one of them occupy the same room or bed with her. She nurses the servants when they are sick. She raises flowers for the poor. She goes down to the house of a seamstress and helps her to make shirts. Yet the principal showed me a picture that she had painted, only a broken twig, with a tiny fragment of a last year's nest made of hair like yours. While wondering that she should be able to do it, my forehead was all in a perspiration, and I was so scared in pulling out my old red bandana handkerchief that I nearly dropped the picture you sent—"

"I sent?" exclaimed Henry.

"No, no—I mean, I took—oh, hang it! I had—you know—oh! if the Lord would only inspire me with a beautiful lie. I took her your picture in a locket, that's all; and thinking she might consider it presumptuous for a mean old codger of a wood-sawyer like me to give it to a fine, delicate, proud lady like her, I just told her you sent it. She got me to pick up a book while she kissed it; and if that's lying, Mr. Martin, I hope I may die if ever I tell the truth again."

Seeren rushed out of the office, and in five minutes was leaning against a fence, while he turned one end of a jumping-rope in the midst of a dozen laughing little girls.

Henry bit his lips, paced the room for a few moments, showed signs of despair on his face, and then, throwing himself into a chair, was soon engaged on his article for

the *Republic Review* on "The Influence of Rivers in Legislation."

And three years more of such life passed for Henry and Seeren in the town of Cedarham.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUNLIGHT AND GASLIGHT.

THE cheerful sun of a May morning was shining through the windows of the *Chronicle* office, and Henry and Seeren, in separate rooms, were at work, when a man suddenly entered the one in which Seeren was engaged. It was Bill Jennings. He said, "You are a justice; I want to take out a warrant for the arrest of Jack Martin, who is in this town, and who abducted my sister and niece. I intend to find them. We've got more right to them than anybody else."

Seeren replied, "Certainly: as soon as you have made your affidavit."

Then the old man wrote hastily on a bit of paper, and entering Henry's room quietly dropped it on his desk, continuing, "I will get the blank ready in a few moments, and look for the constable. Please step over to the hotel."

Bill followed him.

Henry read, "The Wave will sail in half an hour. Do not quarrel with this man; but go to New York and wait until you hear from me. I will address you at the law office of Robert G. Manning, Wall Street."

He obeyed the instructions. On the day after Mr. Manning's chief clerk handed him a letter :

"DEAR MR. MARTIN : I have bluffed him. The constable is unable to find you. Inclosed please find a check for a hundred dollars, part of your share. At present you must remain in New York. Jennings makes severer threats ; but I cannot discover his meaning. I have asked Mr. Manning to assist you. I have known him only a short time. He is a very hard man at the bar, but they tell me that he is a different man outside of business. The girls are safe.

"Yours, respectfully,

"SEEREN, *Justice.*"

When Mr. Manning entered the office, Henry found him to be a tall, thin man, with a severe, dark face and white hair.

"I have little time to spare," he said sharply to Henry ; "but if you choose to do some work for me I will pay you. Take these papers up to No. 33 Garden Square, and, following the numbers of the various memoranda, write them into copy shape for the press. This note to my servant will admit you to my library. I will be there at six."

As he went out he said to a clerk, "If Mr. Gerack comes in, tell him that I am arguing his case in court."

The clerks breathed a sigh of relief when his dark, thin face, white hair, and shiny spectacles had disappeared.

When Henry reached the lawyer's elegant library in the mansion on Garden Square, he unrolled the memoranda and found that they contained a strong argument against an essay in the *Republic Review* on "Climate

and Crimes," which had been written by Henry himself. He began the work, and at six o'clock had carefully arranged several pages of manuscript when Mr. Manning entered.

What a different man ! The hard mouth was brightened with a smile ; the eyes were lighted ; the step was youthful and elastic.

"Put away that work !" he shouted. "Away with it !"

Henry mechanically obeyed.

"You will dine with me," said Mr. Manning. "I am dying for a fresh face and a fresh idea. Do you want to make fifty dollars ? Well, tell me who wrote those articles in the *Review*."

Henry was mute for a moment, and then, somewhat stung by the arguments against himself which he had been copying, he quietly said, "I did."

"The deuce you did ! Well, you don't leave me for a while, I reckon."

The dinner was sumptuously served ; but only the two sat down to it.

"I am all alone in life," said Mr. Manning. "Men of my complexion do not have white hair, even when they are old, without great cause, and I am less than fifty."

During the dinner Mr. Manning raised his glass of wine, and said, "Here's to the downfall of sour old Bob Manning, the lawyer."

Henry looked at him in alarm.

"Ho ! ho ! my bonny, auburn-haired youth, I am not cursing myself, but that other curmudgeon, old Bob Manning, the lawyer, whom I leave, sour and hard, down-town. Why, you silken-mustached masher with blue-crockery eyes, I am now Old Man. This terrapin

is fit for a king. To the winds with old Bob Manning, the legal nutmeg-grater, and his precedents and sur-rebuttals !”

And he sipped the wine. He continued, “ The Old Man’s going to teach this young colt from the red sands of Jersey how to be happy to-night. For, to-morrow, old Bob Manning will be pounding on the green baize table, with operose old Chitty before him ; and his luncheon will be a plain sandwich and a sour lemonade.”

The manner of the man was so hilarious and humorous that Henry laughed heartily.

They sat long at dinner, Henry finding a new pleasure in the delicious food and wine, and in the company of the whimsical and humorous old lawyer. And when they sat with their cigars, and the smoke mingled across the table, Mr. Manning told story after story that would not have offended a lady’s ears, and he was so innocent and boyish, and his manner was at times so delicate and pathetic, that Henry frequently found tears cautioning his smiles. The delightful garrulity of the lawyer prevented Henry from feeling embarrassment in not telling anything about his own life.

When they went into the library, Mr. Manning danced two or three steps of an old-time minuet, and said, “ Now you sit down in that easy-chair. I am going to take you as my first mate. When old Forrest comes to town he gives me Richelieu up here, and sometimes he draws his sacred circle right where you stand ; and Prince John Van Buren has told stories from that very chair. I’m a bit musical, you know. I play a little on the violin, and can thump a piano. When I was coming home to-night I heard a ragman on the streets crying up at the windows of the houses. When I first heard him I was fresh from a tough case in court, and his words

grated on my ears ; but I soon got into a better humor, and it almost seemed as if the poor chap had some music in his madness."

Mr. Manning sat down at the piano, and skimming his fingers over the keys, said, " Now it runs in my head that this is something like the ragman's song : "

ANY OLD RAGS TO-DAY.

Moderato.

1. A sick man lay on his wea - ry bed,

Watching the sun-shine's danc - ing ray, He shud - dered to hear the

rag - man's bells, the ang - ling bells, the wrang - ling bells, And

marcato.

shiv-ered to hear the rag-man's yells, Of a - ny old rags!

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, with a melody that starts on a half note G4 and moves through various eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

A - ny old rags or a - ny old bot - tles to - day.

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the right hand.

CHORUS.

A - ny old rags, a - ny old rags or a - ny old bot-tles to -

This system contains the first two staves of the chorus. The vocal line begins with a half note G4. The piano accompaniment starts with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) in the left hand.

day.

This system contains the final two staves. The vocal line concludes with a half note G4. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings of *f* (forte) in the right hand and *p* (piano) in the left hand.

A lady wrapped in sable furs
Was sitting within a red-plumed sleigh ;
She was listening to her silvery bells ;
But banging bells, and clanging bells,
Mingled with mad'ning ragman's yells
Of, Any old rags ! Any old rags !
Any old rags to-day !

CHORUS.

A blue-eyed child in a tattered gown
Was sobbing because it had lost its way ;
But it dried its tears when it heard those bells,
The swinging bells, the ringing bells ;
When its father's voice uprose in swells
Of, Any old rags ! Any old rags !
Any old rags to-day !

CHORUS.

[NOTE.—Mr. S. B. Mills, the eminent pianist, whom the author used to meet at Mr. Manning's house, remembers the song ; and his skilful pencil has jotted down the notes.]

After that Mr. Manning proposed a walk, and the two wandered over into the Square, and as they felt the soothing influence of the sweet spring air they talked about the latest discoveries in science, the newest political events abroad, and human beings both special and general. Before they returned to the house it was decided that Henry should enter Mr. Manning's office as a student and clerk, and that they should live together.

In the morning Henry's breakfast was brought to his room—a simple meal of eggs, toast, and milk, with a plenty of fresh fruit. A note on the tray in a great sprawling hand told him to report at Mr. Manning's office at nine. There he found the clerks busy and scared, while Mr. Manning, with his stern, hard mouth set firmly, was up to his ears in books and papers. As Henry came in, he said coolly, " My managing clerk

will give you the proper books to study and the proper papers to copy. Your salary is a thousand a year. When you go to the house at four, tear up those memoranda. You should amuse yourself in your own way until dinner-time. I have nothing to do with you here after four o'clock. You will make a good lawyer."

Henry found the work and the study to be very congenial to him, although the managing clerk was almost as stern as the master. At four o'clock Henry went to the house, tore up the manuscript, and walked until six, when, on returning, the servant told him that the Old Man was waiting impatiently for him.

"Hello, Jack!" said Mr. Manning. "I'm as hungry as a shark."

That evening Mr. Manning took Henry to a bowling-alley, where they rolled games of ten-pins until eleven o'clock. The next day the office duties were resumed, and the next night the two went to the opera.

Seeren was informed of the new arrangement, and he wrote back, saying that although he was lonely, he could hardly be unhappy when his young friend was "so well fixed."

When Henry sorrowfully spoke of the matter to Mr. Manning, the latter replied, "Why, Jack, we'll have the old man up here once a week."

And, indeed, every Saturday evening found Seeren sitting at Mr. Manning's table, and afterward enjoying a play or a minstrel performance. It was then that he told Henry about Kate and Nelly; but he was calm and cool in his descriptions of their school lives, and he did not indulge in any enthusiastic expressions which might have roused the latent ardor of that impressionable young man. For Seeren knew that Kate was deceived in regard to Henry's personality; and it was not hard

for him to fancy what was the obstacle to his seeking a union with her. The good old man's desire to provide handsomely for Kate and her daughter was the cause of his activity in business in Cedarham, which was becoming a village of considerable commercial importance as well as a popular seaside resort. In the innocent generosity of his heart, he hoped that luxury might assuage Kate's grief.

Pleasure was not the only object of Mr. Manning's evening hours. His law business frequently detained both him and Henry at their Wall Street office far into the night ; for he was a hard and conscientious student for his cases, and it was his duty and pride to teach the young man those habits of industry by which he himself had risen to wealth and importance at the bar. The fundamental principles of the law and their history, which Henry, in the preparation of his articles for the reviews, had been compelled to study during the years at Cedarham, had furnished a broad foundation for his new profession, and he quickly mastered the practical rules of pleading, of evidence, and of statute-books.

In the life of a man whose days and nights are busily employed, and who passes quickly from one scene of activity to another, in the presence of many bustling people in a great city, there are not many hours for revery. Even in the dramas which turn our eyes and ears away from the commonplace, the orchestras, like the cheering bands returning from a soldier's grave, forbid tears between the acts. The gentlest maiden who is almost heart-broken when she witnesses the death of the handsome hero in the tragedy, brushes the moisture from her lashes, and joins in the laughter and conversation, as the lights flash up, and her heart beats time with the cheering waltz. It seems that in the great city a

man of business and of pleasure is never alone. The rattle of the carriage that takes people home from the theatre breaks in upon those drowsy musings which come with the first closing of the eyes, and if wakefulness tempts memory into the past, the pattering footsteps of whistling drunkards and the clatter of early milk-cans intrude upon our privacy and call our thoughts out into the busy streets.

Henry Wilmore had never learned to think long about painful subjects. He had been twenty years old before real sorrow had touched his heart ; and then, not willing that it should fasten upon his mind, he had madly fled from it to find occupation and solace in the congenial society of Kate Jennings. In Cedarham he had worked hard and slept soundly, thinking of the awkwardness of his life only when he was alone. Now, in New York, he was busy all day, and was seldom alone in the evening, and when he walked homeward up Broadway, and saw in the bustling crowd some fair face that brought a flashing thought of Margie, he sought to forget it immediately, as something which could bring no gratification. There are men, unlike Henry Wilmore, who love to dwell upon their losses ; they seldom understand the man whose mind refuses to mourn for spilled milk. Henry, in his awakening into a practical life which claimed his intense attention, was content to let the dead past bury its dead. Besides, the very weight of a great sorrow sometimes speedily destroys all its pain. When he had fled from Manchester he had left his sentiment behind him. If his mind was not filled with pretty poetical fancies and treacherous soothing theories, he nevertheless performed thousands of kind, gracious, and noble acts toward his fellow-men. The softness left his face, but he acquired a manliness of feature which the

shadows of his native woods had not known. There was less "velvet" in his voice, but his laughter was rich and hearty, as it rose above the sough of the surf at Newport. A keen sense of humor had taken the place of gentle melancholy. If he saw fewer birds and flowers to tempt him to sweet, unproductive dreams, he had fewer moments for dreaming. He no longer trusted people as he had trusted them in the Hudson Highlands, nor did he nervously distrust them as he had in disheartening Manchester; but he loved mankind the more. It was not necessary that he should grow coarse because he had grown practical. He was more lovable than he had ever been before. He had almost forgotten himself. The eagle never thinks that he is the king of birds, but he does not limit his soaring.

Once in a while there came to Henry's mind the idea that he could understand Margie better now; but it was with an almost unthought-of liking that was not akin to love. Possibly, in such moments, he had a faint feeling that he wished her great happiness in life; but he had no regrets, for he never permitted himself to dwell upon the subject. No doubt it would have pleased him if some magician had revealed her to him in her happiness. Magicians, however, did not come to his sunlight and gaslight. There was really little room for Margie in a heart that had learned to care deeply, though not with the greatest depth of love, for the smuggler's daughter. The beautiful and witty women of society never effaced the image in his mind of the forlorn girl who knew him as the old Jack Martin.

Two years after his entrance into the office in Wall Street there appeared a small sign on the directory-board in the vestibule of the Ten Broeck Building, and it bore the words, "Manning & Martin."

As Mr. Manning had predicted, Henry became a good lawyer. He who in the seminary had given days and nights to deep metaphysical studies, developed a strong liking for abstruse principles of law. His former ability in chopping theological straws, which had gained for him the appreciation of the professors, was of utmost service to him in the preparation of his cases. Occasionally at the bar he illustrated his argument in a manner which was almost poetical ; but he checked himself, notwithstanding that Mr. Manning and other eminent men advised him that he might become an orator in cases which would give him popular applause. They were politely referred to the example of the author of " Nothing to Wear." But his early reading had its influence upon his language ; it saved him from dulness, and, in spite of his reiterated resolutions, he gained the attention of juries by illustrations of like character with those which had won the early confidence of his Manchester congregation. Once, in a case in equity which involved a consideration of honesty of intention, he blushed as with almost involuntary eloquence he concluded his address with the words, " Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

CHAPTER XIX.

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE.

At the age of thirty-four, Henry Wilmore, still known in business and to the men about town in New York as " Jack" Martin, of the law firm of Manning &

Martin, was a practical man of the world, who mingled his cigar-smoke and political gossip in fashionable hotel lobbies, played a tolerable game of whist at the Fig-and-Thistle Club, drank brandy-and-soda at Delmonico's, and told a good story with Ned Sothern or Billy Florence, when of an evening those actors had put aside the garments of the stage; and in the summer season at Newport he drove a pair of bays that tested all the strength of their polite owner to prevent them from passing the famous horses of the French Minister. The special line of law business to which the firm of Manning & Martin was devoted furnished a good income, and left enough leisure for the pleasures of life.

Henry gave much time to the society of men who were engaged in art and literature. They also knew him as "Jack" Martin. The hanging committee of the Gilt and Glamour Society numbered him among its members. He was a sensible lover of pictures, and he spent two of his summer vacations with a club of artists who studied the white sands and the blue waves on the Long Island shore, while they bitterly criticised one another's style, and drank brown beer from the same jug.

Heavy and influential political articles which appeared in the *St. Gothard Review* over the signature of "J. M." were from Henry's pen, and he had once or twice contributed to the *Monthly Mimulus* a few verses, which, however, did not encourage him to keep his harp in tune. Opera managers knew him as so frequent an attendant at their places of amusement that one of the aisle chairs at the Academy was called "the Martin seat." And I am not sure that on an evening after a concert at Steinway Hall I have not seen him sitting at a German restaurant round-table, with a merry crowd of popular singers and performers of both sexes, who had

descended from the clouds to eat Sweitzer kase and drink Erlanger beer. It was seldom that any Manchester person crossed his path ; he had one night noticed Sands, who was sharply watching him over a devilled crab at Stetson's ; and another time at Jerome Park, when Henry was betting on Clubfoot for the two miles, he saw Deacon Lundy choosing the field.

In being Jack Martin, Henry was playing no part. The life was his own, and was an easy, enjoyable one, without consciousness of much sin in it, and he did not feel under great obligations to know the people who believed that they had buried him in the little graveyard at Glendale. Once in the year he visited the Highlands, and saw his sister at a safe distance, bringing away with him a bouquet from the grave which she kept bright with beautiful flowers. Every Christmas morning Mrs. Davis was surprised at receiving by the express a trunkful of costly presents ; and she drove about the country in a little phaeton, and behind a chubby horse, which she had found one morning coolly pawing the earth at her gateway, while its brown side was adorned with a small placard, which announced that "the rig" was a present to Mrs. Davis from an old friend.

In most of Henry's life Mr. Manning was his companion. They both took rather sensible views of other people's conduct, and beyond their law-office did not permit other people greatly to interfere with their own pleasures. The old man was a strong, enthusiastic opponent at ten-pins and billiards ; at Narragansett he was an authority concerning baked clams ; at the theatre his tears flowed without restraint when the pale, starved heroine of the play was in danger of her life or her honor ; and he was heard on one occasion to remark in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel that if it were

not for leaving Jack he would accept a nomination as American Minister to the Court at Madrid. The old room, called "the quarter-deck of the Pirate King," still heard the old man's voice in song, and the tones of his piano and violin. There were good, companionable men who had become so used to his queer humor that they seemed to have forgotten that outside of his office he was eccentric. In regard to the mystery of their lives, he and Henry never exchanged confidence nor displayed curiosity. It was not a matter of surprise to Mr. Manning that a man who loved literature as Henry did should not be devoted to a church, while he daily read the religious works of Frederick William Robertson, John Henry Newman, and William Ellery Channing. For Henry read almost as many treatises and sermons by great divines as books concerning political affairs or commercial law.

Old Seeren still lived at Cedarham, and he still owned the *Chronicle*. Young and active men now performed his reportorial work, while Henry found time to aid him in writing the editorial articles. All the profits of the paper were devoted to the support and comfort of Kate and Nelly Jennings; for Judge Seeren, who had for several years represented his county in the State Senate, had, at a time when Cedarham was about to spring into the importance of a popular seaside resort, organized a company which purchased lands, erected a hotel, started a line of steamboats, and built a branch railroad, and he was one of the wealthiest as well as one of the most popular men in Eastern New Jersey. Every week he visited New York, and on a Saturday night his huge form and yellow, wrinkled face might have been seen in a box at the theatre, as he sat (wearing monstrous yellow kid gloves and a yellow vest) between Mr. Manning and

Henry. When the people in the theatre stared into the box, he would say, "Bob Manning, you must not flatter yourself that they are gazing at your sheepskin face and cotton hair; and, Jack, let not your vanity deceive you into believing that they are looking at your brown mustache and old-china eyes. They are captivated by the dimples in my yellow wrinkles, which remind them of the holes in a cane-back chair."

Then between acts, while Mr. Manning was smoking in the lobby, Seeren would say, "Jack, unless you intend to marry Kate Jennings, there is no earthly use for you to ask to see her. I am sure that, on any other conditions, she ought not to, and will not, meet you. She is past thirty now, and is content to remain where she is. Her last picture, 'Fishermen's Lights,' has been purchased for the Bolingbroke Gallery, and her new effort, 'Driftwood,' is engaged at eight hundred dollars. She says that she will soon be able to support herself and Nelly handsomely without the aid of the *Chronicle*. When she becomes rich she is going to distribute books among the fishermen's daughters. Old Jennings and Bill are still smuggling, and seem to have forgotten us all."

During all these years there was an affectionate correspondence going on between Kate and Henry. They wrote to each other with that degree of familiarity which is employed by people who are separated by state lines—a familiarity which becomes polite and delightful audacity in correspondents between whom there is a wide ocean. To Henry it seemed as if Kate wrote from the grave; for, although he had forgotten much of his early love for the poets who had made his cheeks tingle and his heart burn, her innocent enthusiasm about Shelley and Coleridge and Wordsworth, as she wrote to him six

times in the year, resurrected dead delights for him, and revived pleasant ideas, which he had neglected because he had felt half ashamed to borrow the time for them. The language that Kate used in her letters, although in the most simple style, showed that the process of refinement had carried her somewhat beyond the average woman of culture. Her paintings, which had received great praise from the frequenters of the Academy, and which had already created for themselves their little enthusiastic coterie of worshippers at exhibition time, roused in Henry much bygone sentiment. He was on a hundred different occasions ready to send to this delicate artist, whose genius was the admiration of the galleries, an offer of marriage; but the image of the dead freebooter, Jack Martin, always stood in his way. He had just a tithe of Philistine pride when he remembered that he had rescued her from degradation; but he was honest enough to acknowledge to himself, as he would have said to the wide world, that when he planted the seed in simplest faith, he had no expectation that it would grow to be a great tree. Yet he who was known as Jack Martin was, in regard to Kate Jennings, afraid of his own namesake—afraid of his own chosen shadow. If he could have seen Kate Jennings, frail and white, and clad in gray or black, the golden hair fluttering over her pale forehead, he would hardly have known her. The thin white fingers that held the fine brush did not seem to be those that had once strongly grasped the wheel in a storm. Here was a woman who was winning fame which she was too modest to understand. She was simply doing work that pleased her because it was sometimes a solace of sorrow, and because it brought money for the aid of poor women who earned less with their needles. But she was really dying of love for a man

whom she regarded as the noblest of human beings, notwithstanding that he could not marry her because once, when he was unrefined, he had done her a great wrong.

Seeren understood it all, but he wisely did not interfere. Not that the good old man did not have moments of great suffering, when he saw and felt the misery in which Kate was living, but he could not find it in his coolest judgment, nor in his warmest, to influence Henry's heart by a story of her woes. For, if Henry retained one of his old weaknesses, it was his extreme sympathy for other people in their sufferings. Many an hour was given by him to the truest method of charity : he sought men and women and children in their wretched hovels, and in spending his money for their benefit he provided that they should receive its full value. It would have required only a half-hour's story of Kate's forlorn life from Seeren's lips to have driven all scruple from Henry's mind, and to have sent him as a suitor at her feet. Because Seeren believed that Henry might some day, in his enthusiasm, endeavor to discover the residences of Kate and Nelly, those places were kept secret, and at least once since the old days in Cedarham they had been changed.

One winter twilight, as Henry was sitting opposite to Mr. Manning at dinner, that eccentric and humorous person invited him to call with him on certain friends, who, on that evening in the week, were accustomed to having a musical party. Henry readily assented.

The party was a very happy one, for the Churchills knew exactly where to draw the line between hearty enjoyment and heartless ostentation. They were a rather theoretical sort of people, who somehow or other had a great deal of practical influence in life ; and while they were radical in politics and in religion, they were

erratically enthusiastic in all that they did ; so that in constantly striving after unusual objects of ambition, they sometimes did a great deal of good, and sometimes a great deal of harm. For instance, one of them, in a spirit of buffoonry, accidentally invented a machine for hiving bees, from which the man who stole the idea made a little fortune ; and another, while endeavoring to prove, by an expensive illustration, that the greatest of chimneys would be one in which every other brick was left out, so as to let the wind pass through without blowing the structure down, had the misfortune, in the goodness of his heart, to topple the chimney, kill three men, and crush a small house.

Theodore Tilton was the young god of poetry, the forerunner of Oscar Wilde, in the coterie to which the queer Churchills belonged. They were an outgrowth of the old anti-slavery days, which developed some men who afterward became very practical and business-like, and still others who settled down into lives of pale, peaceful, long-haired cranks, who were always hungry when their wives did not keep boarding-houses, and who had a perennial idea that they might have been wealthy if they had only anticipated the inventor of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, or that they might have been great if they had only been grand marshals under the command of the good Mr. Bergh.

The Churchills were wealthy. The old gentleman had not found anti-slavery sentiments to be incompatible with business. But he fostered many radical ideas, which were always shabby because well-worn, and rather commonplace and colorless because they were distributed at second-hand. Even his indignation over the capture of a runaway slave had had a modicum of frost, which prevented its speedy decomposition.

Mrs. Churchill was an amiable, gray-haired lady, who appeared to be a comfortable person, notwithstanding that she was President of the Society for the Downfall of Saleratus, and the innocent financial partner of a Westchester politician, who sold swill-milk-and-water to a dairy restaurant.

The Misses Churchill were only amateur philanthropists, and had not yet reached the age when they would wish to see their names in the papers. They were still so unprofessional in philanthropy that they did not quite understand the discussions about stirpiculture and sexual affinity, which took place in the Churchill library among the long-haired fossils, who never failed to converse upon such subjects when the careful Mr. Churchill and his no less careful wife had left the room.

The Churchill boys, who were in business, had little love for the members of the Anti-Saleratus Society who broached nasty subjects. Indeed, those boys had great faith in common-sense, dog-muzzles, and police courts. They could not understand how a moral movement, which had developed some of the wisest thinkers, writers, and orators, and which had also developed some of the most practical political thieves, should have left a trail of insipid old "hen-biddies," who, in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, discussed nastiness with never-tiring relish.

There were many sensible people who visited the Churchill mansion in Madison Avenue. The Churchills patronized music. The joyous laughter of Parepa-Rosa was often heard in their parlors. One evening, while I was there, Rubinstein broke seven strings in their grand piano. Wieniawski one night played so sweetly that afterward one of the Churchill boys smuggled him into their smoking-room and revived him with gin-and-sugar.

But I always fancied that the elder Churchills thought that Miss Emma Abbott, whom they had encouraged, was somewhat the most wonderful phenomenon in music that had ever appeared.

The menu was not always buttermilk and baked apples at the Churchill sanitarium. The theorists who lug a discussion about digestion into every hour of the day, and who in restaurants are indecently critical about other people's food and disgustingly careful about their own—who in all public places seem to make of their world one vast, diseased, and offensive Stomach—were not invited to the Churchill musical parties. The Anti-Saleratus Society, whose members were always ill because they worked too hard in trying to keep well, would have scorned an invitation to a party where there were "greasy" butter, "bilious" coffee, "raised" biscuits, "pickled" oysters, unboiled milk, white-flour bread, and impious wine on the table. They remained true to their friendly brans, beans, and prunes, and in their efforts to display their skill at thorough chewing, they called it "healthful mastication," and remained moral, physical, and mental dyspeptics. So, with that element removed from the mansion of the Churchills, their musical parties became very enjoyable affairs.

Henry was amused and entertained. He even went so far as to play a simple jig on the banjo, which was even then becoming fashionable, and which some of the people who could not play anything affected to despise, but which set several pairs of heels at keeping quick time. Madame de Paroquette sang delightfully, while Signor Profundoro produced great fervor. Professor Rampanti's violin caused eleven young ladies to call it "the queen of instruments." The same evening the same eleven virgins, when they heard Professor Drum-

bowski's playing, said that the piano was "the queen of instruments." Perhaps the greatest enthusiasm was created by Herr Blondowni's sweet flute, which the eleven marriageable maidens declared to be "the queen of instruments."

The Mistletoes, the Plantagenets, the Bulbonions, the Albinos, and the Knickerbocker Dumbolivars, of Fifth and Madison avenues, were there in all grades of fatness and leanness, appreciation and presumption. Four nervous artists in subdued oil; one garrulous gentleman whose house and office were adorned with fishing rods and creels, and who told astounding stories about Great South Bay, but whose friends had never eaten a fish in his house; five brokers' fat, saucy, adorably witty wives, and two apologetic ladies whose husbands were every evening on some kind of court-martial duty "at the Seventh Regiment Armory," aided in making the conversation pleasantly varied.

In a quiet corner Henry found himself engaged in conversation with a girl of seventeen, who seemed to be in no way remarkable for beauty or brilliancy. She was of medium height, with a ruddy but delicate face, blue eyes, and plain, lustrous brown hair. Her voice was cheerful. Modest, but not painfully reserved, she spoke without impatience, and her smile won confidence when she had nothing to say. Henry felt at ease in her company, and she seemed glad to have his attention. She was living with the Churchills, and she bore their name after her own baptismal name of Helen. She called Mrs. Churchill "aunt."

"I play on the piano," she said in answer to Henry, "but I do it very much as I knit worsted, and I'm not sure that I do not like the knitting best. Tranquillizing Mendelssohn is much more to my taste than most com-

posers, and if you are here again when there are fewer professional people present, I will gladly play something of his for you. But not now."

And Henry did call again, finding Miss Helen Churchill and her cousins very attractive young ladies. He liked Miss Helen because, while she seemed in no wise inclined to flirt with him, she did not betray any fear of him. Perhaps this slightly nettled him, for he was only thirty-four, and he knew, however modestly, that among young ladies he had excited no little admiration for his big, dark-blue eyes and flourishing auburn mustache, and not a small amount of awe for his articles in the reviews. But Miss Helen Churchill talked with him as easily as if they had known each other all their lives. And somehow Henry found that he was talking with her about very homely subjects in an honestly cheerful way. His heart beat with some of the old feeling when he spoke about chestnut-gathering on frosty mornings, or riding down-hill in the winter snow. These old subjects seemed never to tire him of an evening, and as they had no attraction for the other people in the Churchill house, Henry and Helen were frequently alone.

He found a new and great pleasure, too, in taking the young lady to horticultural exhibitions, to the stores where birds were sold, and along the avenue when the day was clear. It was a surprise to Henry himself that he should suddenly have acquired friendship with this very young lady, who seemed to think it the most natural thing in the world. She was artlessly critical, and she had a way of exciting a smile by her innocently cynical remarks, where a gayer girl would have created a chill, and a sadder one would have caused pain. The effect that she had upon other people was healthful. In her

presence all persons felt happy and cheerful, without being boisterously merry. She called Henry "Mr. Jack."

Mr. Manning soon noticed that Henry was devoting much of his attention to Miss Helen Churchill, and one morning he said, "Jack, I believe you are in love with that girl."

"Well, I know that I am."

"What!"

"There is not the least doubt of it, Old Man."

"And does she know it?"

"Yes; last night she asked me whether it was not true that I liked her; she said I showed it."

"Upon my soul!"

"It was the most innocent thing I ever heard uttered. Any other girl would have been a fool to say so."

"I should not be surprised. And she?"

"Said she was going to try to like me better than any one else in the world."

"The deuce she did! And she is something more than a child, too. Well, Jack, I feel almost broken-hearted. I'm going to sum up in the factory case to-day, and I'll take it out on old Kartright."

"If you are going to be in one of your citric-acid moods, I pity old Kartright. But as you haven't started for the office yet, I don't see why you should be ugly with me. Give me some advice—not brutal law advice, but idiotic human advice on this love business."

Mr. Manning ran his dark fingers through his white hair, and said, "The witness will please confine himself to the facts—that is, falsify the facts so that they will agree with the examining lawyer's theory. Now, Mr. Jack Martin, will you swear that no other girl in all your world of experience could have said what Miss

Helen Churchill said to you without being either a fool or a flirt?"

"Yes."

"And, on your oath, dare you say that she said so, that she is neither a fool nor a flirt, and that she is the solitary exception among womankind?"

"I do."

"Mr. Martin, have you ever been in a lunatic asylum?"

"No."

"You are not a flirt?"

"No."

"Will you swear that you are not a fool?"

"Yes."

Mr. Manning put his spoon into his saucer and proceeded, "Have you ever been in love before?"

"I think not."

"Have you ever met any lady upon whom you looked as your future wife?"

"Yes."

"Are you now sure that you were mistaken in some way, and that it was no such love as this?"

"Yes."

"Were there any such feelings as you now have?"

"No."

"How many times have you been engaged?"

"Once."

"If the lady should come to you now and beg that you would forget all and marry her, what would you say?"

"No."

"Was there any other lady?"

"Yes."

"You thought of marriage concerning her?"

"Yes."

"Was it—on your oath—a thought like this thought?"

"No."

"Have you thought of marriage in regard to Miss Helen Churchill?"

"No."

"The prosecution resigns the witness. Mr. Jack Martin, you have my best wishes."

CHAPTER XX.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

IN the library of the Churchill house Henry sat talking with Helen.

"You know I love you, Helen?"

"Yes; why shouldn't you?"

"And, my darling, you love me?"

"Of course I do, Mr. Jack."

"It is half a year since I first met you. Do you know that I think those blue eyes and that brown hair are the most beautiful objects I have ever seen?"

"I hope you do, Mr. Jack, for they are very plain, and it is better that you should think they are prettier than they are than that you should think they are homelier. Mr. Jack, you are such a good man."

"I should like to be better. You be the teacher."

He did not remember that years before he had made that same request of Margie.

"Let me see, Helen; what are my vices? I drink

brandy-and-soda and champagne—not much, but just a little, you know.”

“You will stop that to-morrow.”

“Must I?”

“Certainly. Have I not said so? You know you love me better than brandy, and I will have no rival.”

“I promise. But I smoke.”

“You shall have one cigar a day, in the evening. Too much smoking is like too much roast beef, singing, or skating. You will enjoy one cigar. You must smoke it in my presence, for I rather like the odor, and you must do nothing behind my back. Then I will kiss you, and you will not want any more cigars.”

“But I haven’t been inside a church in many years. What shall I do about that?”

“On Sunday morning next you will take me to Dr. C——’s church. The music is excellent, and it will not only be an inducement to your going there, but it will inspire you with religious feelings. Dr. C—— is very intellectual; he will interest your mind. When you have become a regular attendant there, when I and the music and the ideas have got you into the habit of going, the sentiment will begin to appeal to your big heart. We shall make a splendid churchman of you, Mr. Jack. And then to think what you will make of us! Mr. Jack, if you do not kiss me, I’m afraid I shall gush. There! Well, Dr. C——’s is settled for next Sunday morning. I was waiting for you to ask me to go to church, but I have asked you.”

“I have other vices, Helen.”

“Do you swear?”

“Yes—a little.”

“Give me a few examples.”

“I wouldn’t dare to.”

"Then that's the best reason in the world why you shouldn't swear at all. But, Mr. Jack, promise me that you will never swear any of those mean, little, diluted oaths like 'golly,' 'I swow,' and 'by gravy,' like some of the puling reformers who impose themselves upon poor Uncle Churchill. Those swears sound like the pip in chickens."

"I promise. Anything more?"

"No. I don't want to reform you all at once."

For six months more Helen and Henry met every day, took long afternoon walks, looking into shop-windows, or sat in the Churchill library, she playing on the piano and he accompanying her on the violoncello. Her tastes were peculiar. She never tired of watching the birds in the bird-stores, or of sitting with Henry on the Palisades, looking down at the white sails on the blue river. Her friends thought that, as she was a Churchill, she had a right to be a little unlike other people. She used to get together a half dozen half-ragged children, and, provided with apples and gingerbread, take them sailing on the Staten Island ferryboats. Her benevolence had a little humor in it, and it halted at that point where it might become ostentatious and fanatical. She used to say to the members of the Anti-Saleratus Society, who sometimes endeavored to win her ear to a hearing of their crabbed and tiresome doctrines, "I haven't any time. If I have anything to do with you, I shall be wishing, after a while, to see my name in the papers."

To one man, who had starved himself into dyspepsia and was a whited sepulchre of bran, she said, "No; I already belong to the Saleratus Club, the Tight-Lacing Society, the Small-Shoe Association, and the High-Spiced-Sausage Fiends. I can't join any more. My

societies do not pay large salaries to a dozen officers. We do not keep our one officer waiting. We turn the members right over to the undertaker. He works, and doesn't talk."

"Mr. Jack," she said that evening, "I've told a big fib to Secretary Borham to-day, and must pay penance. So, if I stay away from the opera this evening I will let you give me a dollar for some poor little darkies down the alley."

Then she played (not rattled, for, after all, she wasn't in anything at all a rattler), and turning to Henry said :

"Oh, Mr. Jack, I don't want to be the least bit queer—I mean like these people who live on Uncle Churchill—but there is an old colored minister only three blocks away, and he is so sick that he will die in a few weeks. You will take me around so that I may leave him some lemon jelly."

"Certainly, my kind little girl. Or I will take it, and come back."

"No, Mr. Jack, I'll carry the jelly ; you'd break the bowl ; and I want you to take along your violoncello, and play a few tunes for the poor old man."

"Good heavens, Helen ! Do you want me to play in a negro back-alley ?"

"Mr. Jack Martin, I thought you had a heart."

"Yes—but—"

"Yes—but. Please look back into your life and ask yourself whether the time ever was when you were so humble that you would have been happy to give great pleasure to a poor old negro."

"Yes, darling, but I am very practical now. You see, if I had never had these other scenes and acquaintances, I would not have to break over them. We do not feed truffles to pigs after we have eaten truffles our-

selves. I am simply paying the penalty of having become a practical man. When I was sentimental, people thought meanly of me. I have got over it, and am the very prince of practical fellows."

"Mr. Jack, that is the wickedest thing you ever said. You are not so bad as that. Just think ; you loved poor little *me*, who never did a thing in my life, and this old, crooked-fingered darkey has gone through a long, laborious life—hungry, plodding, sick, working on week-days and preaching on Sundays. Why, he's worth a dozen of *me*, and you love *me*."

"My darling, *you* are beautiful."

"I!"

"Yes, you."

"You do not say you mean that?"

"I do ; you are beautiful."

"I always thought you only half believed yourself when you said so. Mr. Jack, I am very plain in appearance, and so plain is my little wisdom that you cannot flatter me. I know all about it. But, really, I thought so well of you that I believed you loved me for myself and not for my fancied beauty. So it is my great beauty that keeps you away from old Sam, and not my honest plainness that takes you there. But, Mr. Jack, if you do want to see something very beautiful come around to-night and see old Sam's grandson. It's the cutest, cunningest little nigger-baby. Old Sam will be propped up in an old chintz-covered rocking-chair, and he's got the most beautiful white wool, even nicer than Mr. Manning's. I told Judge Seeren about it, and he laughed till he dropped his spectacles. Then he said that God gave old negroes such hair to show the rest of the mean world that there is something white about them. Come, Mr. Jack. The old man has every other

comfort. Judge Seeren sent his own doctor and a great many delicacies, and he was going to speak to Mr. Manning."

"But what will the gentlemen of the Daisydell Club say?"

"If they are real gentlemen they will think more highly of you; and as you are a real gentleman, you will despise any mean opinion of you."

"Yes, yes, my pet; but I will go out and pay well for some one to play all night—there's Jim Cremorne, of the St. Petersburg Minstrels; he'll be glad to have five dollars to fiddle for the old man."

"Certainly, Mr. Jack, and be so good as to tell Mr. Cremorne to stop and escort me with the jelly."

"But we can take the jelly."

"Oh, no! Jelly-taking would be small business. What would the snobs of the Daisydell Club say if they heard that you were carrying lemon-jelly?"

"Be reasonable, Helen; you might as well ask me to take my banjo."

"That's just it, Mr. Jack. Take the banjo, too. It will cheer the old man."

"Helen, I can't. My practical education has spoiled me; I'll confess that. One may be a gentleman and not do ridiculous things."

"But, Mr. Jack, I would so much like to hear you play for an old man who is sick. I'll put my love against the whole Daisydell Club. Still, it's getting quite late; I'll send the jelly. Perhaps you'll come to-morrow night prepared to go with me. Kiss me good-night, and think over it. I'll trust you against a thousand Daisydell clubs."

Henry stood for a moment on the sidewalk, looking up at a mellow, amber moon. Then he walked over to

Sixth Avenue. As he passed the corner of the street a club friend hailed him, "Where are you going, Jack?"

"Over to Fair and Halliday's."

"For music?"

"No; I want to order a new banjo."

"What for?"

"I've got a sick friend to play for."

"Any of the Daisydell gentlemen?"

"No; only an old darkey in Miller's Alley."

"Phew! What will the Daiseydell men say?"

"To speak the truth, Justin, I wish you would do me the favor to tell them."

"But to think how they will chaff you!"

"Justin, I may have cared for just one mean half-hour in my life what they might think of it; but you and they know very well that I am not one of the kind to be much harmed by good-natured bantering. If, however, any one of the gentlemen tries to joke me about this old man, hoping to hurt my feelings, I'll break his head, and then leave a club which has such a cur in it. I do not mean this unpleasantly, but you never knew me to break a promise. Good-night."

Within a quarter of an hour, after a little inquiry in the alley, Henry tapped at the door of old Sam's shanty. He carried a banjo under his arm. To the black girl who came to the door he said, "I came around to play a little for old Sam."

In a few moments this spruce young gentleman was sitting before the white-haired old man, who shook his head to and fro as he listened to the notes of "The Old Folks at Home."

"'Deed a gracious me," said old Sam, "I knew de Lord would nebber let de old man die widout hearin' dat once mo'. Yo' mus' be an angel dat He sent to me

to help me ober de shinin' sho'. Heah's been Mas' Seeren heah to-night wid some things fo' me ; an' he sot down and read me in de good book, an' he got in dat ah cawnah, and he whistle de mos' lubbliest tunes, an' my ol' rheumatiz feet amos' got loosen dareselves wid tryin' to keep time ; but I knowed my old woman, Sarah, up dar in hebben, wus a-keepin' time fo' me. An' den I knowed what de layin' awn han's meant—kine whislin' like. I could preach a sahmon from dat. Den in yo' comes. Now de old man knows what it means when it say a little lowah dan de angels. Wooden you play dat once mo', an' kine a hum to it ? You's one o' God's chillun, shuah."

Henry then, in a subdued rich baritone, sang while he again played "The Old Folks at Home." The old negro's lips moved as if he, too, were singing, and his head kept time, and tears of joy ran down his hollow cheeks. The room was only partially lighted by the low-turned lamp ; but as Henry, with tears in his own eyes, touched the last chords, he saw that there were other persons in the room, and he felt arms around his neck and kisses on his wet cheeks.

"Why, Helen, how did you come here ?"

"I came with her," said Mr. Manning. "Seeren told me about old Sam on his way home. So I took the violin and stopped for Helen, who brought her jelly and me. But, I'm hanged, Jack, if you didn't make me cry."

"Fo' God !" cried old Sam, "if hebbin' hain't busted wide open, an' all de angels am comin' down."

For six months Helen and Henry met every day. On Saturday evenings they always accompanied old Mr. Manning and Judge Seeren to some place of amusement.

The happy couple were frequently seen driving out of

town, but they found little pleasure in the bewildering crush of the Park or Harlem Lane; they took the quieter roads to Kingsbridge and Yonkers, and as they passed along the wooded routes to Pelham and New Rochelle, they caught glimpses of dazzling stretches of the Sound against a background of blue mist which enveloped the Long Island shore. Delightful to them were the moonlit winter evenings, when, riding behind jingling bells and over creaking snow, they found some warm, quaint old wayside hostelry out-of-town, and before a crackling wood-fire sought the good graces of the honest landlord, who furnished hot golden Welsh rare-bits, and cuts of rich jellied partridge pies, and rare, plump, smoking roasted oysters in buttered shells, and mugs of sparkling, spicy russet cider. For Helen was a healthy girl, with good warm blood in her veins and a constant red in her cheeks, and she had not been driven to studied abstemiousness by the famished zealots of the Anti-Saleratus Society.

The Churchills, like most reformers of their class, were not critical concerning such an intimacy as Helen and Henry were enjoying. Still, those good people had never reached that condition of mind which belongs to certain agitators who protest against all things except freedom between the sexes. They merely looked upon the fact of Helen's going about alone with Henry as a matter of no consequence. In fact, both Mr. and Mrs. Churchill were so busy with their hundred irons in the fire—their musical parties, their political reformations, and their connections with various mutual-advertising societies—that they gave little attention to the goings and comings or the singings and kissings of the lovers.

Mr. Manning, who loved Helen as warmly as he admired Henry, said little or nothing; while Judge

Seeren, who sometimes appeared unusually thoughtful, was invariably reticent.

On Christmas eve, about a year after Helen and Henry had become acquainted, they were sitting alone in the library, which was generally considered as their own, when she suddenly said, with more than usual gravity, "Mr. Jack, we never thought that we should be so dear to each other."

"No, Helen. The year has been a very happy one to me. I have given up a great many useless pleasures, have attended to my department of the business, and have contributed several political articles to the reviews. I am now writing an article based on Renan's new book, in which I take a strong orthodox position. And yet, I have been very much with you."

"Do you mean that you take an orthodox position merely as an advocate—as you would take a case in court?"

"Why, no. I mean every word I say. I do not know, but still I hope, that I have as earnest a love of goodness in every-day life, and of God's manifestation in creation, as ever I had in my sentimental youth. Nothing can be firmer than my belief in natural religion; and I am not a pantheist, either."

"So you believe, Mr. Jack, that there is a Creator of this world, and all the good things in it?"

"Yes; and I can understand now that all the weeds in life have not destroyed all the flowers. I do not ask why God does not destroy all evil. I only know that all this evil cannot destroy God. There is no one who so strongly believes in the God of the world and humanity as your man of the world whose soul has been burned and chastened. I used to believe in a God of this world when I knew nothing of it. My belief is firmer than if

I were ignorant of its bitters and sweets. Once, because of the existence of evil, I forgot Him. Now I know evil as the effect of something out of all sympathy with Him. Do you know, Helen, I believe that, on this point, science and religion will be harmonized? The time will come when what science discovers and orders will be known by men to be in exact consonance with God's will. Science, which once made me a sceptic, I now see to be His method slowly recognized and obeyed by man."

"Don't get too far into your science, Mr. Jack, will you?"

"No, dear; but when I want to know the marvellous methods of God in the world, I shall go to Helmholtz and not to King David. If I wish to feel something of divine love, which is just as marvellous, my soul shall be soothed by King David's songs."

"Mr. Jack, did it first make you believe in God to look up at the thousands of star-worlds?"

"No, darling; but I thought there must be a good Creator when I saw you. Then I began to wonder whether He ever made anything else so good as you—"

"Stop, Mr. Jack!"

"No, Helen, it was your life that brought me back to my old belief in the goodness of men, and sentiment followed in the footsteps of belief. I was in the habit, as I walked along Broadway, of preaching sermons to myself, and you were always the text. I found myself saying, 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as little Helen'—and 'He is not the God of the dead, but the God of Helen'—"

"That's because you loved me, Mr. Jack; but you must be wiser than that."

"I loved you, Helen, because you were the realiza-

tion of that sweet dream of woman that I had in my childhood. I carried the image in my heart, and once, long ago, I was led to believe that I could then exchange it for a living being. But I never lost the dream until I knew you. Then I said, 'There must be a God to create a sweet, simple, generous soul like that.' And I would never have told you that I loved you, for I thought it would be almost sacrilege; but you asked me, and I would not lie to you. Then I decided to follow you. I soon discovered that you had no great, big, formulated belief at all, nor even that proud consciousness of a positive right to be saved from an eternity of damnation by enduring unhappy years of privation in this world. I saw that you beneficently *acted*, and that you had not much use for comfortably pious people, but only for poor devils like me. And when you told me that you loved me I felt, all in a moment, that God also must love me. Perhaps, Helen, it was because I was in boyhood of rather a poetical temperament that I always wished to see God's most beautiful work in woman. If it had so happened that I had been born in a Catholic family, I should have worshipped the Mother of Jesus. But that not being my fortune, I lived until I met you, and I have followed you until I find myself with you in His presence, and I cannot leave you."

"No, Mr. Jack, you shall not leave me, for I am so much better with you."

She put her arms around his neck, and repeatedly kissed his flushed cheek.

Then she said, "Mr. Jack, you are very, very sure you do not swear any more?"

"Certainly, my pet."

"Not even the little skim-milk oaths?"

He laughed, and kissed her.

"You obey me in everything?"

"Yes, gladly."

"You smoke only the cigars I light for you?"

"Those are all."

"You like to go to church even when it rains, or I cannot go?"

"Yes."

"You love me, and will do anything I say?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Jack, I think you ought to be married."

"So do I."

"Shall I set the day? Yes, I'll make it the 15th of January, and the place shall be here."

"Yes, of course."

"But, Mr. Jack, I shall be very jealous."

"Of whom, pray?"

"Why, of mamma, when you and she are married."

"Of mamma!" said Henry, looking at her curiously.

"Yes, when she is no longer Kate Jennings, but Mrs. Jack Martin, I shall be real jealous of her. But I shall always call you Mr. Jack, just the same as I do now, for I love you *so much*."

CHAPTER XXI.

IN JAIL.

WHEN Henry had sufficiently recovered from the astounding effect of Helen's revelation to realize that she was indeed little Nelly, with whom, in her babyhood, he *had played* on the Seabbranch sands, he saw that the glow

of excitement was disappearing from her cheek, and that her radiant eyes were filling with tears. His own self-possession had forsaken him only for a moment. It was so long since he had been called upon really to *act* the part of Jack Martin, and he had so thoroughly outlived the past, that her words had come like the crash of a thunderbolt. But now he gently took her hand and said, "And why are you so sad, Helen?"

"Oh, Mr. Jack, I only spoke playfully when I said I should be jealous of mamma; but, somehow, after I had said it, I felt as if I had done a very wicked and painful thing. I have for years been looking forward to the time when I could unite you and mamma. While you and I have been together as father and daughter, never daring to speak openly about the relationship until now, I have sometimes felt, when we were alone, as if, after all, we were only a big boy and a little girl."

"But it will make you very happy, Helen, when your mother and I are married?"

"Yes, indeed. Only, Mr. Jack, I must not be Nelly Martin, but Helen Churchill. I do not know mamma much. The last time I saw her she was very beautiful, and pale, and slender, and when I spoke your name lightly she put her thin white hand on my head, and told me how great your heart is, and how she loves you. In her room she had a picture covered with a blue silk curtain. Where the folds were slightly brushed aside I saw on the panel, in little blue letters, the words 'St. John;' and as the wind blew into the room and raised the curtain for a moment I saw that the features were yours. Then the thought came to me, 'If I ever discover that he has really any of the love of St. John, I will ask him to make her happy.' You will, Mr. Jack?"

"And you, Helen, will be the wife of some splendid fellow, whom your good sense and your good heart will choose."

"No, Mr. Jack, I shall never marry; for it would be very wrong for me to marry any one whom I could not love half as much as I love you."

Tears were in her eyes.

"No other girl ever loved her father as I love you, and that is all the love I have. I have often thought that if wives loved their husbands as much as I love you, this would be a happy world. You will let me come to you sometimes and lay my head on your shoulder, as I have done when the night was cold round the sleigh—"

He took her in his arms, and said, "You love me as your father—"

"I can never call you that. I must always love you as Mr. Jack."

He was melting. He kissed her passionately. She looked up at him almost with alarm.

"Helen," he said, resolutely, "I will marry your mamma, if you will it so; but I have a great secret to tell you—you alone. No! No! That would make you unhappy."

"It will be better if you tell me, Mr. Jack. Tell me something that will compel me never to see you again. This moment's anguish is worse than years of unwelcome knowledge. What is it that makes me feel so wretched? I was to be so happy to-night. I have found a father, and I am—so—miserable!"

"I will tell you all, Helen, all but my real—"

A loud rap at the door startled them. Mr. Churchill hastily entered the room.

"Helen," said he, "sit down for a while. Jack, you *are wanted* on important law business."

In the hallway were two men. One of them advanced and said to Henry, "Mr. John Martin, I am the sheriff of Tothersex County, New Jersey. I have here an officer of the New York police force and a requisition for your body from the Governor of this State. Will you go with me peaceably?"

Henry took his hat, put on his overcoat, and said, "I am ready."

A half hour later he was sitting beside the sheriff in a railway car, which was speeding rapidly into New Jersey, and before midnight he was standing in a cell of the Manchester jail.

"The charge," said the sheriff, "is murder."

"My God!" exclaimed Henry, "I thought it was only smuggling."

"You will know in the morning. Here are cigars. You must make a night of it."

The next morning Henry was taken into court, and there, before the judge and the officers, he was indicted for the murder of Christopher Gray, the witnesses at the inquiry of the grand jury having been Captain Jennings and his son Bill. The indictment showed that Christopher Gray had, on an evening in August, fifteen years before, been murdered by Jack Martin, in the township of Wampum, and that Captain Joseph Jennings and William Jennings were witnesses of the crime.

While the indictment was being read Henry felt a soft hand on his arm, and he saw Helen standing beside him. In another moment Mr. Manning stepped into the railed inclosure.

"Not guilty," Henry responded to the clerk.

"I appear as his counsel," said Mr. Manning, "and I offer bail in any amount, which I will furnish through Judge Seeren, of Cedarham."

The presiding judge replied, "Owing to the enormity of the crime and the strength of the evidence which the prosecuting attorney has, I shall be compelled to refuse bail. The sheriff will take the prisoner back to the jail."

There was not a trace of alarm on Helen's face as she said, "Of course, Mr. Manning, I am to go with him."

"No, my dear."

"But he can't do without me; can you, Mr. Jack?"

"Yes, Helen, I must. Go home, and write to me happily every day."

He kissed her gently.

The sheriff hurried Henry away, but still Helen did not break down.

Every day she sent to Henry a cheerful, loving letter, and she despatched to the jail a great number of books and magazines.

The news of the arrest of Jack Martin for murder, and the story of his past life among the smugglers, who, having been detected, obtained immunity by betraying their old companion, created an intense sensation in New York. Henry's portrait, in various degrees of resemblance, appeared in the illustrated newspapers. He was pictured in sailor costume, with a broad-brimmed hat, with pistols and knives stuck in his belt, with anchors by his side, and with curly-haired girls sitting in admiring attitudes at his feet. Woodcuts in shop-windows and on the walls of barrooms showed him as a lounging swell, with a guitar slung over his shoulder and his hand resting daintily on the strings. One theatre manager produced a melodrama called "Jack's Banjo; or the Bold Buccaneer of Sandy Hook," in which the "hero" was a Broadway lady-killer on one day, and on the other was replenishing his

purse by boarding incoming steamers and securing the money of bloated barons from Rhine castles and of fezzed pachas from Turkish palaces. A colored picture in the window of a jewelry establishment represented him in a brilliantly lighted cave, surrounded by lascivious dancing girls, who held sparkling crystal glasses, from which they sipped amber wine, while other half-nude maidens played on guitars and castanets. Stories in pamphlet form appeared on the streets, and he was described as a handsome, romantic youth, who, while dancing with a beautiful heiress, had dropped a jewelled stiletto on the floor, and hurriedly whispering to his entranced and sorrowing partner had suddenly disappeared only to return in red trousers and a slouched hat to brandish the weapon in the air, and retreat shouting, "Veni, vidi, vici!"

Small gossip slightly tintured with scandal was a delicacy at the Daisydell Club, but this latest sensation was too great for its impotent comprehension. Members sipped Moselle between shots at the billiard-tables, and said that the Martin affair was very vulgar, and did not contain even the redeeming ingredient of a civilized ballet-girl. The name of Jack Martin was, by a unanimous vote, dropped from the roll of membership, and an agreement was made that at the poker-tables the jack-pot should thereafter be known as the patchouli-mug, in order to give it better odor.

Heavier clubs, to which the dragoons of society belonged, talked boldly of the matter, with enormous guffaws. Some of the old story-tellers adapted hard jokes to the new sensation, or invented new ones, in which the words were so ancient that they did not appear in the expurgated editions of Swift and Shakespeare, which are ordinarily used in schools for young ladies.

Henry knew nothing of all this. He received several letters in delicate feminine handwriting, half scolding him, half praising him, and asking for a lock of his hair. Bouquets came to his cell, but he believed that all the flowers were sent by Helen.

As soon as Judge Seeren, at Cedarham, heard of the arrest he straightway sought the residence of Kate Jennings, and counselled the good sisters not to permit her to see any of the newspapers. Then he hastened to the Manchester jail.

"Henry," said he, "I know you, but I do not know how strong your resolution is to keep up this life of Jack Martin. What sentimental thing prevents you from proving that you are Henry Wilmore?"

"I believe, Seeren, that I once foolishly said that Henry Wilmore was dead to himself. But supposing that I am Henry Wilmore, and that I am willing to forget my boyish vow, now that I must suffer for Jack Martin, just think what a crushing blow the revelation would be to Helen and Kate!"

"But they would rather suffer, and live, than that you should hang, and be dead. You will surely make this defence, which is the only one that you can employ."

"Well, I have just told the whole story to Mr. Manning, as well as I could. But it is not so easy a matter as you and he may think. If, however, he chooses to make that his line of defence, I will not object. He insists upon calling the once Miss Margie Allen to the stand. But I do not wish any romance in this trial. I do not want her as a witness in my favor, even to save me from death. If she is married, this scandal would make her life unendurable. But do not believe that the defence is an easy one. Friendly hope has never yet found certainty in any established precedent at law.

We must go into this case with a *chevaux-de-frise* in front of us."

Mr. Manning came in.

"Old man," said Seeren, "this boy must escape."

"How?"

"Why, for that matter, he and I could overpower the jailer."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Manning, "you are at your old eccentricities again. This is not baby-play."

"No. But just think of this: I could bribe the jailer for twenty, thirty, forty thousand dollars. He could let the prisoner escape. I would be ready with a vessel off Cedarham. That's it! This jailer is a good fellow. I can tell that by his yellow hair and yellow vest. Yellow always tells in a man's favor. I think he could be bribed. I'll bribe him."

"No, Seeren," said Henry, "you shall do no such thing, nor take any risk at all. When I go out of this cell it shall be through the court-room. I'm in this trouble, and I'm going out of it in the regular way. Besides, I don't think Helen would want me to bribe the jailer."

"You are a milksop!" exclaimed Seeren. "But," he resumed, "I've got a better plan. I shall be a witness. I shall testify that the Jenningses are liars, and that I killed the old man myself. I'm nearly seventy years old, and they'll only sentence me for life. It wouldn't pay for the rope to hang an old codger like me. That's the idea!"

"Seeren," said Mr. Manning, "you're an ass."

"So much the more reason for locking me up for the rest of my life. I could sit in my cell at Trenton and write my book on the Philosophy of Yellow. Besides, I need a rest in my old age. I'm too devilish gay."

Henry took the old man's wrinkled hand, and said, "Although you may talk very queerly, Seeren, I know that you mean every word of it. But the law would be proof even against your generous heart. Let us not blunder by making the trial melodramatic and ridiculous. Mr. Manning is only a little hard on you now because he is in a law case. When he is at home he'll probably embrace you."

"Well," said Seeren, "if he's going to manage the case, I suppose that I have nothing more to say. But I would give ten thousand dollars to see the disappointment on the prosecuting attorney's face when I confessed that I killed the old man."

CHAPTER XXII.

BY THE GOLDEN GATE.

WHEN Peter McGinnis left Cedarham, deserting his wife Susan, he went westward to St. Louis. There he invested his money and engaged in trade, and he was so successful in his speculations that within five years he accumulated a fortune. His storehouses were among the largest in the West. He was a natural money-maker.

Peter was a queer object. As this young man walked down the street, dragging his wooden leg and leaning on a cane, he appeared like a decrepit man of sixty. His pitted face was ash-colored; his lips were shrivelled; his left eye was covered with a green patch; his empty sleeve was pinned to his coat, and his sloping shoulders *seemed* almost to reach his lean hips. But men stopped

him and begged for his indorsement, or pleaded for an extension of credit. He was merchant, trader, and banker, and he was assessed for taxes on a valuation of three hundred thousand dollars.

Books of history and travel beguiled this lonely man's leisure hours. He learned, as in those days most merchants in that city learned, to speak both French and Spanish.

After Peter caught the fever in 18— and lost all his hair, he began to pay some attention to his personal appearance. A lank-haired wig covered his head, and he purchased a set of clumsy teeth.

When eight years of success in trade gave him the right to count his wealth at six hundred thousand dollars, Peter one day heard that a strange disease was approaching from the East, and that hundreds of people had died in Indiana.

"I shall be the first to have it here," said Peter, "and then I shall probably lose my ears and nose."

So he sold all his stores, goods, and stocks, and within a month he was sailing from the port of New Orleans for the coast of Nicaragua.

The passage up the San Juan River had no charms for him. Dark dense forests of mahogany trees, supporting vines laden with golden and vermilion flowers, shadowed the beautiful river, and overhead, against the clear blue tropical sky, myriads of white and green birds swept and wheeled; but Peter McGinnis saw no novelty or splendor in anything at all. Men even of rough habits rose early to see the crimson bursts of morning, while the petrifying heart of Peter McGinnis hardly beat against the leather shirt that carried his drafts and bonds. On the Pacific Ocean no cry of "A whale!" could rouse him from his lethargy.

After a few weeks of idleness in San Francisco, Peter McGinnis formed a connection as silent member of a large banking-house. One of his partners was a quiet man, who spent his leisure hours among his pictures and books under the straggling green trees in pretty Oakland. The other liked the company of heavy Othellos and pretty Juliets, and when his fleet horses pattered the road from the sea, there were hints of pink and white ribbons in the chasing fog.

Peter McGinnis had a few second-hand books in his lodgings, and he ate his shrimps and flannel-cakes in a miners' restaurant. It was said of him, with horror, that he had never even been out to the Cliff House to look at the seals. The more he read about the pleasures that men have in life, the more sad and morose he became. His shrewdness, however, gained much money for his firm. Everything that he touched turned into money, and everything that touched him added to his ugliness.

Six years after he first inhaled the winds of San Francisco he withdrew from business, and had two millions of dollars. His heart was almost a stone.

On the morning after his withdrawal, the following advertisement appeared in the *Bulletin* :

“Wanted—An accomplished valet ; Italian, French, or Spanish. Address Johann, Box O, City P. O.”

Of the score of replies which Peter received, he replied to one. The writer was Giovanni Delmetrez. He was thirty-five, tall, broad, and soft-fleshed, with a dark oval face, a glossy, silken black mustache, short black hair, and deep luminous black eyes. His manners were ready and smooth, and his dress was exquisite.

When, in an upper room of the hotel wherein they met, Peter laid a hundred dollars in gold on the table,

Giovanni's red lips parted, and his white teeth showed through his glossy mustache.

"Talk," said Peter.

In a low soft contralto voice he smilingly began : " I am an adventurer, and I am practical. I am soft only in cunning. For money I will do any serious business. I will not love you, but I will serve you. I sing in English, French, Spanish, and Italian. I speak also German, Portuguese, and a little Dutch. I can catch a salmon or play on the guitar. I can thread a needle, play poker, shoot a four-bit piece from your fingers at twenty yards, and cook eggs in thirty different ways. I have been married three times, and for aught I know my wives are still living. The first was a German girl. Her fair hair fell like a mist around her pink cheeks. I won her heart while I was preparing fish-salads for her mother. My second wife was an American—brown-haired, big-eyed, and poetical. She thought that my father was an Italian count, which, if one is to believe scandal, was true. My mother, who was Spanish, ever afterward imagined, as she trod grapes in the press, that the red wine that stained her ankles was the blood of the count. My third wife was a jolly, laughing French girl. She probably hates me because I merely borrowed her diamonds ; for I never steal. In London—no, I did not marry in London, but some time I will."

Peter McGinnis pointed to the gold, saying, " There is your retaining fee."

Then he added, " You see me. I am rich. I wish to be made as comfortable and as forgetful as possible. You must take me to some place—even to some desert island—where there are no mirrors. My home is in a garret, but no necessity exists for my any longer being a

miser. French and Spanish are as easy to my tongue as English. You shall have—”

“Four thousand a year !” exclaimed Giovanni.

“Five thousand.”

“Attend. Give me money, and in two months you shall laugh at the dreariest joke in a London comic paper. Eleven months in the year I will serve you. One month of vacation will be sufficient for the capturing of another wife. Not that women challenge my love of myself, but that it is pleasant to know that they are unhappy for me.”

“Agreed,” Peter replied.

“You shall be so disguised that you shall not recognize yourself. I would make a Frenchman of you, but you have no shoulders to shrug. You are sedate, and will make a sort of Spaniard, or rather a mixture like myself. Your name—Francisco de Angelo.”

On the next evening Giovanni waited upon Peter at his lodgings, made measurements of his body, studied the colors of his face and eye, and painted pictures of him. Then he ordered him to eat generous food and to drink rich wines. When he had completed his arrangements he took money, and was not seen again for several weeks.

When he returned he brought with him several huge boxes, which contained Peter’s wardrobe. A comfortable artificial leg of the latest style took the place of the old wooden one, and after a week of practising upon it Peter found that there was no halt in his walking. The most observing of persons could not have distinguished any difference between his new glass eye and his natural one. The old wig, which Peter had always worn awry, was discarded for a new one, glossy black, with here and there a streak of silver. It fitted exactly. Within a

week Peter could raise his silk hat from his head without disturbing a single lock.

At Giovanni's direction Peter had allowed all the yellowish hair on his face to grow, so that now the valet, with a tiny razor, shaped a little mustache and also a bunch of side-whisker at either ear. These, with the eyelashes and eyebrows, were dyed a brownish black.

Chops and ale, sweetbreads and champagne, green turtle and sherry, had rounded Peter's cheeks, and his spirits had wonderfully increased.

"In six months," said Giovanni, as he regarded his patron with professional pride, "you shall be smiling like a political candidate. In a year you shall laugh as boisterously as a parvenu riding in the park. For a moral tonic we will read 'Don Quixote,' 'Handy Andy,' and the 'Pickwick Papers.'"

Peter's face, neck, and hands were now stained with two liquids, which made his skin a soft olive-brown.

"That operation," said Giovanni, at the end of an hour, "must be repeated every week. I have in that box thirty wigs, the hair of each one being a little longer than that which comes before it. Every day your hair will be growing. At the end of the month, when your last wig is worn and your hair is getting long, a fact which you will take pains to mention to those around us, you will begin over again with the first one, and it will appear as if your hair has been cut."

The third week of operations on Peter began with the production of a set of stays, to which were attached mechanical contrivances for raising and throwing back the shoulders. Over these a chamois-skin shirt and a padded, high-shouldered white waistcoat were fitted. Lavender-colored trousers were superadded to patent-leather shoes with black buckles. A gold network fob-

guard, with an amethyst pendant, hung from the waist-coat. The dark brown coat held in one of its sleeves an artificial arm, the gloved hand being secured within the folds. At the neck were a high collar and a maroon cravat. Peter's lips were lightly reddened, so that when they were parted the artificial teeth (one of them containing a little gold filling to make them appear the more natural) were displayed to great advantage.

The last touches were given. A neater work of art never graced the dramatic stage or a watering-place dining-room. Not a trace of Peter McGinnis was left. Francisco De Angelo for the first time stood before a mirror a dark, elegantly dressed semi-Spaniard, with an ivory-handled cane at his side, with a shining silk hat in his hand, with gold-rimmed glasses over his eyes, and with a lighted cigarette between his coral lips. For an hour Peter stood there admiring himself, and then he took a glass of champagne, drank to himself in the mirror, smiled for the second time in his life, and turning to Giovanni said, "Let's go on a thundering spree!"

"Not so, Don Francisco De Angelo. We have our country residence to buy."

"Ah, ha! my Italian covey, we have it. Peter McGinnis bought it while you were gone. We will start to-day. My horses and barouche are in the hotel-stables. Friend, hand me that black bottle."

He poured out a large drink of yellow liquid, and exclaimed, "This is some prime old Irish whiskey, which I have kept for this occasion."

He laughed heartily, and raising the glass said, "Here's good-by to old Peter McGinnis, be gorra!"

The new house was a light-brown structure in the Italian style, on the side of the Contra Costa Mountains. *The Alameda* plain lay spread below. Spires lifting

from the expanse indicated Oakland, a few miles away. Across the quiet, monotonous plain, studded here and there with green orchards, cosey houses, and white wind-mills, lay the ruffled bay, which, when the summer sunset broke through the fog in the Golden Gate, seemed like a lake of bronze.

The grounds around the house were shaded by great, heavy, dark evergreen oaks, save where there were long stretches of garden, bright with thousands of yellow and crimson roses. Scarlet geraniums, immense masses of bloom, clambered upon the porches, and the green grass, moistened by spray from the spattering fountains, was tinted by the orange of the golden cup. The air was sweet and pure, and the cool fresh wind that swept across the bay from its mass of fog brought a tonic to Peter's nerves as he sat in an easy-chair on the broad veranda, smoking a rich cigar, whose blue smoke rose and drifted among the leaves of the overhanging Australian vines. Giovanni sat beside him, tasting amber apricots and purple plums.

Every morning from this pleasant retreat, where no sound could be heard but the tinkling of the fountains and the rustling of the dark leaves, Peter and Giovanni rode forth behind two glossy chestnut horses. In the unpicturesque village on the plain, with its neat little houses and its broad yellow fields, people saluted the handsome middle-aged gentleman with great pleasure, and he raised his eyes from his morning paper, and smiled with such easy amiability that he soon became a popular favorite. Peter's spirits rose high as he felt the air on his cheek, and his horses, driven by a negro in livery, dashed down the smooth road to Oakland and Alameda.

Among his neighbors was a gentleman of Spanish

descent, José Balliero, who drove into the village every day with his daughter Isabel. She was a very pretty lady of thirty years, tall and slim, with an alabaster complexion, black eyes, and black hair. Her dress was almost invariably of black, relieved by only a dark-red ribbon at the neck.

De Angelo and the Ballieros exchanged calls. Giovanni was too wise to try to flirt with the lady, for he knew that she would in time become Donna Isabel De Angelo. That event would not make him less necessary to his patron, who could not afford to return to the pale face and yellow beard of Peter McGinnis. Besides, he was the only person who could be trusted to present checks on the McGinnis account in the bank of the old firm. It was evident to him that love was ripening in the De Angelo bosom, and that Isabel Balliero's poverty and thirty maidenly years coveted the estate of "Goldenside." The Italian was discreet in his conceit. His patron should see that he treated their pretty lady with distant and grave respect.

September came ; the hillside was sere, except where the writhing oaks threw their dark shadows and the odorless flowers were still red. The rainy season was to bring the new mistress to "Goldenside."

One afternoon, near the middle of the month, De Angelo and Giovanni were sitting on the veranda. On the little table were a bottle of champagne and a plate of bright-colored fruit. Isabel Balliero and her father rode up the gravelled road and alighted from their horses. They were soon engaged in admiring the pinks, the ambers, and the purples of the fruit, and in drinking the wine.

"Your lights were dim last evening, Don Francisco," said Señor Balliero.

"We were over at the opera in the city, and, of course, we did not come home in the fog. Not that we carry umbrellas or fear a fog, but that the ferry at night is so wearisome. Look," said Peter, sarcastically, "at these blushing apples, these plums in royal purple, these opaline peaches touched by fire, my Isabel. Do they not seem almost pretty enough to eat?"

He still retained some of his Eastern prejudices.

"You will have a glass of port, Señor Balliero, and you, Isabel—"

A woman dressed in gray was walking up the gravelled pathway. She was spare and pale-faced, and was evidently weary, for she limped toward the steps, as the polite and politic Giovanni handed her to a chair and poured a glass of wine, which she drank hastily, exclaiming, "Dear me, suz, if I ain't only but just tired, once!"

Mrs. Susan Van Doppenburgh McGinnis had invaded "Goldenside."

"Laws! If again my legs don't ache, then! Phew! There goes my shawl! What's of Peter? My! What's of Peter?"

The gentlemen sat still. The handsome, dignified Isabel was shocked.

"This is Peter's place, hey?" demanded Mrs. McGinnis. "Ain't there no one that will but tell me, once, what's to Peter McGinnis, then?"

Giovanni ventured, "Madame—"

"Don't *madame* me, Sam!" said Mrs. Susan McGinnis in a high thin voice; "I won't just have no charcoal-burner a-callin' me no madame, yet. I'm an honest married woman. No, Sam."

Mrs. McGinnis smoothed her gray dress and pulled at her moist bonnet-strings.

"This place," said Giovanni, "is Goldenside, the suburban residence of Don Francisco De Angelo."

"Are you the boss nigger? Sam, gimme another glass of that liquor, but. We may just keep you, Sam, if you air yet handy. So this other merlatter feller is but Dongelo, is it? Here, you, Dongelo, what's about Peter?"

Isabel rose, glanced at Mrs. McGinnis, understood the state of affairs in a moment, appeared politely uninterested, and, lifting her riding-dress so that her neat boots were free, tripped down the steps, and coolly waited for her father to aid her in mounting the saddle. Mrs. Susan carelessly looked at Isabel.

"If I once had our old gray," she said, "I could just beat her, yet, between here'n that dust down yender. I was, then, a gallus rider, only, in my day, but. Here, Sam, where's now your kitchen, then? I want to make a mustard-plaster for my back."

Señor Balliero sarcastically raised his hat to the intruder, looked at the rigid and pulseless De Angelo, and joined his daughter.

"So you're Dongelo, are you? Maybe you're, once, one of Peter's cronies, then? Peter always, yet, said he'd hev a nice place. Peter was learned. I always did say Peter'd write, once, a book, yet. No little book, but a big book, like a g'ography. He felt mighty big, yet. I heard he was in San Francisco. 'S old pardners, yet, don't know nothin'. I went the court-house, or somethin'. Lawyer's boy, once, found Peter's name. This is the place on the deed, and, but, as I own a thirds, I'll, yet, go round th' kitchen, 'n' git a douse o' water, but, and make, once, a mustard-plaster."

The stiff and stately De Angelo slowly rose and quietly walked into the hallway. As he solemnly turned,

Susan's eyes followed him for a moment, and then she exclaimed :

"Them ears grew on Peter McGinnis ! Here, you, Peter !"

She rushed at him and took him by the ear.

"The very same. Putty'd never change them ears. Peter, get right down on your knees and say, Excuse me."

Peter stood in mute despair.

But Susan took him by the arm, and turning to Giovanni, said, "Sam, tend to that umbrell ; I'm going, but, to hunt into this rag-bag, yet, for Peter McGinnis."

And she led the meek man into his room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TRIAL.

ON the first Monday in December, Henry Wilmore was taken into the Manchester court-house to be tried, as Jack Martin, for the murder of the old farmer at Wampum. Hundreds of people flocked into the few narrow, straight-backed seats that had for many years tortured small country audiences when petty cross-roads cases in regard to goose-trespassing and mill-brooks had been submitted to fuddled, impatient juries. On this exciting occasion even the gallery was in demand ; and when a constable had been awakened in a neighboring saloon, and he had pried open the attic-door of the court-house, numbers of curious, vulgar women brushed the

cobwebs from the ancient staircase with their silk dresses, in their efforts to obtain good positions from which to hear, during the trial, any allusion to anatomical matters which are not usually discussed before audiences of unprofessional persons.

If lecturers in the schools of medicine in great cities would throw open the doors of the amphitheatres wherein they give clinical illustrations, a certain class of morbid women who haunt court-rooms would have their appetites for filth appeased.

When the floor and the gallery of the court-room had become filled, the officers had taken their stations, the judge had occupied his chair, and vigorously grasped his unoffending quill-pen, and the local and New York reporters had surrounded their table, Henry took his seat behind the prosecuting attorney. Mr. Manning appeared as his counsel, with a Manchester lawyer as his associate.

Old Judge Seeren had been coaxed into a quiet frame of mind, and had promised not to interfere with the trial. No great trouble was experienced in the selection of the jury.

The prosecuting attorney first proved the murder of Christopher Gray.

Then Miss Adelaide Gray, daughter of the victim, testified that on a summer evening, as she and her father were leaving their farm-house for a short walk, they saw figures in the orchard, and as they approached the wall two men ran away, and another, a young man, stood still, with an air of defiance. When her father demanded that the young man should explain what he was doing in the orchard, the reply was a blow on the head with a heavy stick. This was repeated several times, while the witness was screaming for help. Her father fell dead, *and the murderer, rushing into the orchard, escaped.* The

stick, left on the ground, and now produced in court by the coroner, who, years ago, held the inquest, was the one with which the blows were inflicted. On its bark the letters J. M. were roughly cut. She recognized the prisoner at the bar as the man who murdered her father. On her cross-examination by Mr. Manning, Miss Gray said that nothing could shake her belief, or weaken her positive knowledge, that the prisoner was the man who dealt the blows.

The next witness was Captain Joseph Jennings. He said that fifteen years prior to the trial, he, his son William, and the prisoner, Jack Martin, had driven from Seabran into the country, for the purpose of securing some smuggled goods, which had for a long time been hidden in an old house near Wampum. They were passing along a lane back of an orchard, and were studying their position as to the main road from the orchard, when an old gentleman and a young lady, the preceding witness, approached. He and his son William fled, but the prisoner, Jack Martin, refused to leave. From the rear of the orchard they saw Jack Martin strike the old gentleman with a stout stick and knock him to the ground. When Jack Martin rejoined them, he said that he had killed the old curmudgeon. They re-entered their wagon, and while the two younger men lay in the bottom unseen, he drove slowly back to the seashore. People who saw him believed that he was an old farmer. Search had been made in the mountains instead of on the seashore, and so they had never been suspected. The stick exhibited by the coroner was the one carried by Jack Martin, and with which he had killed the deceased.

Upon cross-examination Captain Jennings was asked whether Jack Martin did not fall overboard from his sloop, and afterward, when he was supposed to have re-

turned, did not act like a different man. He replied that the prisoner was a little sick from cold and exhaustion ; but that he was more studious only after he had acknowledged that he was Jack Martin. It seemed that he had learned that life was full of risks, and fear of death caused him to be more gentle. There was no doubt that he was the same Jack Martin, for immediately on reaching Seabranh, on the day after he fell overboard, he fought a peddler for insulting his girl ; and he that same day gave him (Captain Jennings) a torn bank bill that had passed between them the day before.

William Jennings testified substantially to the same facts as those related by the preceding witness. When Jack Martin returned after the night in the water and on the shore, he, when asked for tobacco, took his old box from his pocket, and found that the contents were wet. His clothes were still wet when he reached Seabranh ; and they were the same that he wore when he fell into the water. The sloop was only a half mile from shore, and Jack was an excellent swimmer. The prisoner always answered to the name of Jack Martin.

The next witness was Miss Kate Jennings. She was dressed in black. Her beautiful face was white. Over her brow her fair hair was plain and smooth. Tears were in her blue eyes, and her delicate mouth, slightly parted, showed that she breathed uneasily. As she passed toward the witness-stand she left Helen, who was supporting her, and, stooping, she kissed Henry softly on the brow. Helen sat down at Henry's side and took his hand in hers. Both ladies were ruining the defence.

Kate testified that she must be about thirty-four years old. She resided with the Sisters at Orchardin. She *knew* Jack Martin. When she was asked whether she

recognized him in the prisoner at the bar she hesitated, and seemed about to faint. Her eyes filled with tears, which rolled down her white cheeks ; her thin nostrils dilated and trembled, and she could not speak. The prosecuting attorney kindly changed the question, and asked whether Jack had ever ill-used her.

“ Yes, he sometimes beat me ; but after he was in the water he was good to me.”

“ You recognize him, then ?”

“ Yes.”

Mr. Manning asked her how she could account for the fact that Jack had so suddenly changed from a cruel brute to a kind friend.

This question was objected to, but she quietly answered, “ I never could explain it, sir, any more than I could realize how I changed from a hard girl, who hated him, to a weak girl, who loved him.”

Kate did not know that she had made a pointed argument against the prisoner. The lawyers released her from the witness-stand, and before any one could stop her, she too seated herself at Henry’s side. As she took a white rose from her throat and handed it to him, Mr. Manning hastily glanced at the jury, who, too truly, saw that this sorrowing lady fully identified Jack Martin.

The prosecution closed.

Mr. Manning, in opening for the defence, made a clear, eloquent, and forcible statement, saying that he would prove by Judge Seeren, as well as by a dozen reluctant witnesses, that the prisoner was not Jack Martin. He expected to meet with great difficulty. He would not deny that Christopher Gray was brutally murdered, and that circumstances (some of them being of the prisoner’s own creation) made it momentarily appear that Jack Martin was now on trial for his life ;

but he would show to the world that a jury of twelve men, by a laborious mental process, working upon infinitesimal shades of minute facts, picked like little needles from great haystacks, could overwhelm and destroy what seemed to be the most positive evidence that the prisoner at the bar was a murderer. He said, furthermore, that he knew that he had much to contend against in the law which prevented the prisoner from testifying in his own behalf, as well as in the fact that Miss Jennings, a former companion of Jack Martin's, was now sitting at the prisoner's side, and, by innocent signs of sympathy and love, was leading the jury to believe that she was with her old master. He said that he had talked with many people who had known this prisoner years before, and who, while believing that he was Jack Martin, had given him points in the history of the prisoner that he would show could not have been developed by Jack Martin.

The first witness for the defence was Judge Seeren. He testified that he had known the prisoner when he was a very young man ; that he had known him intimately ever since, and that he had never for a moment believed that his real name was Jack Martin. He had addressed him by that name because, for some unknown purpose or whim, it had pleased the prisoner to be known by that name. Judge Seeren, then, in answer to minute questionings by Mr. Manning, gave many interesting details of Henry's early characteristics, showing how they had been revealed in the life of the prisoner while he was known as Jack Martin. He described Henry's mode of sparring, and how he had ever since sparred in the same manner. He said that before he would describe the real Jack Martin, whom he knew, he would say that when Henry used to spar with him in the coun-

try grove his arms were as unmarked as a baby's, but that an arm of the young man who had been drowned, and who was buried as Henry Wilmore, bore the blue initials J. M.

Mr. Manning had not expected this testimony, which Seeren volunteered ; but he did not remember ever to have seen any marks on Henry's arm, and, in fact, he thought that he himself could swear that there were none. So he now, to the great delight of the women in the gallery, requested Henry to bare his upper-arm before the jury. To this the prosecuting attorney objected, on the ground that the prisoner would be giving testimony in his own behalf ; but Mr. Manning argued that the arm was in a measure a material part of the testimony of Judge Seeren, just as the stick was part of the prosecution's evidence, or was a memorandum in aid of Judge Seeren, or was an exhibit which was in the keeping of the sheriff, as any other article in the case. The court overruled the objection, and told the sheriff to bare the prisoner's arm.

There were the blue letters "J. M."

Both Seeren and Mr. Manning seemed as if they were turned to stone. They were amazed. Henry's lips wore a bitter smile. The room was as quiet as a country graveyard. Suddenly there was a great commotion at the door, which was hastily thrown open, and a woman's voice was heard, " Here's but Peter McGinnis, once ! Make way, yit, fur the bass-fiddler ! Three cheers fur Dongelo, the Frisco milliner ! Hold on, but, judge ; here's a witness, then, from the glorious fog of Frisco ! "

Mrs. Susan Van Dopenburgh McGinnis, with her hand firmly grasping her husband's collar, was dragging that panting, unresisting gentleman into the court-room. In vain the judge rapped with his gavel ; in vain the

sheriff and his officers shouted "Silence!" She did not stop until Peter was inside the railing.

Mrs. McGinnis threw herself into a chair. She was richly dressed. A sealskin bonnet with an ostrich feather partially covered her light brown hair. Over her maroon silk dress a sealskin cloak reached almost to the floor. Where it was thrown open in front there appeared a belt, with a golden buckle studded with diamonds. A massive gold chain supported a pendant of diamonds and emeralds. The handle of her small silk umbrella was an oblong of polished quartz, thickly mossed and freckled with gold. Her long chin was buried in a mass of misty lace, which was held at the throat by another diamond.

She nodded familiarly at the bench, and said, "Well, judge, I didn't but say nothin' to nobody, once, but myself. But I got him. That Dongelo, yet, is just Peter McGinnis. Now, fellers, go on with the trial. Here, Sam," and she beckoned to Giovanni, "it's a little cool in here, once, and you can fix my police."

Mr. Manning consulted for a moment with Peter McGinnis, and then called him to the stand.

There had evidently been a compromise between Mr. and Mrs. McGinnis. Peter appeared in all the majesty of De Angelo.

"I am," he said, "Peter McGinnis. Here is my photograph, taken in the glorious sunshine of California. Underneath is the appended certificate of a legal commissioner for New Jersey, resident in California, who vouches, under sign and seal, that I am Peter McGinnis. Here also are drafts, deeds, and my marriage certificate, all bearing my name. The latter also bears that of Mr. Wilmore. This lady, who is my wife, will testify that *I am Peter McGinnis*. I formerly kept a store in this

city. My complexion, however, has been greatly changed by my living under the glorious sun of California. There I am a man of much wealth. Before I leave Manchester I should like to contribute fifty or a hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a retreat for crippled workingmen, to be called Pedronia. This good lady would like to endow a home for workingmen's widows, to be called Susonia."

Owing to his great wealth and to the importance of his dignified statement, the prosecution did not object to the irrelevancy of his testimony.

"In regard to the name used by my beloved wife," he resumed, "I might explain that, at her request, I have undertaken a work of literature, 'Eucalyptus, or The Oriental that Would not Go,' and Don Francisco De Angelo is my *nom de plume*. This good lady lovingly abbreviates it to Dongelo. I sent for her to join me in my wealth and pleasure, and it was owing to her honest importunities that I hastened to the East to become a witness in this trial. She is a very noble woman, but she is of an innocently emotional temperament, and being excited after her long journey, she may have appeared to quicken my entrance into this court-room.

"When, several years ago, I left Manchester, and before I sought the golden sunshine of glorious California, I resided as a merchant at Cedarham. One morning, very early, I walked down to the beach. In the semi-darkness I discovered the body of a man, on whose bared arm were the letters J. M. I hastened back to the village to find the constable or coroner, and had entered my store, when there passed, strangely and rapidly, down the street the Reverend Henry Wilmore, of Manchester, who had united me in marriage with this loving lady. He walked directly toward the beach.

My spyglass was within reach, and by its aid I saw that he, too, discovered the corpse. He returned to the village, and, entering my store, bought needles and India-ink. When he left I discreetly followed him to the beach, and, hiding myself behind a clump of ever-green trees, I saw him exchange garments with the drowned man, whose face greatly resembled his own. I also observed that he pricked into his upper-arm, with the needles and India-ink, letters somewhat similar to those on the arm of the dead man. Before leaving the spot Mr. Wilmore took from his pocket a little book, which he inclosed within two shells, and carefully buried in the sands. By the aid of certain landmarks and the position of the body of the drowned man, my eyes located the burial-spot. This young man appeared to me to be working under a strange disease. His features and complexion seemed to indicate a man who was not insane, but who was sick and exhausted, either from a great mental shock or from the subsidence of recent overwhelming emotions. If he showed any feeling at all, it was a sort of babyish feebleness, such as I fancy may be experienced by a man who is starving at sea, or by a wounded soldier who feels unable to cross the miles of desert at the end of which may be food and water. At the same time one who did not observe his facial feebleness and his expressionless eye would have believed that he was working with cool deliberation. A burglar could not have acted with more deft directness of purpose. A drummer in an orchestral band could not have appeared more self-possessed. The idea that forced itself upon me was that he did not even dream of assuming the place of a man who was not known to be drowned, but that, in counterfeiting the dead man, he *was acting* from some far-inward, morbid liking for him.

It was the sympathy of the dying with the dead. The wet clothes of the dead sailor revived him as if they had been a hydropathic pack-sheet, and he walked away like a statue sprung into life. I am naturally a secretive man, and in those days I was myself the victim of so many misfortunes that I did not undertake to explain to the authorities what I had seen Mr. Wilmore do on the beach. To report the finding of the body was all that I considered it my duty to do before this young man's God and mine. Before the body was removed up the Hudson I took the precaution to have a picture taken of the arm and the initials on it, in the presence of the local magistrate, who certified to its correctness. The book within the shells I rescued from the sands. On the following year Mr. Wilmore, under the name of Jack Martin, and in company with Miss Jennings and her little girl, came to my hotel and lived there as their brother for a long time. One night when he was asleep I looked at his arm, and saw the letters pricked on it. He has, it seems, recently bared his arm in this room, and I see the same letters now. If you will look at this certified picture of the arm of the dead Jack Martin you will see that the hook of the J is turned the wrong way, and in that respect was not exactly copied by Mr. Wilmore. And here I have the honor to present to the court the Bible that he buried in the sands. You may identify it by the writing on the fly-leaf."

Mr. Peter McGinnis took from his pocket a delicate handkerchief, coughed in a dignified manner, and said that he had told his story, but that he must again speak of the good-heartedness of Mrs. McGinnis, who, on the very day of Mr. Wilmore's arrest, had hastened to California to seek her husband as a witness, although she had so long chosen to remain in her beloved New Jersey

rather than to brave a long journey in order to share a large fortune.

The court bowed gravely toward both Mr. and Mrs. McGinnis, and then inquired whether there were any more witnesses. The prosecuting attorney said that, upon consulting his conscience, he felt bound on his part to ask the court to instruct the jury in the premises, as he did not feel inclined to argue against the testimony of Mr. McGinnis. The jury did not retire.

Within five minutes Henry Wilmore was a free man.

As soon as he could disengage himself from the smothering embraces of Seeren, who was weeping like a baby, he turned to thank Mrs. Susan McGinnis, but that lady and her husband were gone. In her place was a dark-eyed lady, who had been summoned as a witness, but who had not been called. She extended her hand and said, "Henry, we are not enemies?"

"No, Mrs.—or is it still Miss Margie?—I do not think that we shall ever be enemies."

But he was anxious to see Kate and Helen. They had disappeared. The presiding judge at that moment invited him into a private room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE STORY OF SEEREN'S LIFE.

IN the judge's private room sat Captain Jennings and his son Bill, and beside them, watching them closely, stood the sheriff and one of his officers. Mr. Manning and Judge Seeren occupied chairs at a table, and in a

corner, on a sofa, Kate Jennings and her daughter Helen were weeping. Henry modestly advanced to speak to the two ladies, but Kate would not raise her face, and Helen seemed overwhelmed with shame and confusion. So he took a seat beside old Seeren, who, when the door was closed, said, "I have a short story to tell. Many years ago I lived on the south shore of Long Island. My parents were in good circumstances. I was not a bad young man. My name was Charles Jennings, and that old man yonder was my brother. Our parents lived sorrowful lives because of his devilish habits. He was a loafer, a drunkard, and a thief. Nothing would persuade him to spare us by remaining away from home. When he had squandered the money with which we purchased his absence, he would return, and the disgrace which, with the aid of kind neighbors, we had almost forgotten, he would renew. His wife was as bad as himself. When he grew tired of her, she suddenly disappeared. The waters of the Lower Bay alone know her secret. His boy, yonder, is her son. One time, while he was absent from home, I married, and I too became the father of a boy. After three years of married life I was compelled to go to Philadelphia on business, which kept me there for several weeks. On my return I learned that my villainous brother had stolen my wife and robbed me of my son. When I discovered them they were living at Seabranck, and in my anger I struck my brother so that he lost his eye. My wife refused to return with me; but I captured my child, and never afterward disturbed the guilty pair. In time my wife also disappeared; and I have no doubt that her bones lie at the bottom of the sea. The boy grew, and his manners were as interesting and as fascinating as his mother's had been; but I could not fail to observe that under-

neath them were the cruelty and falseness that I had discovered in her when it was too late for my happiness. Although my parents supported him, while they lived, and I placed him with good guardians when they died of grief, he was so wayward in his behavior that he was scarcely more than fifteen years of age when he ran away, and became a thief in New York.

“Many years before that time, there came one day to our house on the South Shore a young married lady with her baby. She was seeking a summer hotel on the New Jersey coast, and mistaking the name of the town, had come down on the Long Island shore, in great haste, because her baby needed an immediate change of air. She had dismissed the driver, believing that she had reached the New Jersey village that she was seeking. She was in great distress on account of her sick baby, and she wished earnestly to be on the other shore. To reach there, she thought that she must return to New York. She was a stranger even in that city, her husband having but recently brought her from a New England State, and having been suddenly called away on business to the South. The awkwardness of her position was extremely painful to her, for she was evidently a lady of great refinement, although not of great wealth. My parents comforted her, and as my father possessed winning and hospitable manners, and as my good mother soon relieved the child, the lady became content, and almost cheerful. They invited her to remain for several days, but she seemed anxious to reach the watering-place hotel on the New Jersey coast.

The only sail-boat in which my mother and myself might have taken the lady across the bay was one belonging to my brother Joseph, who was on our side of *the water* that day ; and when my father asked him to

lend it to us for money, he stubbornly refused. He had stolen my wife, and he would have scorned me. In the morning I went to the neighboring village, hoping that I might find a boat that could be made decent in its accommodations, or, not finding one, could procure a conveyance and a driver who would take the lady and her baby back to New York. I failed in both endeavors, and was in no wise sorry, for our own sakes, that the beautiful lady would be compelled to see her baby get well in our heathful air and under my mother's delicate care. But when I returned to the house the strangers were gone. My mother had been to the village after I reached there, and having purchased some medicines for the baby had returned before me. My father had gone to the interior of the island to purchase some cattle. My mother, on her return from the village, had found a note from the lady, saying that she had a sudden opportunity for crossing the water, that she was grateful for my mother's kindness, and that she must go at once in her son's boat. The lady, confiding in my brother Joseph because he was the son of so good a woman as my mother, had been induced by his specious pretences to sail with him at once, while wind and tide were favorable. I hastened back to the village, in order to obtain any kind of sail-boat and start in pursuit. But, unluckily, all the fishermen had just gone out to sea. Not until the next morning could I hire a cat-boat. Then the sea was heavily against me ; a great storm was raging ; the sky was dark, and I was nearly swamped. My nearest port was Hardshell, where in an exhausted condition I was compelled to put in. Toward night, however, it cleared a little ; and bailing my boat I sailed out again, and about nine o'clock I saw by the faint lights that I was off Scabbranch. My brother's boat

was anchored in the cove, and, in spite of the high sea, I ran alongside of her. No one seemed to be on board. I groped my way into the cabin, and by the light of my lantern I searched for signs of life. The one bunk had nothing in it. But in a covered basket I found the baby. How long it had been without food I could not guess. I knew, however, where to find brandy in the locker, and I, a great awkward man, with only a slight idea of how babies should be cared for, gave it a drop or two of the liquor in some milk that I found in a can which had evidently come from my mother's house. The baby seemed to be sleepy, as if it were under the influence of a mild opiate. At any rate, it did not show signs of pain; and the basket in which it lay was warmly lined with an old blanket from the bunk. My intention was to remain in the cabin caring for the baby until morning; for I knew that I could not make a landing. There were signs, too, that the wind was now coming fiercely out of the west. The boat was rocking and plunging; and I could hear the sea breaking over her sides. When I went on deck, I found that I had broken the anchor-chain, that I was driving far out beyond the neck of land, that my own boat was nowhere in sight, and that the lights of Seabrook were far behind me. Nothing could be done. I was compelled to scud before the gale. I could not put up a light, and I could not, from my low position, see the lights of other vessels. Fortunately for my safety, they kept out at sea. In order to steady the boat I was compelled to raise a little sail. All night long I either stood at the tiller, or, lashing it, went into the little cabin to look after the baby. I was so wet, and the fresh western gale was so cold and keen that I nearly perished. But I robbed *the baby* of some of the brandy, and lived. When day

dawned I was more than two miles from the Long Island shore, which I reached with difficulty. With the baby in my arms I entered my mother's house and sank upon the floor. That afternoon, when I woke from sleep, and had half unconsciously eaten a great quantity of hot oyster-soup, I found myself strong enough to hear my mother say that the baby was well. On the inside of its dress-sleeve, secured by a pin, she had discovered a lady's kid glove. No time for examining it had come to her, so she gave it to me. Inside the glove I found a ring with a peculiar stone, and around it a bit of paper, on which were almost undistinguishably written the words :

“ ‘ My God ! I have fallen into the hands of a wretch. He is sailing out to sea instead of landing. I have offered him my money and jewelry, but he says that dead women tell no tales. My baby—my husband—if anybody should find this—’

“ I knew that my brother was a murderer. The baby was an orphan. Why he had permitted it to live, or whether he had forgotten it, I could not explain to myself. Probably, in his haste to reach shore, he had merely given the child a short respite.

“ The news nearly broke my mother's heart. When I said that my conscience told me to surrender the murderer, my father begged me to postpone the action until my mother should recover from her terrible shock. He, too, was broken down with shame ; but he was a strong man, and he soon rallied sufficiently to take care of my mother. As soon as I was able to leave them I took my brother's boat, in which I had come ashore, and I sailed to Seabranck. Joseph had disappeared. On the night of the murder he had gone on shore, leaving his boat at anchor in the cove ; and the next morning, when

he had missed her, he had suddenly left the village. I sought the hotel, further up the coast, whither the lady had wished to go ; but the landlord knew no one of her description, and none of the guests expected any friend. It was evident that the lady, being a stranger in New York, had merely learned of the hotel's good name, and had believed that it was a place where she might properly sojourn without her husband. Returning home, I found that my mother was stronger, but that she would have a relapse if she was shocked by any further revelation. My own son was then living with her, and her life seemed to depend upon her ability to take care of him and the little girl. So I went forth into the world, with the ring and the scrap of paper, hoping to discover the husband of the murdered lady. It must be remembered that I was a green, ignorant, uncouth man, who had seen but little besides the green fields and the blue waves. But I was very handy at those rude arts which one practises in country and seaside villages. My first adventures were in New York, where I obtained work alongshore. In my leisure moments I sought the companionship of sailors on coasting-vessels, and I put myself in the way of passengers from the South, while my ears were always ready to hear the story of some husband who was searching for a lost wife and baby. I haunted hotel corridors ; I read one or two newspapers and their advertisements ; I would myself have advertised with my scant means, but the fear of my mother's death deterred me. You must remember that I was not a keen, worldly, educated man. Much of my time was wasted, and my efforts were probably defeated by my want of ingenuity. For what did I, all alone, poor, ignorant, and simple, and having no one with whom to take counsel, without revealing the secret, and killing my mother, know about detectives ? To me, justice had for her champion only a village magistrate, who, when not in a little shabby court, collected driftwood. I blundered a thousand times. If I had been a Catholic I might have told my priest. I was only a poor longshoreman, with hardly enough spare money to pay for

the boots which I wore out in blindly walking the streets at night after my hard work was done. It was then that wrinkles began to deepen and to crowd one another on my already too homely yellow face. I changed my employment as often as I could. I became a porter in a hotel, a watchman at a club-house, an oyster-opener in a saloon, a driver of a depot-hack—always listening for a whisper of the story of a lost wife. That was the only way in which I could silence my noisy conscience for a while.

“Years rolled on. I visited home once in the summer, once in the winter. One summer, when I went home to see my boy, who was nine years old, and the little girl, who was seven, I found my father and mother in agony. The little girl had been stolen. I knew at once that my devilish brother Joseph, believing that I knew his secret and that I loved the child, had taken her. The people at Seabranck knew nothing of him. I now began a double search. In my uneducated mind there were but two definite ideas: one that the husband of the lady had lived in New England, but had been in the South; and the other, that my brother Joseph, a sailor, must gain a living at a seaport town. My footsteps were thereupon directed toward New England. As a jack-of-all-trades I went from town to town, engaged in all sorts of humble vocations, and I felt the wrinkles criss-crossing one another on my monstrous face. Because of my great stature, my brawny build, and my extreme ugliness, people on the streets looked inquisitively at me. To engage them in conversation I became jocose and extravagant in my manner. In barrooms and in shipping offices I uttered merciless puns, and when I met men of intelligence, who were willing to guy me, I talked to them about my absurd Philosophy of Yellow. I affected yellow clothes, and I read a few books which aided me in my extravagance of speech. All the time I was waiting to hear about a man who had lost his wife, and I was searching seaports for the stolen baby. After three years I returned home. My father was dead. I then wondered whether it had not been better for us all if I had remained with

my parents. But my conscience was uneasy. I almost felt that I had been the murderer. It was necessary that I should now remain at home with my mother. My son was nearly twelve years old—a handsome, hardy boy, with a witty, imperious way that won hearts only to break them. His grandmother was his willing slave, and I was little less. There are fathers who might have tamed the handsome tyrant, but I, of course, did not by nature belong to that number. The time came when my mother died. Her last words were, ‘Do not betray your brother and murder my son.’ I placed my boy in care of the principal of a good seminary—a clergyman, who was not harsh—and I gave the income of the old place to him for my boy’s support and education. It is doubtful that the boy learned anything, for I was informed that he was incorrigible, and that he was the terror of the neighborhood. When I went to visit him he had fled to New York, and when I sought him in that city, the records of the police authorities showed that for stealing and for aggravated assault he had been confined to the House of Refuge, the preparatory school of the State Prison. About that time a careful observer might have noticed that a new set of wrinkles on my face began to work diagonally. That was when I began to remark to the wags in the boxing-gallery that my mind was so mathematical that it used my face as a slate for making hypotenuse angles. My conscience and my desire to find the lost baby or her father drove me to the South. Joseph had not been in Philadelphia, in Norfolk, in Charleston, in Savannah, or in Mobile. In the latter place I made money by trading in cotton; in New Orleans I lost it in the wine business. Not one large seaport town in the South escaped my search.

“It was sixteen years after the murder of the strange lady when I again returned to New York, and I immediately sought the little fishing village of Seabranck. Joseph, now aging, was there, a smuggler, his son, grown almost to manhood, being his mate; and with them was the lost girl, sixteen years old, and, as I believed, the wife of my son, who had assumed his mother’s name of

Martin. In my utter despair, I fled. Habit had made me a wanderer, and I again sought the highway. Fortune, however, made me a peddler of maps. One day, as I was going through the Hudson Highlands, I reached, about dusk, a pleasant farm-house, where I sold my last map, and I asked permission from the good-hearted farmer to sleep on the hay in the barn. While I was talking, a young man's voice, which I at first thought was that of my son Jack, broke upon us from a wagon which had just stopped at the gate, and when I turned to see from whom it came, there jumped to the ground a youth who in form and feature might, indeed, have been Jack Martin. There were the same light complexion, violet eyes, dark auburn hair, and joyous, smiling lips. But his words were those of a kind gentleman. I could not accept his invitation to sleep in the house, for I needed the loneliness of the haymow to quiet my exciting thoughts. In the morning I went into the fields to help at the haying. The young man, Henry Wilmore, was a student of theology, a happy, poetical youth, who was the strongest man, excepting myself, who swung a scythe in the fields, those days. His manner fascinated me, because physically he was the exact counterpart of my son, Jack Martin. There was, too, the same habit of thought—keen, critical, seeking confidence, but finding disappointment—only how different were the objects sought by Jack Martin from those sought by Henry Wilmore! You will not wonder that my restless feet remained on the farm, that I sought as much of Mr. Wilmore's companionship as I, a poor clodhopper, dared to obtain, and that, forgetting Jack Martin, I found surcease of sorrow in fancying that this noble young man was my son. Every day the sweetness and greatness of his character revealed themselves anew to me. No one but myself could see the thousand little thoughtful actions that he unostentatiously performed; for I was constantly watching him. I have seen him climb to the topmost rafters of the barn to put a fallen featherless swallow back into its nest. He would never ride while horse was pulling a wagon up hill. Many a time have I seen him pick up

an apple in the road and carry it until he threw it to some stray pig. And if I spoke to him about it, he would say, 'That pig would have run madly a half mile for that apple, and yet it did not know enough to say Thank you. Some of us may be better than pigs, if we only think of it.' Then he would laugh. When he was near a roadside well, he always drew a bucket of water, in order to save some poor woman the labor. Squirrels never ran away from him. I used to fancy that bees liked to see him near their hives. And I positively know that humming-birds would dart into flowers within five feet of him. For ten miles round the poor knew the sound of his footsteps. Once, when he was without money, he fished for half a day in the rain, in order to procure a supper for a sick negro. His happiness was so great that he forgot his own supper. At barn-raising and stone-frolics he heaved the heaviest load and sang the heartiest song, and when the hungry, laughing farmers were eating hot lamb pot-pie and drinking icy cider, he would be found at a little bonfire roasting ears of corn for the children. I used to wonder at some of his terse, mysterious sentences, which I can now understand. He would say, 'Seeren, the scientists have a reason for the blush on a peach, but poor people like peaches all the same ;' 'Seeren, if whiskey were not intoxicating, men would loathe it ;' 'Seeren, if good people took the same pains in keeping their wells and reservoirs in good condition that the whiskey-makers take with their stills and barrels, they would have a better right to give temperance lectures ;' 'Seeren, why is it that in real life old maids sing the sweetest lullabys ?'

"When Mr. Wilmore went to preach in Manchester, I followed him. When it was announced that his body had been discovered on the beach at Cedarham, I went to live there. I saw him on my brother's boat, living the life of Jack Martin ; and afterwards I was his companion in the management of the local newspaper. My lawyer in the drawing of certain papers was Mr. Manning, and when I found that Mr. Wilmore was likely to be annoyed by my brother and his son, I sent him to

that gentleman. The rest we all know. Jack Martin is dead; Henry Wilmore lives. I am old, good-for-nothing, and inexcusably rich. One half the money I will immediately give to Henry Wilmore; with the other half I will go wherever Mrs. Kate Jennings and her daughter choose to have me live as their protector. And as I have abandoned my search for the father of Mrs. Jennings, I will, in bidding good-by to all but my two wards, leave this box with Mr. Manning. It contains the murdered lady's note and ring."

As Seeren handed the package to the old lawyer, the latter, coolly receiving it, said, as if he were a stern cross-examiner in court, "Judge Seeren, in all the years during which you have had this ring in your possession, your ignorance of the gew-gaws of this world has prevented you from observing that the stone is part of a clasp. If by any chance you had opened it, as I open it now, you would have discovered the portrait of a young man, the husband of the murdered lady. That is myself as I once appeared. These ladies are my daughter and granddaughter. You may now know why my hair was white so long ago."

The old lawyer displayed no emotion. But his piercing black eye rested for a moment on Captain Joseph Jennings, who sat trembling in his chair; and then, biting his thin lip, Mr. Manning said, "For the sake of the lady who cared for my wife, I will not kill her son. But, as I may forget myself, I advise the sheriff to remove him."

The sheriff and his deputy led the old smuggler and his son from the room.

Kate Jennings sat for a few moments wrapped in thought. Her death-like pallor could not conceal her beauty. Her black bonnet had slipped from her head, and her disordered hair fell over her forehead like morning sunlight on the snow. She shuddered slightly, as she realized that Jack Martin had long been dead, and that he had never come back to her as a saint from heaven. The firm, cruel thought that Henry Wilmore was really a person whom she had never known, and

whom she could never know, caused her to shrink back for a moment, and bury her face in her handkerchief; and then she rose, and crossing the room, knelt at his feet and kissed his hand. There was no time for him to resist. As she quickly and gracefully rose, she retreated a few steps, and said, calmly and faintly, "Good-by." Turning to old Seeren, she put both her thin white hands upon his broad shoulders, and, standing on tip-toe, kissed him, while his tears fell upon her hair. In her heart, resolution was endeavoring to conquer despair. The sight of her daughter brought a slight flush to her cheek; and putting her arm around the sweet girl, she said, "My child, I do not know which of us is the more to be pitied; I thought I had a right to love him as a husband, and you thought you had a right to love him as a father; and, my poor girl, as we can never love him the less, we must go."

Not once had she even glanced at Mr. Manning. The cold, lawyer-like tones of his voice had chilled her. He now stood there, tall, erect, dark-visaged, white-haired, stifling the memories of many years gone by. In this emergency he had felt that he was in the hard, cold atmosphere of a court-house, in which for a generation only his qualities for keen mental combat had been employed. Once or twice his long finger worked rapidly toward Kate, like a piston-rod, as if he would have examined her in regard to her claim upon his heart, and his black eye keenly surveyed her face, as if it would not permit any sign of her thoughts to cross it without detection.

"Kate!"

She looked up at him, as if he was, indeed, one to whom she might turn for pity.

"Kate Manning!"

"Yes, sir."

"I will never again enter a court-room, so help me God! My children, let us go."

And with one arm round Kate, and the other round Helen, he walked nervously from the room.

CHAPTER XXV.

"AND FAREWELL GOES OUT SIGHING."

IN the quiet little village of Montjoy, where enterprise has broken down the fences of fields in its endeavor to make town-lots, and where the West Shore Railroad has blasted, and tunnelled, and built its way along the Hudson, the houses are scattered beside grassy lanes that are called avenues, and newly-graded roads that are called boulevards. Cows are tethered to stakes in the fenceless fields; smoke rises from three or four brick chimneys of new factories; sign-boards indicate that the outlying frog-hollows and blackberry patches of five years ago will be sold in villa-plots, as parts of "Cloverdale Haunt," "Flowervale Terrace," and "Flutterwing Mall;" and crooked old apple-trees seem to feel in their helplessness that stylish and Latin-named evergreens are growing like foppish upstarts to shame them in winter, and eventually to drive them from the soil which they have so long faithfully shaded. The scythes that hang in their boughs have rusted and rotted, and gaudy lawn-mowers are trundled by lazy boys. The bluebirds have gone, the yellow-finches are no longer seen, and red boxes for impudent little English sparrows are hung in the vines.

In the bow-window of one of the quiet, pretty houses sat a lady of forty years—she who had once been Margie Allen. She had not married Tom Townley; the man who had wooed and won her was Mr. Frederick G. Jones. Her figure was a little fuller, but time, in doubling her years, had not destroyed her beauty. The damask was deeper on her cheeks; her brow seemed broader, as became a matron who presided over the suppers and evening studies of several children.

Mr. Jones was, of course, a rigidly pious man. The very goats that saw him walking, with long, respectable,

and important strides, timidly crossed the streets, fearing that they, being mere goats, might be considered as having done some wicked act. The great aim of Mr. Jones's life was to be eminently respectable. The care and time that, with a sour and earnest countenance, he gave to an effort to be respectable would have brought riches to a wicked and more modest man. And he succeeded. He was never spoken of as Jones. The rich and the poor gave him a grave, respectful, and almost sorrowful bow as they deliberately uttered, "Good-morning, *Mr. Jones*." The autumn winds that sometimes howled through the village of Montjoy assumed a whisper as they passed his house; and when he left home with an air of large, cheap propriety, the sparrows in neighboring trees trimmed their feathers respectably, and chattered "Mr. Mr. Mr. *Mr. Jones*." Of course, Margie called him "Freddy," just as a sentimental old maid will sometimes name a brindle dog *Maud*. But he was not in the least like a Freddy or a Fred. If he had lived in the time of Barebones Parliament he would have been named Heaven-Be-Praised-For Jones.

Indeed, people who mentioned his name usually emphasized the G., as if it meant a great deal of still further respectability which must not, on any account, be forgotten. His house was never spoken of: no one ever ventured to refer to the neat unpretentious building as anything littler than a "place" or "residence." Even the butcher-boy, in driving his city cousin in the meat-wagon, on his rounds through the village, stopped in his profane story, and, with just a little awe in his voice, said, "That is the *residence* of Mr. Frederick G. Jones. He's got lovely boarders." When the youthful stranger asked the butcher-boy who owned the castle beyond the trees, he would laugh, and say, "Oh, that place belongs to old Jim Sigler, the millionaire. That's Jim in his shirt-sleeves, there. He owns the keg-factory. Mr. Frederick G. Jones is cashier for old Jim. Old Jim's got forty cows on his farm. Ye'd ought to see the Alderney beauty up at the *residence* of Mr. Frederick G. Jones."

Margie regarded Mr. Jones with a sort of mannerly admiration. He had never claimed from her any of that pity which is akin to love. His shabby gentility did not excite her; but it somehow claimed her drowsy devotion; and if she was helping him on Sunday morning to brush his black "store clothes" into increased shiny respectability, she never for a moment dreamed that he was gawky. And when, in his thick conceit, he hinted to her that he was an unostentatious hero, Margie straightened his hat as if it had been a helmet of a crusader going forth to battle. It was enough for her that his "principles" were undoubtedly fixed; that he had nothing to learn; that he gave much of his attention to the protecting qualities of hat-boxes; that he never ventured beyond doors at night, without first holding out his hand to feel for any possible raindrops; and that he had a prudent fondness, even in the driest weather, for the companionship of his umbrella. I have no doubt that beneath his look of importance there was sometimes a fretful idea that it might not be sufficiently recognized; and a fear of disappointment frequently gave to his features an appearance of sullen weariness, as if they had been distended in an effort to blow a trombone, and had despairingly collapsed. He was not popular, because he was a religious, political, and social busybody. A man who makes claim to large business qualifications, and who, with Col. Sellers in the story, is always showing by the map that "there's millions in it," is likely, in time, to be considered as a theoretical do-little. He may persistently serve as the secretary of a political primary meeting, but it is only by the merest chance that he is ever chosen to represent in convention the sensible opinion of his neighbors. The fact that he is a petty reformer, who, in the prosecution of small evil-doers, gives the name of "principles" to a mean delight of interference, robs him of the love of "a good fellow."

Mr. Jones was a faithful cashier in the keg-factory. No one doubted his integrity. The very gravity of his manner impressed his employers in his favor; and the fact that he had none of the little vices which create sus-

picion in the minds of the most worldly of business men, added to that other very important fact, that he was devoted to the church, called for their unalloyed confidence. They trusted him with their money as freely as they trusted him about the careful dotting of his i's and the conscientious crossing of his t's. The man who is always in time at church, if he is there only at the last moment, gains more confidence from even an irreligious employer than the gay clerk who knows the baptismal names of barkeepers and billiard-boys. Mr. Jones, it is true, was fastidious in his dress, but nothing could have made him a swell. His art was that of the fantastical old woman, who in her efforts toward stylishness becomes ridiculous, but who can never excite suspicion or fear. So that it came to be said among warehousemen and merchants and manufacturers, that Mr. Jones was a safe, faithful, and deserving young man. From the earnings of his labor he made for Margie a quiet, comfortable, monotonous, and happy home. If she never saw much of the world, she did not know that she lost anything. Her Freddy was good, and there never entered her calm mind any painful doubt that the Joneses and the Allens were predestined to enjoy an unexciting, right-angled hereafter beyond the graveyard.

Mrs. Margie Jones sat that day in her bow-window. In her lap was a series of long letters from her old friend, Jennie Townley, who had become, at thirty, the wife of one of the Churchill "boys," in New York. There was enough of the manuscript to make a small book. The following letters are the most important.

"DEAR MARGIE: Dan and I have settled down with Mr. and Mrs. Churchill. Mrs. Churchill was defrauded by the milkman of the Sanitary Dairy Company, with whom she was in partnership, and who, instead of having a brook and an alfalfa farm, manufactured his milk in a cellar.

"Judge Seeren gave Father Churchill a lecture, and all the long-haired reformers of the Anti-Saleratus Society were driven out. That girl, Helen Churchill, who

turned out to be the granddaughter of old Lawyer Manning, did a great deal of good in the family; and Dan says that if he had never met me he would have been compelled to let her keep the old name. That's taffy. But they all loved her. She never used the word *religious*, but the dear little thing made everybody good. All the time that she was in love with her father, she was in love with *him*. If it didn't all seem too impossible and improbable, it would be good enough for a novel. Tom, who is not married yet, but who is drumming custom out West for the paper-collar house, was just sick over her. But she wouldn't speak to him. Rather saucy in her, too! . . .

"You remember the murder-trial. You had been called as a witness. It was there that you last met Mr. Henry Wilmore. I do not think that he knew whether you were married or not, although you had been for so long. After that day, no court-room saw old Lawyer Manning again. He gave all his love and time to his new-found daughter, so that people said that he hardly knew that there was a granddaughter, or that there had been a Jack Martin. His daughter clung to him, and though she was pale, and sad, and thin, she painted pictures; but she would not go into society. Some great man connected with a foreign legation saw her riding, like a ghost, in the park, and he offered her titles, wealth, and love for her hand, and tried to go into her box at the opera, and did all sorts of mad things, but she refused him.

"Henry Wilmore might have been quite a lion. You know how silly society is? For my part, Margie, I considered him a downright milksop. To have taken a smuggler's name, and been charged with killing a man, and never to have killed even a chipping-bird! He and Judge Seeren came to New York, but he would never enter the places that he had frequented when he was Jack Martin. That girl Helen had made him quite good. She, poor little thing, lived with her mother. She did not go out much, because she feared that she might meet Henry Wilmore.

"In about a month Judge Seeren went over to the Manning house, and, in the presence of the old lawyer and the two ladies, he said that he represented Henry Wilmore, and wished to beg in the name of that young man for the hand of Kate Manning, or, rather, to obtain permission for him to go and do his own begging. Old Mr. Manning stormed and raged, and said that no one should ever take his darling from him. Little Helen—she isn't so awful young, you know, being twenty-two—but it's Little Helen here, and Little Helen there, and even Dan's got it, too—well, what was I going to say? Yes: she begged her mother to accept him, and did it so well (I think she's deep) that finally Mr. Manning gave in. But lo and behold! Mrs. Kate herself ups and says *No*, and then falls all of a heap. Now, I believe, Margie, that she knew Little Helen was in love with Henry Wilmore, and that he was in love with Helen; and I think that the only reason why he made the offer was that he had lived on the boat with her as Jack Martin, and had compromised her.

"I am writing so fast. Well, Henry Wilmore went up to his dead sister's old home in the Highlands, and we don't know much about what he did there. Then the three Mannings went to Europe, and settled down in Geneva.

"So you have the story, if you can get at it in these crazy pages, which is more than I can do.

"Your old schoolmate,

"JENNIE TOWNLEY CHURCHILL."

"DEAR MARGIE: Mother Churchill and my good stupid sisters-in-law have gone to Europe; and Judge Seeren, who last month came back from Colorado with ever so much more money than he made from investments in mines, has gone with them. Father Churchill has sailed for the coast of Labrador, where he is going to study the habits of icebergs or something during his vacation. My Dan and I are living in the town-house; but next month we are to take board out on the Long Island shore.

"Henry Wilmore is still away somewhere. No one ever hears from him. The sensation about him was over long ago. I forget what took its place. The Mannings remain at Geneva, and the French papers contain gushing descriptions of Kate's pictures. Of that Little Helen one seldom learns anything. One of our friends who returned from Europe last week says that the Mannings are quite the rage, that the old gentleman is the wit of the American Colony, and that he plays his violin at private entertainments. I always thought that he was a little soft in the head. But little is said about the Goody-Two-Shoes granddaughter. Some time I will tell you why I hate her.

"It was good of you to write me such a nice long letter. What a splendid, jolly man your Freddy must be! You must be so happy! I am sure that nothing could be nicer than a home like yours. Dan tried to tease me about your Freddy, and said he thought he must be one of those hen-biddies of men, who are always watching the sugar-bowl and counting the clothespins. But I boxed his ears and said it was a good deal better than playing billiards and coming home with little pieces of lemon-peel and cinnamon in his vest-pockets. I know what it means; I've heard about their Santa-Cruz jerries and cherries and egg. Dan says that I'm one of those old-maid wives who talk like girls of sixteen. I do declare, Margie, I don't feel a bit older than I did when I was at school. Mother Churchill is quite disgusted with me, when she is home. But Dan can't deceive me. A few gentlemen came in the other evening, and after a while one of them asked for some water. Dan told them to step into the back room and have some vichy-water. They were all very solemn and quiet, and they shuffled, and finally found the bottle; and I heard Dan say, 'Boys, put in a little of the *old stuff*'. Pshaw! that ain't two fingers.' They all came back, very grave, and young Charley Brewster said, as if he were dictating his name and age for his coffin-plate, 'Dan, where do you order your vichy-water?' The scamp! So I left the room, and when I came back they were all tittering.

Said young Brewster, 'We feared you had gone for good !'
'No !' said I, 'I only went to get a clove.' I'm sure, Margie, that your Freddy would never do such a thing as that. I've preached, and preached, and preached, but it's of no use. The other night Dan made me something with milk, egg, sugar, and cinnamon, and it was very good. I said, 'Now, Dan, if you'd only drink such things instead of your nasty, devilish—I was mad, my head went round so, and I said devilish—plain-sodas, and seltzer-lemonades, you'd be better off. Even that drink you made me is quite exhilarating enough. Oh, Dan !' I said, 'why will you put seltzer into your lemonade?' Then he fell down on the sofa, and kicked his heels, and laughed until I was ashamed of him. I'm sure, Margie, I do not see why men should drink those nasty sodas when they can stay at home and drink wholesome milk-punches. They are so nice. They make your fingers feel just like pins and needles. But why will men go down to the club and the billiard-room? Write to me some more about your Freddy. He must be just jolly and gay.

"Your affectionate

"JENNIE TOWNLEY CHURCHILL."

"DEAR MARGIE: I hasten to send you the following, which Dan has translated from the Geneva paper which was mailed to us :

"The American Colony, and, indeed, all nationalities, have great cause for mourning, in the death, by consumption, of the talented artist, Mrs. Kate Manning. Her last painting, On the Sands, was taken to Paris for exhibition, and only the day before her death she was finishing another, called, He Was Not Drowned. It is too late for us to furnish the particulars."

"Your friend,

"JENNIE T. CHURCHILL."

"MY DEAR MARGIE: Last week I mailed you an extract from the Swiss paper, which briefly told of the

death of Kate Manning. By to-day's mail I send you another extract, which Dan has translated.

"Yours affectionately,

"JENNIE."

"The funeral of the late Mrs. K. Manning, whose fame as an artist has spread throughout Europe, took place on yesterday morning. It was attended by a large concourse. The services were very impressive. Miss Abbie Montgomeray, the great American soprano, who is making a tour of Europe, was present, and she very sweetly rendered 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair.' The sermon was, by invitation, preached by the Rev. Henry Wilmore, an American clergyman who has been residing in Paris, but who was summoned here by telegraph, too late, however, to see the lady in life. The eloquent gentleman broke down several times during the course of his pathetic remarks, and the entire congregation, even those who but imperfectly understand English, were moved to audible weeping. The distinguished financier, Judge Seeren, of New York, U. S. A., a gentleman of advanced age, was so greatly overcome by the sadness of the occasion that it was necessary to remove him to the open air. The Honorable Pierre Macguynas, of California, U. S. A., a millionaire, who has found time to write over the name of Francisco De Angelo, and who had made Mrs. Manning his heiress by will, with inheritance by her daughter, will erect magnificent monuments to her memory, both in Geneva and at Seabranck, U. S. A.

"P. S. As the press was awaiting for the types, a sad and curious sequel to the preceding account came to us. Last night, very late, a policeman who was making his rounds near the cemetery where the remains of the late Mrs. Kate Manning were deposited, heard a most singular noise. At first it sounded like a soft, sighing wind, and then it came to his ear as if a child were weeping afar off. He could not reconcile this sound with any other that he had ever before heard. Upon effecting an entrance to the cemetery, the officer heard the sounds nearer to him,

and as he approached the spot where Mrs. Manning had been buried, he saw, by the very faint greenish light of the moon, her white-haired father, sitting at the side of the fresh grave, and softly and sweetly playing upon his violin. The music resembled the sobbing of a broken-hearted child, and, indeed, the officer said that he had never in his life seen anything so pathetic. How long he stood watching the snow-white head bending over the violin the officer does not remember. He was partially awakened from the mysterious spell of the music, by distinguishing that now the notes were those of a soft, sad funeral march. The moon at that moment glided entirely under a cloud, the wind rose, and flakes of snow began to fall on the old man's head. The music suddenly stopped, and the officer stepped forward to warn the player of his danger. The white hair lay on the damp grave. By its side lay the violin. The strings were broken, and old Mr. Manning was dead."

"DEAR FRIEND MARGIE: It seems such a long time since I wrote to you. There is much snow in New York. It hangs in big, curved, white cornices over the roofs of the houses. Bells go jingling by my windows and up the avenue all the day long. The Park is alive. As I write at twilight and peep out of the window, there is a thin, pearly, misty snow-cloud over the sky, and the round moon, half hidden, is just the color of a greenish-blue robin's egg. The fire is blazing in the grate, and it warms me up to write to you.

"The gentlemen are talking in the back room. They don't mind me, and I don't mind them. There is my Dan, who is a broker, and there is my father-in-law, Mr. Churchill, who is a banker, and there is Mr. Barton, who is a great will-lawyer, and there is that queer, stately, suave, and dark gentleman, Mr. McGinnis, of California, the author of some book that has never been printed, and there is dear old Judge Seeren, with a face like wicker-work and a hand like a snow-shovel. And what do you suppose my lords and dukes are doing? Judge Seeren is settling a great, great deal of money on

the Rev. Henry Wilmore, D.D., and is leaving a great deal more to him in a will ; and Mr. Peter McGinnis is making a will—I can hear them discussing it—by which he gives all his property, real and personal, after his own and his wife's death, to his dearly-beloved adopted daughter, Miss Helen Manning. And—there goes the dinner-bell ! They are all going down, and I must go too. So good-by, dear, and remember

"Your friend,

"JENNIE TOWNLEY CHURCHILL."

"MY DEAR MARGIE: I was so glad to hear from you. I am glad, too, that you are so happy. What a delightful home you and your Freddy must have ! It is awful nasty in the streets, for we are having a spring thaw. Old Judge Seeren has been teaching my lisping little girl to say that she never thaw a thaw thaw as this thaw thaws. He *will* make puns ; and she calls him Thanty Claus. But he very seldom laughs any more. He often sits in a big rocking-chair, and nods, and dreams, and smiles in his sleep. You ought to see him with my Bertha, making believe that he is playing a duet with her on the piano ; she a little tot, and he a monster elephant. Her little hands scarcely cover four keys, while his great paws go up and down like two immense loaves of bread, and cover nearly three octaves. Sometimes he makes fun about his old philosophy. Then he really does laugh. Bertha would not touch the white of her egg the other morning, and Judge Seeren said, 'There, Churchill, that proves my philosophy of yellow out of the mouth of a babe. She prefers the yellow yolk. And when I go down town I'm going to buy her a yellow canary-bird.' The probability is that the good old simpleton will bring home a dozen. But I pack him and Bertha, and the hobby-horses and the birds, and all such things, off in the nursery. Sometimes they do get too fearfully noisy for anything. He's as good as ten French nurses, but he gets tangled up in the curtains, and if he sits down in the parlor, away go the thin chairs ! Father Churchill just dotes on him, and likes to have him take Mother

Churchill and those stupid girls off to the theatre. Father Churchill hates theatres. The other night when they came back, Mother Churchill said to Judge Seeren, 'What made you cry when it was only a comedy, and everybody was laughing?' Tears ran down the furrows of his cheeks, as he replied, 'I was only wishing old Bob Manning could have seen it.'

"I paste on this sheet a notice which I clipped from the New York *Herald* :

" 'Married. Wilmore—Manning. At the residence of the American Minister, Paris, February 12th, the Rev. Henry Wilmore, D.D., of New York, to Helen, granddaughter of the late Robert G. Manning, of Geneva.'

"Yours, dear Margie,

"JENNIE T. CHURCHILL."

"FRIEND MARGIE : Yours came last night. I will reply to it to-morrow. I inclose you on another sheet a cutting from the London *Standard*.

"Yours in great haste,

"for the dressmaker,

"JENNIE."

[From the London *Standard*.]

"A large and brilliant audience filled St. Timothy's Church yesterday morning to listen to a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Wilmore, the eloquent American clergyman, who is about to return to America, in response to a call from a church in New York. He made a great and probably a lasting impression upon a congregation which was sensibly moved by his pleasing oratory and his rare power of illustration. He preached from the text, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

THE END.

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